
VANITY FAIR
Our 22nd
ANNUAL Oscar EXTRAVAGANZA!
HOLLY
WOOD
It Doesn't Get
BIGGER, BETTER,
or More
SENSATIONAL
Than This!
STARRING Jane FONDA ⋇ Cate BLANCHETT ⋇ Viola DAVIS ⋇ & Jennifer LAWRENCE
... and Nine More of the Movies' Most Talented Women
2016
Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ


The MILLION-DOLLAR Maltese Falcon MYSTERY
By BRYAN BURROUGH
"ALL MY BIG MISTAKES are WHEN I TRY to SECOND-GUESS or PLEASE an AUDIENCE."
—David Bowie
PLAY IT AS IT L.A.'D: Joan Didion's DAYS AND NIGHTS IN MOVIELAND
By LILI ANOLIK
WITH
CHARLOTTE RAMPLING BRIE LARSON RACHEL WEISZ LUPITA NYONG'O ALICIA VIKANDER


BLOW-UP! DARLING! HELP!
WHEN SWINGING London
RULED THE CINEMAS!
By JAMES WOLCOTT
The WOMAN Who Saved STAR WARS
By SARAH ELLISON
"MY HOLLYWOOD"
BY
Zooey DESCHANEL,
Samuel L. JACKSON,
Amy PASCAL
AND MORE!
How FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA Got the Last Laugh
By RICH COHEN
The FIRST FAMILY of Movie Music
By DAVID KAMP
Why YOUTUBE IS THE NEW SCHWAB'S Drugstore
By EVGENIA PERETZ
AND
GUGU MBATHA-RAW HELEN MIRREN SAOIRSE RONAN DIANE KEATON



STELLA McCARTNEY
30 BRUTON STREET W1
91-97 FULHAM ROAD SW3
STELLAMCCARTNEY.COM




dior.com - 020 7172 0172
Dior





GUCCI

gucci.com



LIGHTNING

SERIES 4

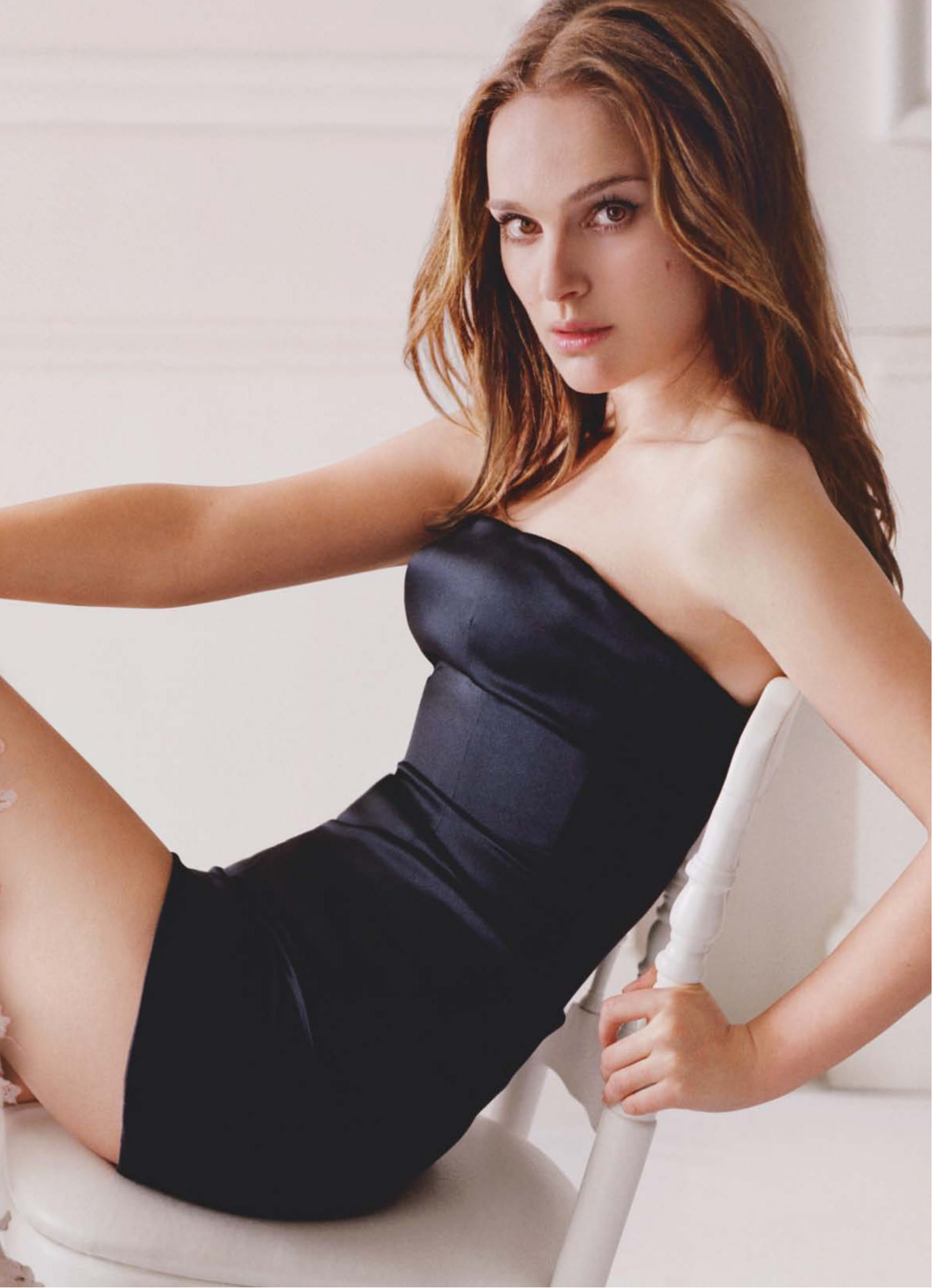
A curated series of artwork by:
JUERGEN TELLER, BRUCE WEBER,
LIGHTNING by TETSUYA NOMURA & VW of SQUARE ENIX

Sold exclusively in Louis Vuitton stores. Tel. 020 7998 6286 louisvuitton.com



LOUIS VUITTON


Miss Dior
BLOOMING BOUQUET
Miss Dior
BLOOMING BOUQUET
DIOR.COM
#ITSMISSACTUALLY






www.chanel.com
CHANEL


CHANEL

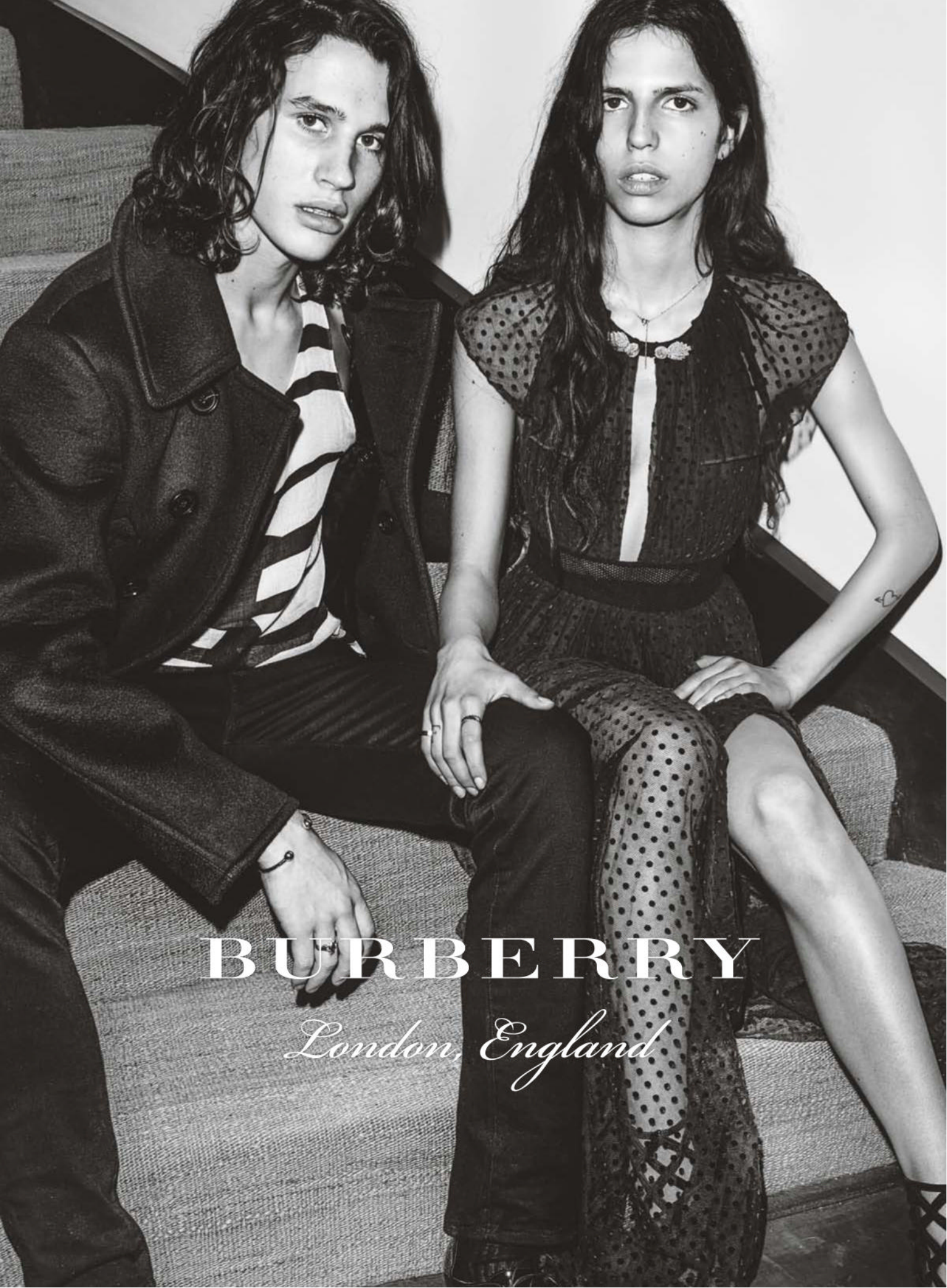

www.chanel.com
Fire
Police


PRADA



PRADA

BURBERRY.COM


BURBERRY
London, England



miu miu

STEVEN MEISEL
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3-4 2015
MATILDA LUTZ

+44 207 399 2030 MIUMIU.COM



Ladies Calatrava Ref. 7200R in 18 carat rose gold.
Self-winding ultra-thin mechanical movement Caliber 240.

PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

Begin your own tradition.

"The self-imposed standards at our family-owned watch company are exemplified by the complexity of our hand-finishing."

At Patek Philippe, it is our belief that while we are at the forefront of many technological developments in watchmaking, many tasks are better undertaken by hand.

Fortunately, as a family-owned company, we are able to nurture and protect the traditional and complex hand-finishing skills that make each of our watches so unique.

Take for example the classic Ladies Calatrava Ref. 7200R, a masterpiece of minimal art. The finesse and grace of the 18 carat rose gold Officer's style case exemplify the standard of hand-finishing on our watch exteriors, requiring skills which are often as demanding as those used in the inner heart-beat of our renowned mechanical movements. The perfectly rounded case flanks and the straight lugs with screwed strap bars are hand-polished with the lightest of touches that maintains the beauty and the integrity of the precious material. The 12 elegant 18 carat rose gold hand-polished Breguet numerals are delicately set by hand requiring great dexterity to preserve the flawless beauty of the cream grained dial.

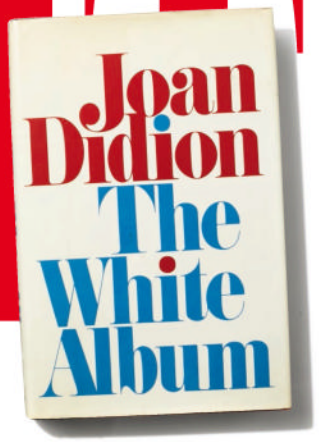
These self-imposed standards culminate in the Patek Philippe Seal, a symbol of horological excellence beyond any existing standards in the Swiss watch industry. A symbol also of 175 years of knowledge handed down by specialists pre-eminent in their fields, whose skills contribute to the unrivalled standing of our company today.

Thierry Stern
President, Patek Philippe

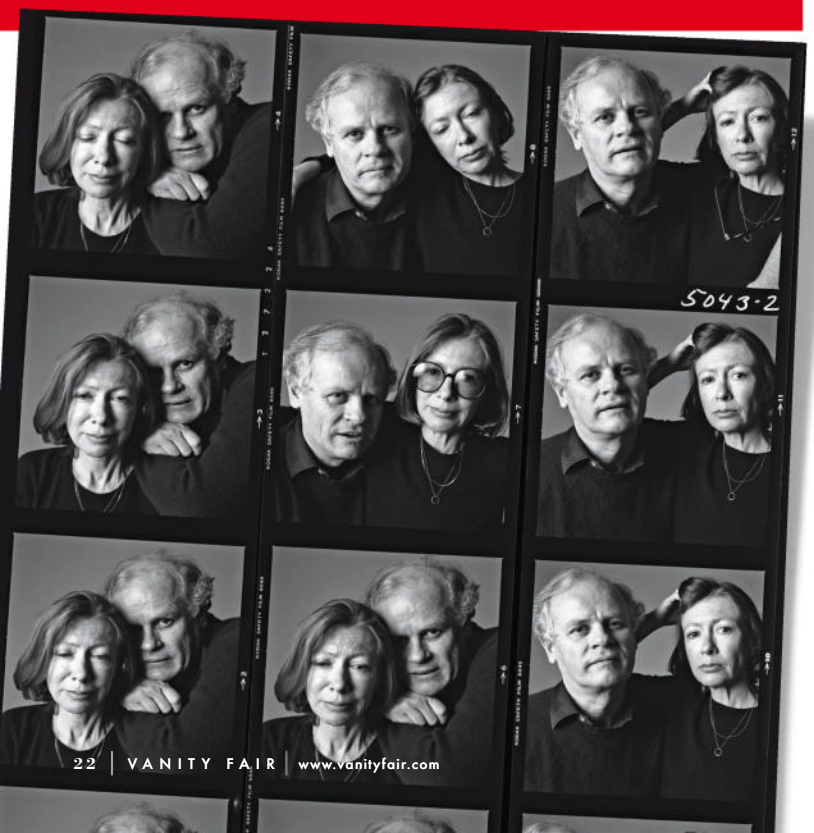
Patek Philippe Seal

patek.com/handfinishing





Above, Lily-Rose Depp (page 67); *below and top right,* Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne (page 172).



FEATURES

130 **THE 2016 HOLLYWOOD PORTFOLIO** By ANNIE LEIBOVITZ A stellar ensemble—featuring **Jennifer Lawrence, Cate Blanchett, Jane Fonda, Lupita Nyong'o,** and more—gets girl-power treatment. Text by James Wolcott.

146 **IT'S THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF** By BRYAN BURROUGH When a *Maltese Falcon* prop statuette fetched $4.1 million in 2013, it was one of the highest price tags ever for **movie memorabilia.** But with multiple Falcons out there, the question of provenance is a mystery worthy of Humphrey Bogart's Sam Spade himself.

151 **MY HOLLYWOOD: ZOOEY DESCHANEL** Growing up in L.A., the actress never saw the town's No. 1 icon: **its sign.** Now she can't look away.

152 **BANKS SHOT** By LAURA JACOBS It took 15 years for **Elizabeth Banks** to reach full bloom. And when the actress turned producer took the director's chair for *Pitch Perfect 2,* she seized her multi-hyphenate moment. Photographs by Tom Munro.

156 **A FORCE OF HER OWN** By SARAH ELLISON For more than three decades, **Kathleen Kennedy** worked alongside the big boys—including her husband—to produce the big hits: *E.T., Jurassic Park,* and *Lincoln* among them. Now on her own as Lucasfilm's president and the face of the *Star Wars* franchise, Kennedy is using everything she learned. Photograph by Annie Leibovitz.

163 **MY HOLLYWOOD: LIZ GOLDWYN** To a showbiz princess, a legend-studded **rehearsal for the Oscars** was just another place to kill time.

164 **SPIELBERG SHUFFLE** By DEREK BLASBERG Dad gave them a heavyweight name, but bandmates **Sasha and Theo Spielberg** didn't get their "shuffle pop" sound from him. Photograph by Steven Sebring.

166 **HOLLYWOOD@VINE** By EVGENIA PERETZ YouTube's hottest talents have built fan bases from their bedrooms, and **Hollywood is circling.** Are the likes of Andrew Bachelor, Freddie Wong, and Taryn Southern ready for their close-ups? Photographs by Dewey Nicks.

171 **MY HOLLYWOOD: AMY PASCAL** The former Sony chief remembers the mentor who showed her how to **bounce back.**

172 **OUR LADY OF L.A.** By LILI ANOLIK Before **Joan Didion** spun magical thinking into literary gold, she was a journalist enticed by Hollywood's glitter. In 1964 she and John Gregory Dunne hit L.A. Neither the town nor their marriage would ever be the same.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

DEPP PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM MUNRO; CLOTHING BY CHANEL. PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM HOUT/THE CONDÉ NAST ARCHIVE (*THE WHITE ALBUM*); DENIS PIEL (CONTACT SHEET). FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



DE BEERS

JEWELLERY

BRILLIANCE REVEALED BY OUR EXPERT JEWELLERS

A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

OLD BOND STREET · HARRODS · WESTFIELD · SELFRIDGES DEBEERS.CO.UK · +44 20 7758 9700




MIUMIU.COM
miu miu
miu miu
THE FIRST FRAGRANCE

©T&CO. 2016 0800 160 1837 | TIFFANY.COM

WILL YOU KNOW THAT AS PERFECT AS THIS RING IS,
IT WON'T BE TRULY BEAUTIFUL UNTIL
IT'S SPARKLING ON YOUR HAND AS YOU SIP YOUR TEA
AND HUG OUR KIDS AND OPEN THE DOOR TO
A WORLD THAT GETS MORE INCREDIBLE ALL THE TIME,
JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE IN IT?

WILL YOU?



TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK SINCE 1837





29 SLOANE STREET LONDON MICHAELKORS.COM



MICHAEL KORS
COLLECTION




©2014 Harry Winston, Inc. SECRETS by HARRY WINSTON
HW
HARRY WINSTON
RARE JEWELS OF THE WORLD
171 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W1S 4RD 0207 907 8800
THE FINE JEWELLERY ROOM HARRODS LONDON SW1X 7XL 0207 907 8899
HARRYWINSTON.COM

VANITY FAIR
HOLLYWOOD 2016 No. 667 VANITYFAIR.COM







CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

180 **THE LONG GAME**
Spotlight on **Norman Lloyd,** still kicking comedic ass—most recently in *Trainwreck*—at 101. By Judd Apatow. Photograph by Art Streiber.

182 **THE MUSIC MEN** By DAVID KAMP
Maverick songwriter **Randy Newman** not only has a 12th album on deck and Oscars for his movie work (*Toy Story, Monsters, Inc.*), he is also the reigning patriarch of a musical dynasty. Photograph by Sam Jones.

187 **MY HOLLYWOOD: BONNIE HAMMER**
The NBCUniversal cable chairman reveals an important part of her daily routine: **California dreaming.**

188 **IN CORLEONE COUNTRY** By RICH COHEN
Movies (the *Godfather* trilogy, *Apocalypse Now*) made **Francis Ford Coppola** a legend, and movies (*One from the Heart*) left him in debt. Today, with vineyards and resorts paying the bills, he's placing another bet on his family saga and the future of film. Photograph by Sam Jones.

197 **MY HOLLYWOOD: SAMUEL L. JACKSON**
For a transplanted theater actor in the early 90s, L.A. contained some **real surprises,** good and bad.

VANITIES

67 **COMING UP LILY-ROSE**
Bruce McCall introduces **Hollywood's indoor stuntmen.** Bruce Feirstein initiates the **Los Angeles neophyte.** Scott Jacobson, Mike Sacks, and Ted Travelstead foresee **the next wave of superheroes.** Andrew Smith suggests **new montages** for the Oscars.

FANFAIR & FAIRGROUND

75 HBO celebrates **Nora Ephron.** Hot Type. My Stuff: jewelry designer **Jennifer Meyer Maguire.** Oldies but goodies. Private Lives: **Platform,** a new urban oasis. Hot Tracks: **Kendrick Lamar.** Beauty: **Zac Posen** and **MAC Cosmetics** collaborate; **Goop's** anticipated skin-care line; **Jen Atkin's** comprehensive hair products; Hot Looks.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

Top left and inset, Swinging London movies *A Hard Day's Night* and *Smashing Time* (page 97); *above,* Michael Fassbender (page 121); *top right,* Chris Rock (page 208).

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP AND INSET, FROM THE EVERETT COLLECTION; BOTTOM, BY SAM JONES. ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO

Cartier



Diamond Collection

www.cartier.co.uk - (020) 3147 4850





Above, Elizabeth Banks (page 152); *below,* Francis Ford Coppola (page 188); *top right,* election lies (page 100).



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

86 **AROUND THE WORLD, ONE PARTY AT A TIME**
The eighth annual **Museum of Modern Art Film Benefit** honored Cate Blanchett, at an evening presented by Chanel.

COLUMNS

97 **SWINGING ON THE SCREEN** By JAMES WOLCOTT
The energy of 60s London fueled a **festival of movies,** from *A Hard Day's Night* to *Blow-Up* to *Alfie.* It wasn't all miniskirts and moptops.

100 **AHEAD BY A NOSE** By MICHAEL KINSLEY
The media love gaffes: candidates accidentally telling the truth. But this election, thanks to Donald Trump, **the focus is on the lie.** Illustrations by Barry Blitt.

111 **BUILDING A BETTER SUPERHERO**
By MICHAEL JOSEPH GROSS Fitness guru Mark Twight **sculpts actors into demi-gods** for films such as *300, Man of Steel,* and *Wonder Woman.* The muscles he works hardest are mental. Photograph by Jonas Fredwall Karlsson.

114 **YOUNG AND RELENTLESS** By EVGENIA PERETZ
Propelled out of obscurity by pure chutzpah, producer **Dana Brunetti**—*House of Cards, The Social Network, Fifty Shades of Grey*—has earned his braggadocio. Plus the requisite haters, of course. Photographs by Jeff Lipsky.

121 **GOING SOMEWHERE, GENTLEMEN?**
By KRISTA SMITH Since 1992, *V.F.* has cased the cineplex for its Vanities-section openers. Result: the likes of **Leo, Ben, and Channing,** back when their last names mattered.

ET CETERA

42 **CONTRIBUTORS**
51 **EDITOR'S LETTER** FAMILY AFFAIRS
58 **BEHIND THE SCENES** IN THE COMPANY OF WOMEN
64 **LETTERS** THE MAN IN WHITE
90 **IN THE DETAILS** JENNIFER JASON LEIGH
199 **ON THE COVER**
208 **PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE** CHRIS ROCK

BANKS PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM MUNRO; CLOTHING BY RALPH LAUREN COLLECTION. PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE EVERETT COLLECTION (COPPOLA). ILLUSTRATION BY BARRY BLITT. FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

church-footwear.com



NORTHAMPTON, ENGLAND

Church's

English shoes

LONDON MILAN PARIS MADRID CHICAGO HONG KONG SHANGHAI SINGAPORE TOKYO



Publicis Et Nous


JUNGLE LOVE

VANITYFAIR.com

FOLLOW US ON TWITTER AND INSTAGRAM @VANITYFAIR



Above, Elizabeth Taylor, photographed in Cannes, 1993; *below,* Cate Blanchett sits for the Hollywood Portfolio.



ONLINE FEATURES

HOLLYWOOD'S BIG NIGHT

Head to VF.com for live coverage of the **88th Academy Awards,** from the surprises to the snubs on the star-studded night. Plus, see exclusive portraits of the *corps d'elite* from Mark Seliger's Instagram studio at *V.F.*'s Oscar party.

FEAR AND GROWING

For the son of Hunter S. Thompson, growing up was **a gonzo adventure.** Read an interview with Juan F. Thompson, as he recalls his childhood and visits his late father's New York haunts.

PHOTOGRAPHS

SCREEN QUEENS

See behind-the-scenes images with 13 of film's most talented females, from the set of Annie Leibovitz's **Hollywood Portfolio shoot.**

CLEOPATRA'S CLOSE-UP

Celebrity lensman Firooz Zahedi captured intimate images of his lifelong friend **Elizabeth Taylor** throughout her career. See rare photographs of the legend in her later years from the new book *My Elizabeth,* out next month.

VIDEOS

CANDID CAMERA

The **stars of the Hollywood cover** reveal their secret talents and share the legacies they hope to leave.

DARLING DEPP

Lily-Rose Depp, daughter of Johnny and face of Chanel eyewear, is making her acting debut at Sundance this year. Go behind the scenes on her Vanities photo shoot.

BLANCHETT PHOTOGRAPHED BY RACHEL DELOACHE WILLIAMS; COAT BY GIORGIO ARMANI; TIGHTS BY FALKE; SHOES BY MANOLO BLAHNIK. PHOTOGRAPH BY FIROOZ ZAHEDI (TAYLOR); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS


ARMANI.COM
GIORGIO ARMANI

VANITY FAIR®



Editor GRAYDON CARTER

Managing Editor CHRIS GARRETT Design Director CHRIS DIXON
Executive Editor DOUGLAS STUMPF Features Editor JANE SARKIN Photography Director SUSAN WHITE Deputy Editors AIMÉE BELL, PUNCH HUTTON, DANA BROWN, MARK ROZZO
Fashion and Style Director JESSICA DIEHL Associate Managing Editor ELLEN KIELL Legal Affairs Editor ROBERT WALSH Director of Special Projects SARA MARKS
Copy Editor PETER DEVINE Research Director JOHN BANTA Beauty Director SUNHEE GRINNELL Executive West Coast Editor KRISTA SMITH Art Director HILARY FITZGIBBONS
Photography Research Director JEANNIE RHODES Deputy Art Director TONYA DOURAGHY Deputy Director of Special Projects MATT ULLIAN Fashion Market Director MICHAEL CARL
Associate Legal Affairs Editor AUSTIN MERRILL Associate Copy Editor DAVID FENNER Production Director PAT CRAVEN Research Editors MARY FLYNN, DAVID GENDELMAN
Assistant Editors CAT BUCKLEY, LOUISA STRAUSS, ANDREA CUTTLER (FEATURES) Deputy Research Editor ALISON FORBES Reporter-Researchers BRENDAN BARR, SIMON BRENNAN,
SUE CARSWELL, BEN KALIN, WALTER OWEN, MICHAEL SACKS Research Associate HANNAH SAFTER Assistant Copy Editor ADAM NADLER Associate Art Director KAITLYN PEPE
Editorial Finance Manager GEOFF COLLINS Editorial Business Manager SARAH SCHMIDT Senior Photography Producer KATHRYN MACLEOD Senior Photography Research Editors ANN SCHNEIDER,
KATHERINE BANG Accessories Director DAISY SHAW Associate Photography Editors CATE STURGESS, RACHEL DELOACHE WILLIAMS Special Projects Manager ARI BERGEN
Art Production Director CHRISTOPHER GEORGE Copy and U.K. Production Director CARLA ZANDONELLA Copy Production Manager ANDERSON TEPPER
Executive Assistant to the Editor DAN GILMORE Assistant to the Editor NATHAN KING Assistant to the Managing Editor DANA LESHEM Market Editor ISABELLA BEHRENS
Associate to the Fashion and Style Director RYAN YOUNG Fashion Associate NORA CLARKE Features Associate BRITT HENNEMUTH Editorial Business Associate CAMILLE ZUMWALT COPPOLA
Editorial Associate MARY ALICE MILLER Editorial Assistants BEN ABRAMOWITZ, ISABEL ASHTON, MARLEY BROWN, JULIA VITALE, LEORA YASHARI

Editor-at-Large CULLEN MURPHY Special Correspondents BOB COLACELLO, MAUREEN ORTH, BRYAN BURROUGH, AMY FINE COLLINS
Writers-at-Large MARIE BRENNER, JAMES REGINATO Style Editor–at–Large MICHAEL ROBERTS International Correspondent WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE
London Editor HENRY PORTER Paris Editor VÉRONIQUE PLAZOLLES European Editor–at–Large JEMIMA KHAN Editor (Los Angeles) WENDY STARK MORRISSEY
Our Man in Kabul TOM FRESTON Our Man in Saigon BRIAN MCNALLY Our Man on the Street DEREK BLASBERG Architecture Consultant BASIL WALTER

Editorial Consultant JIM KELLY Senior Editorial Adviser WAYNE LAWSON
Editor, Creative Development DAVID FRIEND

vanityfair.com

Director MICHAEL HOGAN Editor KATHERINE GOLDSTEIN Deputy Editor MATTHEW LYNCH Projects Editor KELLY BUTLER Photography Editor CHIARA MARINAI Staff Photographer JUSTIN BISHOP
Video Editor JEREMY ELKIN Social Media Editor JEFFREY TOUSEY Hollywood Editor KATEY RICH Hollywood Columnist RICHARD LAWSON Senior Hollywood Writer JULIE MILLER
Hollywood Writer JOANNA ROBINSON Story Editor KIA MAKARECHI Staff Writer JOSH DUBOFF Digital News Editor BENJAMIN LANDY News Writer EMILY FOX News Blogger TINA NGUYEN
Line Editor STEPHANIE HORST Associate Line Editor AMIRAH MERCER Editorial Associate ELISE TAYLOR Photo Associate BENJAMIN PARK Social Media Associate EMILY TANNENBAUM
Producer ALYSSA KARAS Engineering Manager MATTHEW HUDSON Senior Manager, Analytics KRISTINNE GUMBAYAN

Contributing Editors

HENRY ALFORD, KURT ANDERSEN, SUZANNA ANDREWS, LILI ANOLIK, ROBERT SAM ANSON, JUDY BACHRACH, CARL BERNSTEIN, PETER BISKIND,
BUZZ BISSINGER, HOWARD BLUM, PATRICIA BOSWORTH, MARK BOWDEN, DOUGLAS BRINKLEY, ALICE BRUDENELL-BRUCE, MICHAEL CALLAHAN, MAX CHAFKIN, MARINA CICOGNA,
EDWIN JOHN COASTER, WILLIAM D. COHAN, RICH COHEN, JOHN CONNOLLY, STEVEN DALY, BEATRICE MONTI DELLA CORTE, JANINE DI GIOVANNI, KURT EICHENWALD,
LISA EISNER, SARAH ELLISON, BRUCE FEIRSTEIN, NICK FOULKES, STEVE GARBARINO, A. A. GILL, PAUL GOLDBERGER, VANESSA GRIGORIADIS, MICHAEL JOSEPH GROSS,
LOUISE GRUNWALD, BRUCE HANDY, DAVID HARRIS, JOHN HEILPERN, REINALDO HERRERA, CAROL BLUE HITCHENS, A. M. HOMES, LAURA JACOBS, SEBASTIAN JUNGER, DAVID KAMP,
SAM KASHNER, JON KELLY, MICHAEL KINSLEY, EDWARD KLEIN, BETSY KENNY LACK, FRAN LEBOWITZ, ADAM LEFF, DANY LEVY, MONICA LEWINSKY, MICHAEL LEWIS,
DAVID MARGOLICK, VICTORIA MATHER (TRAVEL), BRUCE MCCALL, BETHANY MCLEAN, PATRICK MCMULLAN, ANNE MCNALLY, PIPPA MIDDLETON, SETH MNOOKIN, NINA MUNK,
ELISE O'SHAUGHNESSY, EVGENIA PERETZ, JEAN PIGOZZI, WILLIAM PROCHNAU, TODD S. PURDUM, JOHN RICHARDSON, LISA ROBINSON, DAVID ROSE, RICHARD RUSHFIELD,
NANCY JO SALES, ELISSA SCHAPPELL, MARK SEAL, GAIL SHEEHY, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON, SALLY BEDELL SMITH, JAMES B. STEELE, MATT TYRNAUER,
CRAIG UNGER, DIANE VON FURSTENBERG, ELIZABETH SALTZMAN WALKER, BENJAMIN WALLACE, HEATHER WATTS,
JIM WINDOLF, JAMES WOLCOTT, EVAN WRIGHT, NED ZEMAN

In Memoriam INGRID SISCHY (1952–2015), FREDERIC MORTON (1924–2015), CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS (1949–2011), TIM HETHERINGTON (1970–2011),
DOMINICK DUNNE (1925–2009), DAVID HALBERSTAM (1934–2007), MARJORIE WILLIAMS (1958–2005), HELMUT NEWTON (1920–2004), HERB RITTS (1952–2002)

Contributing Photographers

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
BRUCE WEBER, JONATHAN BECKER, MARK SELIGER, PATRICK DEMARCHELIER, LARRY FINK, TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS,
SAM JONES, JONAS FREDWALL KARLSSON, NORMAN JEAN ROY, SNOWDON, MARIO TESTINO, GASPER TRINGALE
Contributing Artists HILARY KNIGHT, ROSS MACDONALD, ROBERT RISKO, TIM SHEAFFER, EDWARD SOREL, STEPHEN DOYLE

Contributors

Fashion Market Director (Menswear) HEATHER SHIMOKAWA Senior Photography Producer RON BEINNER Accessories Editor JACLYN COBOURN
Special Projects Art Director ANGELA PANICHI Digital Production Manager H. SCOTT JOLLEY Associate Digital Production Manager SUSAN M. RASCO
Production Manager BETH BARTHOLOMEW Associate Editor S. P. NIX Beauty Assistant AUDREY NOBLE Photo Associate JAMES EMMERMAN
Photography Production Assistant KALINA KRABEL Photo Assistant MARINA VERE NICOLL Stylist DEBORAH AFSHANI

Public Relations

Executive Director of Public Relations BETH KSENIAK Deputy Director of Public Relations LIZZIE WOLFF
Associate Director of Public Relations/Contributing Style Editor, VF.com RACHEL TASHJIAN Public Relations Assistant ANDREA WHITTLE Relations/Research Associate ANNABEL DAVIDSON

Publishing Director **ANNIE HOLCROFT**

Associate Publisher TIA GRAHAM
Fashion Director EMMA MARSH Advertising Director ANNA SCOTT Corporate Business Director CLAIRE SINGER Senior Account Manager MAYA MONRO-SOMERVILLE
Senior Account Manager SAMANTHA CROSS Promotions Manager LAURA PATERSON Managing Editor, Supplements HOLLY ROSS Chief Sub-Editor, Supplements ANNA BLOMEFIELD
Creative Director, Promotions and Supplements JAMES SLOCUM Art Director, Promotions and Supplements SCOTT MOORE Photo Editor, Supplements ZOË GAHAN
Acting Photo Editor, Supplements TANJYA HOLLAND-PARKIN Associate Editor, Print and Digital BRIDGET ARSENAULT Assistant Editor, Supplements CHARLOTTE OWEN
Manager, Italy VALENTINA DONINI Associate Publisher, U.S. SHANNON TOLAR TCHKOTOUA Paris Office HELENA KAWALEC Regional Sales Director KAREN ALLGOOD
Manager, Dubai PRASAD AMIN Manager, India RACHNA GULATI Head of Management Accounts BIJAL KHATRI Marketing Director JEAN FAULKNER
Deputy Marketing and Research Director GARY READ Marketing Manager KATIE BOWDEN Associate Director, Digital Marketing U.K. SUSIE BROWN Circulation Director RICHARD KINGERLEE
Newstrade Circulation Manager ELLIOT SPAULDING Creative Design Manager ANTHEA DENNING Subscriptions Director PATRICK FOILLERET
Marketing and Promotions Manager MICHELLE VELAN Assistant Marketing and Promotions Manager CLAUDIA LONG Subscriptions Manager ELLIE CRANE Production Director SARAH JENSON
Commercial Production Manager XENIA DILNOT Commercial Senior Production Controller LOUISE LAWSON Commercial and Paper Production Controller MARTIN MACMILLAN
Senior Production Controller HELEN CROUCH Production Coordinator SAPPHO BARKLA Digital Project Manager CHARLOTTE TOOTH
Tablet Producer RUSSELL PROWSE Tablet Production Controller LUCY ZINI Tablet Production Coordinator SKYE MEELBOOM Condé Nast International Director of Communications NICKY EATON
Deputy Publicity Director HARRIET ROBERTSON Acting Publicity Manager RICHARD PICKARD Head of Digital WIL HARRIS Finance Director PAM RAYNOR
Financial Control Director PENNY SCOTT-BAYFIELD H.R. Director HAZEL MCINTYRE Deputy Managing Director ALBERT READ

Managing Director **NICHOLAS COLERIDGE**

VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS LTD., VOGUE HOUSE, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON W1S 1JU (Tel.: 020 7499 9080; Fax: 020 7493 1345)
Directors JONATHAN NEWHOUSE (Chairman), NICHOLAS COLERIDGE (Managing Director), STEPHEN QUINN, ANNIE HOLCROFT, PAM RAYNOR,
JAMIE BILL, JEAN FAULKNER, SHELAGH CROFTS, ALBERT READ, PATRICIA STEVENSON

Editorial Director **THOMAS J. WALLACE**

Chairman, Condé Nast International **JONATHAN NEWHOUSE**

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK MATCHO

No.1 ANTI-AGEING SERUM IN THE UK*

One.
With the power
of Two.

Double Serum

With the anti-ageing power of 20 plant extracts in a unique double formula, Double Serum targets all aspects of skin ageing in one complete concentrate. Every application reveals a visibly younger-looking you. After 4 weeks, skin looks firmer, wrinkles appear reduced and pores less visible**.

93% of women trust Double Serum†.

*The NPD Group Jan-Nov 2015.
**Consumer test - 194 women, after 4 weeks.
†Consumer test - 194 women, after 7 days.

Official online store:
www.clarins.com



It's all about you.

CLARINS

VANITY FAIR

‹ Agenda ›



INSPIRATION AT DESIGN CENTRE, CHELSEA HARBOUR

EVENT

Made in Chelsea

If you can't find what you're looking for to decorate your dwelling—be it a bijou studio flat or a castle—at Design Centre, Chelsea Harbour during London Design Week (March 13-18), you may as well give up. The event showcases launches from over 600 design brands, from the most buzzed-about newcomers to international icons. Be prepared to find yourself inspired. **dcch.co.uk**



MANOLO BLAHNIK'S NEW STORE

STORE OPENING

More Manolo!

Manolo Blahnik's beloved Burlington Arcade is now home to the Spanish-born designer's second British store—44 years after he opened his first ever stand-alone shop in Chelsea. The 19th-century arcade houses some of the finest artisanal brands—from perfumier Penhaligon's to the cashmere company N.Peal—making it the perfect spot for Blahnik's exquisitely crafted shoes and bags. **manoloblahnik.com**



BRYAN BURROUGH

The jaw-dropping, $4.1 million sale of a movie prop, the Maltese Falcon statuette from the 1941 film noir classic of the same name, inspired Special Correspondent Bryan Burrough to delve into the world of Hollywood collectors for "It's the Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of," on page 146. "There are few stories more fun to research and write than a good mystery," says Burrough. "And the story of the real Maltese Falcon turns out to be almost as bizarre as the one we know on film."



BONNIE HAMMER

As chairman of NBCUniversal Cable Entertainment and Cable Studios, Bonnie Hammer, whose "My Hollywood" essay appears on page 187, had 137 television series across 10 networks in 2015. (Last month, one of these shows, *Mr. Robot,* won two Golden Globes, including for best television series, drama.) "The world is changing around us," says Hammer. "My job is to figure out the new equation in the hopes that, if I'm not the first person to come up with the right model, I'm not far behind."

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

This month marks Annie Leibovitz's 21st Hollywood Issue cover. "Annie, in her extraordinary way, was able to create an iconic look for a group of phenomenal women, who have been photographed so many different times by so many different people," says Features Editor Jane Sarkin. "And then to have her photograph them individually, for the Hollywood Portfolio [on page 130], adds another dimension. You can look at them two different ways."



JUDD APATOW

"When you hang out with a man who is 101 and sharp as a tack, everything he does is a health plan for longevity," says Judd Apatow of fellow actor-director-producer Norman Lloyd (at wheel), whom he profiles for the Spotlight on page 180. "So if he eats M&M's, I eat M&M's. If he drinks hard liquor every day, then I know it's healthy. So far it isn't working for me." This month, Apatow's new series, *Love,* premieres on Netflix, and *Girls* returns for its fifth season on HBO.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

APATOW PHOTOGRAPHED BY ART STREIBER. PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL GILMORE (LEIBOVITZ), MARY ROZZI (HAMMER), MARK SCHÄFER (BURROUGH)

TO BREAK THE RULES,
YOU MUST FIRST MASTER
THEM.

THE VALLÉE DE JOUX. FOR MILLENNIA A HARSH, UNYIELDING ENVIRONMENT; AND SINCE 1875 THE HOME OF AUDEMARS PIGUET, IN THE VILLAGE OF LE BRASSUS. THE EARLY WATCHMAKERS WERE SHAPED HERE, IN AWE OF THE FORCE OF NATURE YET DRIVEN TO MASTER ITS MYSTERIES THROUGH THE COMPLEX MECHANICS OF THEIR CRAFT. STILL TODAY THIS PIONEERING SPIRIT INSPIRES US TO CONSTANTLY CHALLENGE THE CONVENTIONS OF FINE WATCHMAKING.



ROYAL OAK
OPENWORKED
TOURBILLON
IN YELLOW GOLD

AUDEMARS PIGUET
Le Brassus

AUDEMARS PIGUET UK LTD
TEL: +44 (0) 207 409 0782
AUDEMARSPIGUET.COM

VANITY FAIR

Agenda



THE GROUNDS AT COWORTH PARK

POP-UP

A Cut Above

As if anyone needed a reason to visit Coworth Park. Berkshire's luxurious country-house hotel is hosting a culinary pop-up CUT at Coworth Park (February 19-March 6), featuring a menu created by Wolfgang Puck. For just two weeks, guests can dine on the likes of lobster cobb salad and pot pie made from chicken and black truffles, accompanied by fine Californian wine. **dorchestercollection.com**



NEON BAYLEY DUO BAG IN IPHIS PRINT

LAUNCH

Liberty Lights Up

Liberty of London's Iphis print is a contemporary update of a beautiful 1902 Art Nouveau design from the archives. But to modernize it further, the Iphis accessory collection now comes in a new neon-enhanced version. The graphic black-and-white print remains the main ingredient, but it is lightened up with bursts of acidic colour on straps, pockets, and zips, and it launches as a limited edition this spring. **liberty.co.uk**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42



SAMUEL L. JACKSON

Before moving to Los Angeles, Academy Award–nominated actor Samuel L. Jackson lived in New York for more than 15 years. In "My Hollywood" on page 197, he reflects on working in both cities. "New York actors support one another because they ride the train together and go to each other's shows," he says. "Having the opportunity to socialize and work together bonded the theater community of New York in a way I don't believe the rat race of television and movies affords the West Coast actor."

AMY PASCAL

"Women have to invent things," declares producer Amy Pascal, who writes in "My Hollywood" on page 171 about Dawn Steel, the first woman to head a major Hollywood studio. "Women have to own companies. If you don't have to be hired, you can run the world. No one's going to give it to you." Pascal's company, Pascal Pictures, has a number of projects in development. First up: the widely anticipated, all-women *Ghostbusters* reboot, which comes out this July.





LIZ GOLDWYN

In "My Hollywood" on page 163, filmmaker, artist, and author Liz Goldwyn pays tribute to her city of origin—and the setting of her novel, *Sporting Guide,* published last fall. "I set the novel in L.A. to show people that my hometown has more to it than glitz," she says. Goldwyn wrote and directed the documentary *Pretty Things* (HBO), based on her book *Pretty Things: The Last Generation of American Burlesque Queens.*

ZOOEY DESCHANEL

For "My Hollywood" on page 151, actress, singer-songwriter, and native Angeleno Zooey Deschanel considers the famous Hollywood sign, along with some long-standing Los Angeles mythology. What holds up, according to Deschanel: "The best weather anywhere in the country." What doesn't: "That the people are all fake. Which I believe is just an absolutely ridiculous thing to say about a city of almost four million people."



CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEEGAN ALLEN (GOLDWYN); BRIAN BOWEN SMITH (JACKSON); COURTESY OF SONY PICTURES ENTERTAINMENT (PASCAL)


DAVID MORRIS
THE LONDON JEWELLER
davidmorris.com

VANITY FAIR

‹ Agenda ›



KITTY HAVAIANAS, BY CHARLOTTE OLYMPIA

COLLABORATION

Blame it on Rio

Never make the mistake of taking home someone else's flip-flops again. A new capsule collection by Charlotte Olympia and the ubiquitous Brazilian brand Havaianas has to be the chicest beach shoe option out there, and features three of the designer's favourite motifs—Kitty, Bruce the Leopard, and Charlotte's Web. **charlotteolympia.com**



THE INDIAN ROOM, MARK'S CLUB

OPENING

On Your Marks

It may have just undergone a major refurbishment, but Mark's Club has lost none of its Wardrobe to Narnia feel. The intimate members' dining club created by Mark Birley in the 1970s has a reception area the size of a phone box, but once you're inside you'll find a maze of delightful spaces to explore. This year, the club is adding members' events to the roster, including caviar and champagne tasting and an intriguing "gun and game" event. **marksclub.co.uk**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44



JANE SARKIN

Since *Vanity Fair*'s first Hollywood Issue, in 1995, 10 of the 21 foldout covers produced by Features Editor Jane Sarkin have been women-only. But the current group has special significance, says Sarkin: "We decided to celebrate women in Hollywood this year—and the *power* of women in Hollywood." As for the dynamic among the actresses at the cover shoot, she summed it up in a single word: "Sisterhood."



KRISTA SMITH

In addition to helping orchestrate this year's Hollywood cover and portfolio, Executive West Coast Editor Krista Smith brings the portraits to three-dimensional life with her "Secret Talent" videos and behind-the-scenes interviews on VF.com. In the issue, Smith revisits 13 actors she profiled for the Vanities section ("Going Somewhere, Gentlemen?," on page 121). "It's always fun to go back and look at what we've assembled over the years, and how it's panned out."

RICH COHEN

When Contributing Editor Rich Cohen set out to profile director Francis Ford Coppola, for "In Corleone Country," on page 188, he found a fellow genealogist and family man. "He's clearly obsessed with generations," says Cohen. "And he had read one of my books, which is all about my family." On learning Cohen has four children, Coppola told him, "You're a wealthy man—that's all there is." Cohen's new book, *The Sun and the Moon and the Rolling Stones,* will be published in May by Spiegel & Grau.



JESSICA DIEHL

"In classical portraiture, groups of women are generally visually united by color or shape," says Fashion and Style Director Jessica Diehl, who styled this month's cover and Hollywood Portfolio (page 130) and counts *Madame X,* John Singer Sargent's 1884 portrait of a woman in a black dress, among her favorite paintings. "The dresses on the cover are all black because that lets each actress's face stand out—faces that are expressive, and in many cases even transformative."



CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, BY PASCAL PERICH, JEREMY ALLEN, MIKAEL JANSSON/TRUNK ARCHIVE, SHARON SUH



ELIE SAAB

LE PARFUM

FOLLOW US ON THE ELIE SAAB MAGAZINE / THELIGHTOFNOW.COM

‹ Agenda ›



JON SNOW AND MICHAEL LEWIS AT *THE BIG SHORT*

EVENT

High Stakes

What happens when you take comedy writer and director Adam McKay—best known for films like *Anchorman*, *Step Brothers* and *Talladega Nights*—and ask him to turn his directorial eye and screenwriting pen to subprime mortgages and the global economic crisis? The answer: *The Big Short*. Based on longtime *Vanity Fair* contributor Michael Lewis's best-selling book *The Big Short: Inside the Doomsday Machine* (Penguin), and starring Christian Bale, Steve Carell, Ryan Gosling and Brad Pitt, McKay's film takes one of the most pressing issues of a generation and uses his well-honed wit to tell the story. Nominated for five Academy Awards including Best Picture and Best Director, it's a testament to the notion that comedy is often the best vehicle for social commentary. And on Monday January 11, *Vanity Fair*, Penguin and Paramount joined forces and hosted an exclusive advance screening of the film at Picturehouse Central, followed by a live interview with Michael Lewis led by Channel 4 News presenter Jon Snow. While guests tucked into bags of Propercorn and bottles of Fiji Water, the two journalists discussed the financial system, politics and the frustrating fact that despite the outcry, very little seems to have changed when it comes to the behaviour and governance of big banks. As the evening came to a close, guests decamped to the Members' Bar to continue the debate over a delightful glass of Grey Goose Le Fizz. *Follow us on Instagram: @VanityFairUK*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46



EVGENIA PERETZ

For Contributing Editor Evgenia Peretz, meeting some of YouTube's breakout stars offered an excuse to get caught up on her kids' entertainment habits. "I remember, this fall, seeing my daughter going nuts over some girl doing lord knows what on YouTube," says Peretz, who wrote "Hollywood@Vine," on page 166. "Now, having learned about this world, it's nice to no longer feel like a complete dinosaur." Also this month, Peretz profiles producer Dana Brunetti for "Young and Relentless," on page 114.



STEVEN SEBRING

"The way I shoot is very spontaneous," says photographer Steven Sebring. "It's not about being contrived—it's letting a moment happen, and I'm just there capturing quickly." Case in point: of the several hours' worth of frames Sebring shot of musicians Theo and Sasha Spielberg in his studio and Jimi Hendrix's Electric Lady studio, it was an impromptu detour through New York's Washington Square Park that yielded the photo of the "It Siblings" on page 164.

DAVID KAMP

All three subjects Contributing Editor David Kamp profiles this month—Randy Newman ("The Music Men," on page 182), Nora Ephron ("Nora, Explored," on page 75), and Jennifer Jason Leigh ("In the Details," on page 90)—are or were born-and-bred Angelenos, raised in show-business families. "That's often a recipe for irredeemable damage," Kamp says, "but in these cases talent and intelligence won out over insanity."



LILI ANOLIK

"Joan Didion has burned hot since 1968 and *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*—but she's never burned hotter than now," says Contributing Editor Lili Anolik, who considers how Didion shaped present-day Hollywood in "Our Lady of L.A.," on page 172. "She's 81 years old, but she's modeling for Céline, inspiring think pieces in *Vogue,* and is the subject of an upcoming documentary that has everyone talking." Anolik's next book is on "non-Hollywood Hollywood," to be published by Scribner in the fall of 2017; Eve Babitz will be a featured player.



SEBRING PHOTOGRAPHED BY RACHEL DELOACHE WILLIAMS. PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEREMY DAWSON (PERETZ), GASPER TRINGALE (KAMP)





GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN

shop at giuseppezanottidesign.com



Fascinating *Zip*
Necklace, transformable into a bracelet, coloured sapphires and diamonds.

Van Cleef & Arpels

Haute Joaillerie, place Vendôme since 1906

www.vancleefarpels.com

FAMILY AFFAIRS



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Back in the day, long before C.G.I. took over so much of the film business, movie props were actually made by hand. For John Huston's 1941 detective classic, *The Maltese Falcon,* Warner Bros. craftsmen are reported to have produced (by one count) six of the foot-tall Falcon figures. The story of what happened to those artifacts is at the center of *Vanity Fair* Special Correspondent Bryan Burrough's report this month, "It's the Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of," on page 146. Burrough's search for the One True Falcon—the statuette handled by Humphrey Bogart and Sydney Greenstreet in the film—picks up at the Northern California home of a fellow named Hank Risan, who collects rare guitars. He owns hundreds of them. He also collects antique British chess sets and, for the purposes of our story, Maltese Falcons. He has two. He says that both of them are from the original lot.

He's not alone in this claim, however. Burrough's search led him to other contenders, including a Beverly Hills oral surgeon, who sold his 45-pound lead Falcon, which Bogart may or may not have once dropped on his big toe, to Las Vegas billionaire Steve Wynn for $4.1 million. The list of those who play a part in this modern-day noir thriller is long. It includes Leonardo DiCaprio, who was part of a group that paid more than $300,000 in pursuit of an authentic Falcon, and Meta Wilde, a Warner Bros. script supervisor and lover of William Faulkner (by that I mean she didn't just admire his work). And finally there are Ronald Winston, the son of famed New York jeweler Harry Winston, who wrote a play about *his* Falcon—which he used to make a solid-gold copy with ruby eyes—and Michele Fortier, the daughter of Fred Sexton, a painter who was a friend of Huston's. Sexton is said to have not only designed and crafted the original Falcon but, according to some sources, also to have been connected to the infamous 1947 Hollywood murder of waitress Elizabeth Short—now known as the Black Dahlia Murder.

The Short killing was a sensation in postwar Hollywood. Indeed, inasmuch as her naked body had been cut in half, it was the sort of murder that would be a sensation pretty much anywhere, anytime—like on a bridge connecting Sweden and Denmark, for instance. That she was found in a vacant lot a hand's throw from the temples of the film industry made it an apt metaphor for Hollywood's dark underbelly. Any number of books were written about the crime, including a novel by John Gregory Dunne. It was called *True Confessions* and it was made into a film with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall. Dunne—the brother of *Vanity Fair*'s longtime writer and columnist Dominick—was married to Joan Didion.

By the time her husband's book came out, in 1977, Didion had been canonized as the chief chronicler of California cool. The couple had moved out to her home state in the mid-60s, landing in a Hollywood that was done with the Old but unsure about the New. The Didion-Dunnes burst onto the scene as writers from the East and stayed for the star-studded, hedonistic excesses of the new West throughout the late 1960s and 70s. As commentators and collaborators, they were inspired by those good (and not so good) vibrations while skillfully insulating themselves as a couple from the self-destructive fray all around them. Coming as they did before the age of paparazzi and rabid online gossip, the early years of Hollywood's premier literary couple have remained largely untold. In "Our Lady of L.A.," on page 172, *V.F.* contributing editor Lili Anolik brings to life this previously uncharted period—a provocative prelude to the couple's screenwriting career and Didion's rise from celebrated author to cherished icon. Indeed, her nephew, actor and director Griffin Dunne—Dominick's elder son—is at work on a feature-length documentary about her.

For Francis Ford Coppola, Hollywood has always been a family affair. His *Godfather* trilogy made him the dean of multi-generational epics and a herald of (and driving force behind) the revitalization of American cinema in the 1970s. Even before the first *Godfather* movie, in 1972, he was playing big brother to a gaggle of younger filmmakers, such as "George" (Lucas), "Steven" (Spielberg), and "Marty" (Scorsese). "There was a real family feeling amongst that group," Coppola tells *V.F.* contributing editor Rich Cohen in "In Corleone Country," on page 188. "I cooked for them, and we



RALPH LAUREN

RALPHLAUREN.COM/COLLECTION



had our own place and facility." All they could afford was good sound equipment, "so we developed movies with great soundtracks"—*Star Wars, Apocalypse Now.* Looking back, Coppola says, "we did make a contribution." Contribute they did—an understatement if ever there was one.

And then there's Coppola's actual family—their genes are cinematically expressive. Francis, the winner of five Academy Awards, has watched both his father and his daughter win Oscars. Carmine Coppola won for best original score in 1975 for *The Godfather Part Two,* and Sofia Coppola won for best original screenplay in 2004 for *Lost in Translation.* (The Hustons—Walter, John, and Anjelica—are the only other family to have three generations of Oscar winners.) Coppola is through and through a family man, and the incredible family he and his wife, Eleanor, have created features prominently in his career's latest chapter, as the 76-year-old maestro-cum-hotelier-and-wine-producer welcomes tourists to a restored palazzo in Bernalda, the Southern Italian town his grandfather came from. But Coppola hasn't abandoned the business that made him famous. At work on what he says may be his final film, Coppola reveals the plotline of the grand finale: an Italian-American family saga, once again.

IT'S DIFFICULT NOT TO BE STRUCK BY THE WAY ORDINARY FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS UNDERLIE MUCH OF THE MOVIE BUSINESS.

In its imagery and self-presentation, Hollywood doesn't come across as the epitome of "family-friendly" to much of the country. Indeed, from a distance—or up close, for that matter—it looks more like *Game of Thrones* with infinity pools, a domain populated by ruthless opportunists and striving arrivistes. But it's difficult not to be struck by the way ordinary family relationships actually underlie so much of the movie business. I don't just mean "acting families," such as the Hustons and the Barrymores and the Redgraves, but the people behind the screen as well. As *V.F.* contributing editor David Kamp points out in "The Music Men," on page 182, a powerful case in point is the extended Newman family—based in Los Angeles and now headed by the revered singer and songwriter Randy—whose fingers can be found all over the movie music of the past 85 years, and in every niche you can imagine. The dramatic searchlight fanfare that announces every film from Twentieth Century Fox? That was the work of composer and conductor Alfred Newman, Randy's uncle, the paterfamilias, who in the 1930s worked with Charlie Chaplin on *Modern Times* and went on to become the musical director of Twentieth Century Fox and win nine Academy Awards.

It was Alfred who more or less enticed the whole Newman family to move to Southern California. Two of his brothers joined him in the movie-music business. Alfred's oldest son, David, is a composer—he wrote the music for *Ice Age, Matilda,* and *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure,* among other movies. He also re-recorded his father's Twentieth Century Fox anthem for the studio. Alfred's younger son Thomas is a fellow composer. (He wrote the music for the latest James Bond movie, *Spectre,* and for the upcoming Pixar release *Finding Dory.*) Their sister Maria is a composer and violinist. And then of course there's Alfred's nephew Randy—nominated for 20 Academy Awards (and winning twice, for *Monsters, Inc.,* in 2002, and for *Toy Story 3,* in 2011). Randy is now at work on *Toy Story 4* and is about to release his first new studio album in eight years.

"The musical Newmans are as storied an Old Hollywood family as the Goldwyns, Warners, or Zanucks," Kamp writes—and that is unquestionably true. As Kamp notes, the roots of all these families lie in the shtetls of the Old World. But there's a bit of a difference between the Goldwyns, say, and the Newmans. The Goldwyns are "Hollywood royalty." (See also Liz Goldwyn's "My Hollywood" reminiscence, on page 163.) The Newmans' pedigree, more down to earth and yet no less integral to the way the industry works, is known as "Hollywood gentry." Although, given that Alfred had the foresight to buy up a lot of property in Pacific Palisades, where much of the Newman clan now lives, perhaps the term "Hollywood landed gentry" is more apt.

Kathleen Kennedy's life in movies also has the feel of a family affair, though the family is to some extent an adoptive one. Kennedy, the president of Lucasfilm and a driving element behind *The Force Awakens,* may well be the most quietly powerful woman in Hollywood. She guards her privacy so well that most Americans don't have a clue that "Kathleen Kennedy" is the answer to the question "What do *E.T., Jurassic Park, Schindler's List, Gremlins, The Sixth Sense, Back to the Future, Seabiscuit, Lincoln,* and *The Color Purple* all have in common?" In collaboration with her husband, Frank Marshall, or others, she has produced over 60 movies; together, these movies have received more than 120 Academy Award nominations.

As *V.F.* contributing editor Sarah Ellison notes in "A Force of Her Own," on page 156, Kennedy started out as a film major with a taste for Truffaut and Fellini and a cinephile's dismissive attitude toward commercial tentpoles like *Jaws.* Then she landed a job as an assistant to Steven Spielberg, which also brought her into the orbit of George Lucas. Spielberg gave Kennedy her first role as producer—on *E.T.,* no less, when she was all of 29. "I was a kid," Kennedy tells Ellison. "I had no idea what I was doing." Well, she must have known enough—*E.T.* proved to be a worldwide blockbuster. Kennedy remained close to Spielberg and Lucas even as she and Marshall created their own production company. Kennedy has always been self-assured: in middle school she played on the football team—as the quarterback. In 2012, before Lucas sold Lucasfilm to Disney, he took Kennedy to lunch and told her that he was going to step down from the company he had founded and was mulling over who should take his place. When Kennedy began to suggest some names, Lucas cut her short and said, "No, no, I'm thinking about *you* doing this." *The Force Awakens,* already one of the most lucrative movies in history, is the first indication of what she will do with this opportunity.

—GRAYDON CARTER



IMPERIALE

Chopard

THE LONDON COLLECTION
18ct White Gold and Diamond Earrings
with Detachable Pearl Tassels



WILLIAMANDSON.COM



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
WILLIAM & SON
LONDON

WILLIAM & SON

LONDON

34 – 36 BRUTON STREET LONDON W1J 6QX 020 7493 8385



SITTING TIGHT Jennifer Lawrence and Jane Fonda pose for Annie Leibovitz. *Bottom,* Vernon François, left, and Nick Barose prep Lupita Nyong'o for her shoot.

IN THE COMPANY OF WOMEN

The 2016 Hollywood cover is a female tour de force, with Annie Leibovitz wielding her camera once again, and a multi-generational group of 13 actresses reveling in one another's company. KRISTA SMITH reports

For *Vanity Fair*'s 22nd Hollywood Issue it is the Year of the Woman.

Annie Leibovitz is back at the helm, and for the first time the portfolio inside the magazine encompasses the same subjects celebrated on the cover. Not since 2001 have we featured an all-female, multigenerational group. This year we have women ranging in age from 21 to 78—all of whom bonded immediately. In Hollywood, it is often rare to be on set with more than one female, and 2016's Hollywood cover stars relished spending time in like-minded company.

The 13 actresses assembled here have racked up 35 Oscar nominations and nine wins, not including the statues to be collected this month. Thirteen may seem like a lot, but it was a difficult task to narrow *V.F.*'s current Hollywood class from among the many extraordinary actresses working today.



This past year, Academy Award winners Jennifer Lawrence, Helen Mirren, and Cate Blanchett brought real-life figures to the screen—Lawrence, 25, as QVC entrepreneur Joy Mangano in *Joy;* Mirren, 70, as Hollywood gossip queen Hedda Hopper in *Trumbo;* and Blanchett, 46, as journalist Mary Mapes in *Truth.* Saoirse Ronan, 21, Brie Larson, 25, and, again, Blanchett starred in rich literary adaptations with *Brooklyn, Room,* and *Carol.* Gugu Mbatha-Raw, 32, delivered a knockout performance as the wife of the forensic pathologist who

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, BY RACHEL DELOACHE WILLIAMS; BOTTOM, BY KATHRYN MACLEOD. SPECIAL THANKS TO ERIC BUTTERBAUGH DESIGN


www.gievesandhawkes.com
GIEVES & HAWKES
No.1 SAVILE ROW LONDON





MUTUAL INSPIRATION *Above,* **Brie Larson, Helen Mirren, and Saoirse Ronan.** *Right,* **Diane Keaton and Leibovitz.**

dared to take on the N.F.L. in *Concussion.* It was a breakout year for Swedish actress Alicia Vikander, 27, who exploded onto the scene as a humanoid robot in *Ex Machina,* after which she inhabited 1920s Copenhagen in *The Danish Girl,* opposite Eddie Redmayne. Playing a woman looking back on love in *45 Years,* Charlotte Rampling, 70, reminded audiences that there is strength in silence. Lupita Nyong'o, 33, whose first film role was in 2014's best-picture winner, *12 Years a Slave,* made the leap to an iconic franchise, as Maz Kanata in J. J. Abrams's *Star Wars: The Force Awakens,* now the highest-grossing film of all time in the U.S. Jane Fonda, 78, who has won two Oscars (for *Klute* and *Coming Home*), starred in *Youth* as an aging actress opposite Rachel Weisz, 45, who won an Oscar for 2005's *The Constant Gardener.* They never shared a scene together in the film but are together on the cover. Viola Davis, 50, the Juilliard grad who seamlessly shifts between television and film and Broadway, made history last year by becoming the first African-American to win a best-actress-in-a-drama Emmy, for *How to Get Away with Murder.*

"This year the group of women was astonishing," said *V.F.* fashion and style director Jessica Diehl. "We wanted to find a way to make it not only an occasion but also timeless, for each of them to stand out individually. It might make you think of Sargent's *Madame X*—the way we showed them in various silhouettes but united them by color. That was our way to bring them together visually—when obviously they are quite united in their talent."

Lawrence, fresh off her international press tour for *The Hunger Games,* swept into Los Angeles's Milk Studios on November 14, 2015, carrying a much-needed carton of Starbucks coffee. She also brought along her four-legged companion, Pippy, who hit it off with Fonda's beloved Coton de Tulear, Tulea.

Although there were many designer wardrobe options for Diane Keaton, what the 70-year-old icon arrived in was so authentically fabulous it was deemed the best. Blanchett talked about her family's latest addition, adopted daughter Edith, and Davis brought her niece to witness the moment. While D.J. Sosupersam played music, Mirren—looking spectacular in a Union Jack T-shirt—posed for selfies with her peers, warmly embracing the younger generation and giving Larson and Ronan memories for life with her heartfelt words of kindness about their performances.

@vf.com
To watch our Hollywood-cover stars **REVEAL** their secret talents, go to VF.COM/HOLLYWOOD2016.

> **"WE WANTED TO MAKE IT NOT ONLY AN OCCASION, BUT TO MAKE IT TIMELESS."**

By the time everyone left the shoot, which was produced by *Vanity Fair*'s senior photography producer, and Leibovitz's longtime collaborator, Kathryn MacLeod, they had stopped by our secret-talent stage to demonstrate their hidden skills. Be sure to visit VF.com for a video of these—and many more—behind-the-scenes highlights. □

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RACHEL DELOACHE WILLIAMS

SPRING SUMMER 2016



BALLY



EDITA SHOT ON BECK ROAD - OCTOBER 7TH 2015 - *TEL: 00 800 1851 1851* - *BALLY.COM* - SWISS DESIGN SINCE 1851

LONDON DESIGN WEEK 2016

AT DESIGN CENTRE CHELSEA HARBOUR

CONNECT
CONVERSE
CREATE

MORE GLOBALTALENT
+ NEW PARTICIPANTS
CONVERSATIONS
IN DESIGN
ACCESS ALL
AREAS EVENTS
BESPOKE
INSTALLATIONS



ABBOTT & BOYD • ALTFIELD • ALTON-BROOKE • ANN SACKS • ARMANI/CASA • ARTE • AZUCENA AT GMR • BAKER • BAKER LIFESTYLE • BEACON HILL • BELLA FIGURA • BESSELINK & JONES • BIRGIT ISRAEL • BLACK & KEY • BRIAN YATES • BRUNSCHWIG & FILS • C & C MILANO • CASSINA • CECOTTI • CHAPLINS • CHASE ERWIN • CHRISTOPHER GUY • CHRISTOPHER HYDE LIGHTING • CHRISTOPHER PEACOCK • CLIVE CHRISTIAN • COLE & SON • COLEFAX AND FOWLER • COLONY • CREATION BAUMANN • CRESTRON • DAVID SEYFRIED LTD • DAVIDSON • DECCA (BOLIER) • DECORUS • DEDAR • ELISE SOM • EDELMAN LEATHER • ESPRESSO DESIGN • EVITAVONNI • FENDI CASA • FLEXFORM • FOX LINTON • FROMENTAL • FRONT RUGS • GALLOTTI&RADICE • GIORGETTI • GLADEE LIGHTING • GP & J BAKER • HARLEQUIN • HOULES • IKSEL • INTERDESIGN • INTERIOR SUPPLY • J. ROBERT SCOTT • JACARANDA CARPETS • JASON D'SOUZA • JEAN MONRO • KRAVET • LEE JOFA • LELIEVRE • LEWIS & WOOD • LIZZO • MARC DE BERNY • MARVIC TEXTILES • MCKINNON AND HARRIS • MCKINNEY & CO • MULBERRY HOME • NADA DESIGNS • THE NANZ COMPANY • NICHOLAS HASLAM LTD • NINA CAMPBELL • NOBILIS • ORIGINAL BTC • PIERRE FREY • POLIFORM • POLTRONA FRAU • PORADA • PORTA ROMANA • RAMM, SON & CROCKER • REMAINS LIGHTING • R.I.M TILE BOUTIQUE • ROBERT ALLEN • ROMO • RUBELLI/DONGHIA • SA BAXTER ARCHITECTURAL HARDWARE • SAHCO • SAMUEL & SONS PASSEMENTERIE • SAMUEL HEATH • SANDERSON • THE SILK GALLERY • SIMPSONS MIRRORS & FURNITURE • STARK CARPET • STARK FABRIC • STUDIOTEX • SUMMIT FURNITURE • SWD • TAI PING CARPETS • THREADS AT GP & J BAKER • TIM PAGE CARPETS • TISSUS D'HELENE • TOPFLOOR BY ESTI. RUGS & WOOD • TUFENKIAN ARTISAN CARPETS • TURNELL & GIGON • TURNELL & GIGON AT HOME • TURNSTYLE DESIGNS • VAUGHAN • VIA ARKADIA (TILES) • VICTORIA + ALBERT BATHS • WATTS OF WESTMINSTER • WEMYSS • WHISTLER LEATHER • WIRED CUSTOM LIGHTING • WOOL CLASSICS • ZIMMER + ROHDE • ZOFFANY

PLUS OUTSIDE PARTICIPANTS DESIGNERS GUILD, OSBORNE & LITTLE AND WILLIAM YEOWARD IN CHELSEA



TRADE PREVIEW
13 – 15 MARCH
ALL WELCOME
16 – 18 MARCH
FREE ENTRY
10AM – 6PM

For more information
call 020 7225 9166
or visit www.dcch.co.uk
Design Centre
Chelsea Harbour
London SW10 0XE

@designcentrech

VANITY FAIR

IN THE USA: Condé Nast
CHAIRMAN EMERITUS: S.I. Newhouse, Jr.
CHAIRMAN: Charles H. Townsend
PRESIDENT & CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER: Robert A. Sauerberg, Jr.
ARTISTIC DIRECTOR: Anna Wintour

IN OTHER COUNTRIES: Condé Nast International
CHAIRMAN AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE: Jonathan Newhouse
PRESIDENT: Nicholas Coleridge
VICE PRESIDENTS: Giampaolo Grandi, James Woolhouse, Moritz von Laffert, Elizabeth Schimel
CHIEF DIGITAL OFFICER: Wolfgang Blau
PRESIDENT, ASIA-PACIFIC: James Woolhouse
PRESIDENT, NEW MARKETS AND EDITORIAL DIRECTOR, BRAND DEVELOPMENT: Karina Dobrotvorskaya
DIRECTOR OF PLANNING: Jason Miles
DIRECTOR OF ACQUISITIONS AND INVESTMENTS: Moritz von Laffert

GLOBAL:
PRESIDENT, CONDÉ NAST E-COMMERCE: Franck Zayan
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, CONDÉ NAST GLOBAL DEVELOPMENT: Jamie Bill

THE CONDÉ NAST GROUP OF BRANDS INCLUDES:

U.S.
Vogue, Vanity Fair, Glamour, Brides, Self, GQ, GQ Style, The New Yorker, Condé Nast Traveler, Details, Allure, Architectural Digest, Bon Appétit, Epicurious, Wired, W, Golf Digest, Teen Vogue, Ars Technica, Condé Nast Entertainment, The Scene, Pitchfork

U.K
Vogue, House & Garden, Brides, Tatler, The World of Interiors, GQ, Vanity Fair, Condé Nast Traveller, Glamour, Condé Nast Johansens, GQ Style, Love, Wired, Condé Nast College of Fashion & Design, Ars Technica

FRANCE
Vogue, Vogue Hommes International, AD, Glamour, Vogue Collections, GQ, AD Collector, Vanity Fair, Vogue Travel in France, GQ Le Manuel du Style, Glamour Style

ITALY
Vogue, L'Uomo Vogue, Vogue Bambini, Glamour, Vogue Gioiello, Vogue Sposa, AD, Condé Nast Traveller, GQ, Vanity Fair, Wired, Vogue Accessory, La Cucina Italiana, CNLive

GERMANY
Vogue, GQ, AD, Glamour, GQ Style, Myself, Wired

SPAIN
Vogue, GQ, Vogue Novias, Vogue Niños, Condé Nast Traveler, Vogue Colecciones, Vogue Belleza, Glamour, AD, Vanity Fair

JAPAN
Vogue, GQ, Vogue Girl, Wired, Vogue Wedding

TAIWAN
Vogue, GQ

RUSSIA
Vogue, GQ, AD, Glamour, GQ Style, Tatler, Condé Nast Traveller, Allure

MEXICO AND LATIN AMERICA
Vogue Mexico and Latin America, Glamour Mexico and Latin America, AD Mexico, GQ Mexico and Latin America, Vanity Fair Mexico

INDIA
Vogue, GQ, Condé Nast Traveller, AD

PUBLISHED UNDER JOINT VENTURE:

BRAZIL
Vogue, Casa Vogue, GQ, Glamour, GQ Style

PUBLISHED UNDER LICENSE OR COPYRIGHT COOPERATION:

AUSTRALIA
Vogue, Vogue Living, GQ

BULGARIA
Glamour

CHINA
Vogue, Vogue Collections, Self, AD, Condé Nast Traveler, GQ, GQ Style, Brides, Condé Nast Center of Fashion & Design

CZECH REPUBLIC AND SLOVAKIA
La Cucina Italiana

HUNGARY
Glamour

ICELAND
Glamour

KOREA
Vogue, GQ, Vogue Girl, Allure, W, GQ Style, Style.co.kr

MIDDLE EAST
Condé Nast Traveller, AD, Vogue Café at The Dubai Mall, GQ Bar Dubai

POLAND
Glamour

PORTUGAL
Vogue, GQ

ROMANIA
Glamour

RUSSIA
Vogue Café Moscow, Tatler Club Moscow

SOUTH AFRICA
House & Garden, GQ, Glamour, House & Garden Gourmet, GQ Style

THE NETHERLANDS
Glamour, Vogue

THAILAND
Vogue, GQ, Vogue Lounge Bangkok

TURKEY
Vogue, GQ, Condé Nast Traveller, La Cucina Italiana, GQ Style, Glamour

UKRAINE
Vogue, Vogue Café Kiev

THE MAN IN WHITE

Michael Lewis's article on Tom Wolfe pushes envelopes right into our mailbox; the Holiday issue delivers; next time, we'll drive

I enjoyed Michael Lewis's insightful article on Tom Wolfe ["The White Stuff," November]. I met Mr. Wolfe in 1999 shortly after the publication of *A Man in Full*. I was walking through the Charlotte, North Carolina, airport on my way to Charleston and from a distance spotted his unmistakable white suit. As I approached my gate, I found him sitting there waiting for the same flight. I introduced myself and told him how much I was enjoying his new book. He politely thanked me, and I learned that he was on his way to speak at the Citadel. I explained that I was going to Charleston to take a deposition in a case involving a fire at an expensive beachfront home on Kiawah Island. He perked up and began questioning me about the facts and details of my case. I tried to shift the conversation back to his book and asked him how he knew so much about plant life in the Atlanta area. I complimented him on his rich descriptions of the flora there, but he again changed the subject. He was more interested in "drilling down" on my case. He remarked that "writing is something that we all do regularly," and he said that writing was not nearly as difficult as the work of real artists, such as painters and musicians, where talent is essential. He was dismissive of his own talent, but I knew better. Few writers have been better than Mr. Wolfe in observing and depicting the essence of others and contemporary culture.

HUNTER C. QUICK
Charlotte, North Carolina

Kudos to *V.F.* Michael Lewis was the perfect choice to write the article on Tom Wolfe. After I read it, I wanted to watch *The Right Stuff* again. How is it possible that the movie gets better every time?

EARL OUCHIDA
Sacramento, California

It was so inspiring to read a magnificent piece about a fascinating American writer. It had wonderful insights into Tom Wolfe's world, his ability to see what others overlook, and how that ability changed the American literary scene and informed our opinions of ourselves.

I have read all of Mr. Wolfe's books, and each one is a treasure—an experience I wouldn't have missed for anything. I am so glad I also did not miss Mr. Lewis's *Vanity Fair* article, since it has enlarged my view and understanding of Mr. Wolfe's marvelous talent. The article was a fabulous piece of writing in and of itself. Bravo!

DEBORAH STANDER
Miami, Florida

TWO WORLDS

Only *Vanity Fair* could encapsulate the frictions of sociopolitical, cultural, and class distinction that define our existence, especially within the globalizing dynamics of our times. The Holiday 2015/2016 issue juxtaposed the conflict between billionaire neighbors Louis Bacon and Peter Nygard with "Slaves Without Chains," William Langewiesche's gripping narrative exploring the oppressions hobbling millions of the world's poorest, most marginalized citizens. For one class, *Vanity Fair* underscores the phenomenon of "First World problems"; for another, an unimaginable litany of deprivation, hopelessness, and, indeed, enslavement. As ever, such is our world.

CARIL PHANG
Toronto, Ontario

UP IN THE AIR

James B. Steele's December article, "A Wing and a Prayer," was highly disturbing. That U.S. airlines saw record profits last year makes this penny-pinching behavior, which risks passenger safety, all the more disgusting. What recourse do passengers have (aside from not flying, which isn't a real option for most)? When a flight is delayed due to a "maintenance issue," do passengers have the right to ask for—and get—a timely and accurate response about the nature of the problem? Surely something must be done!

ZOYA DIXON
Irvine, California

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.

SECURE YOUR PLACE NOW AT CNILUXURY.COM

CONDÉ NAST
INTERNATIONAL | LUXURY CONFERENCE

FUTURE LUXURY SEOUL 2016

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH

PLACE VENDÔME SWAROVSKI

THE SHILLA 20-21 APRIL 2016

THE MOST SIGNIFICANT CONFERENCE FOR THE INDUSTRY

Influential luxury industry speakers will discuss: the power and influence of Korea; travel retail opportunities; the younger consumer; the on-going convergence of fashion and technology; and much, much more.

SPEAKERS INCLUDE:



ANYA HINDMARCH
FOUNDER
ANYA HINDMARCH LTD



CLAUS DIETRICH LAHRS
CHAIRMAN AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER, HUGO BOSS AG



EVA CHEN
HEAD OF FASHION PARTNERSHIPS, INSTAGRAM



GIAN GIACOMO FERRARIS
CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER GIANNI VERSACE SPA



JASON WU
ARTISTIC DIRECTOR WOMENSWEAR, BOSS



OLIVIER ROUSTEING
CREATIVE DIRECTOR BALMAIN



SEOHYUN LEE
PRESIDENT AND CEO SAMSUNG C&T



SOPHIE HACKFORD
DIRECTOR WIRED CONSULTING & WIRED EDUCATION



STEPHEN JONES
FOUNDER STEPHEN JONES MILLINERY



STEPHEN WEBSTER
FOUNDER AND CREATIVE DIRECTOR, STEPHEN WEBSTER LTD



STUART VEVERS
EXECUTIVE CREATIVE DIRECTOR, COACH INC.



SUNG-JOO KIM
CHIEF VISIONARY OFFICER, MCM

SEE THE FULL SPEAKER LIST AND FIND OUT MORE AT:

CNILuxury.com

@CNILuxury / @SuzyMenkesVogue / adrian.ting@condenastint.com / +44 20 7152 3472

SPONSORS INCLUDE:

HYUNDAI MCM SHINSEGAE INTERNATIONAL

FARFETCH IMG Opium McARTHURGLEN DESIGNER OUTLETS PLACE VENDÔME SEOUL METROPOLITAN GOVERNMENT SWAROVSKI WHITE COMMUNICATIONS

FOREVER. AND EVER.



FABERGÉ

THE ART OF COLOUR

LONDON NEW YORK GENEVA
BAHRAIN BAKU BANGKOK DERBY DUBAI DOHA KARLOVY VARY KIEV LOS ANGELES
RIYADH SAN FRANCISCO SYDNEY VALLETTA VANCOUVER

FABERGE.COM @OFFICIALFABERGE

Fabergé proudly uses Gemfields coloured gemstones

PULLING STUNTS
The golden age of **Hollywood stunt doubles.**

Street-Smart
How to navigate **Los Angeles** during Oscar weekend.

THIS MONTH

NEW WAVE

Marvel or DC Comics?*
(a) Captain America (b) Green Lantern (c) The Flash (d) Black Widow

\+ *2016 Academy Awards montage tributes.*

VANITIES



DEPP WEARS CLOTHING BY CHANEL; SHOES BY GIANVITO ROSSI; BERET BY GIGI BURRIS MILLINERY.

@vf.com
For a behind-the-scenes look at Lily-Rose Depp's Vanities **SHOOT,** go to VF.COM/HOLLYWOOD2016.

LILY-ROSE DEPP

AGE: 16. **PROVENANCE:** Los Angeles and Paris. **BREAKOUT:** Already Hollywood royalty, the coveted young model made her acting debut at Sundance this year in Kevin Smith's *Yoga Hosers,* opposite his daughter, Harley. "I've always known Kevin as my friend's dad. It was a great way to make my first movie." **ALL IN THE FAMILY:** Parents Johnny Depp and Vanessa Paradis are supportive but leave the journey to their daughter. "Art is such a personal experience, I really try to make my own thing." **SEEING DOUBLE:** Catwalk catnip at Chanel, she's also the face of its eyewear campaign. "When I was a baby I wore my mom's Chanel pumps—to be able to say that I work with Karl Lagerfeld is a dream come true." **STAGE RIGHT:** "I wanted to be a singer, but once I started acting, I felt so comfortable. Now all I want to do is act." **A MOVEABLE FEAST:** Up next is *Planetarium,* set in the 1930s, about siblings with supernatural abilities, starring Natalie Portman, who handpicked Depp to play her sister. **FOMO:** "The only movies I want to do are the ones I'm passionate about. I care about school, and I'm still a kid. I want to live like that while I can."

—KRISTA SMITH

*Answers: (a) Marvel, (b) DC Comics, (c) DC Comics, (d) Marvel.

STYLED BY RYAN YOUNG; HAIR PRODUCTS BY KÉRASTASE PARIS; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY CHANEL; NAIL ENAMEL BY NAILING HOLLYWOOD; HAIR BY TEDDY CHARLES; MAKEUP BY SABRINA BEDRANI; MANICURE BY DEBBIE LEAVITT; SET DESIGN BY COLIN DONAHUE. ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER. FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

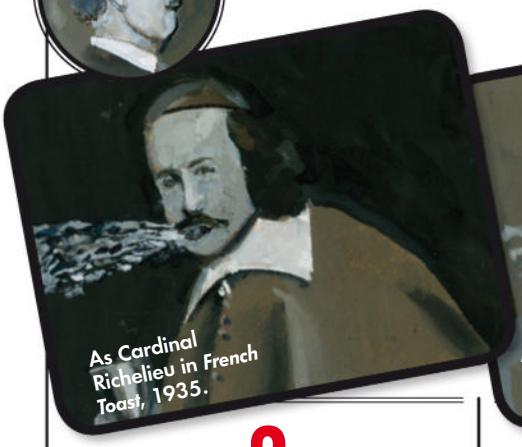
The Golden Age of Hollywood's INDOOR STUNT DOUBLES

Text and illustrations by BRUCE McCALL



1 SPIT-TAKE MASTER ERNEST SMEECH

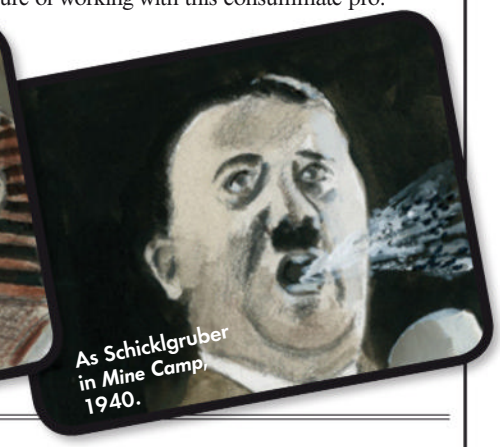
Ernest Smeech, born with jumbo saliva glands, could do 20 spit takes without a break—so endearing him to directors that they often ordered writers to add spit-take scenes, even to costume dramas, just for the pleasure of working with this consummate pro.



As Cardinal Richelieu in French Toast, 1935.



As Pharaoh Tut-Tut in Where's My Mummy?, 1938.



As Schicklgruber in Mine Camp, 1940.



2 HECTOR "BALLOON BUM" HAVOLINE JR.



Hector Havoline Jr. was Hollywood's go-to guy for his patented high jinks in 30s high-society comedies. Grotesquely obese, Havoline needed no breakaway pants; he would simply bend over and it was *r-r-r-r-rip!* every time.



Dork hated terriers. "Too dogged!" he wisecracked. (Still from *Kiss Me, Mabel!,* 1937.)

3 AL DORK, DOG-BITE GENIUS



Li'l Fluffy chewed Al Dork's ankles in 32 movies, including *Fifth Avenue Hoedown* (1936).



Al Dork hated all animals, but his stunt work with dogs made him rich enough to amass the world's largest array of man-eating piranhas.



Fat dogs like Champ viciously bloodied Dork's legs, as in this scene from *Park Avenue Vixen* (1939).



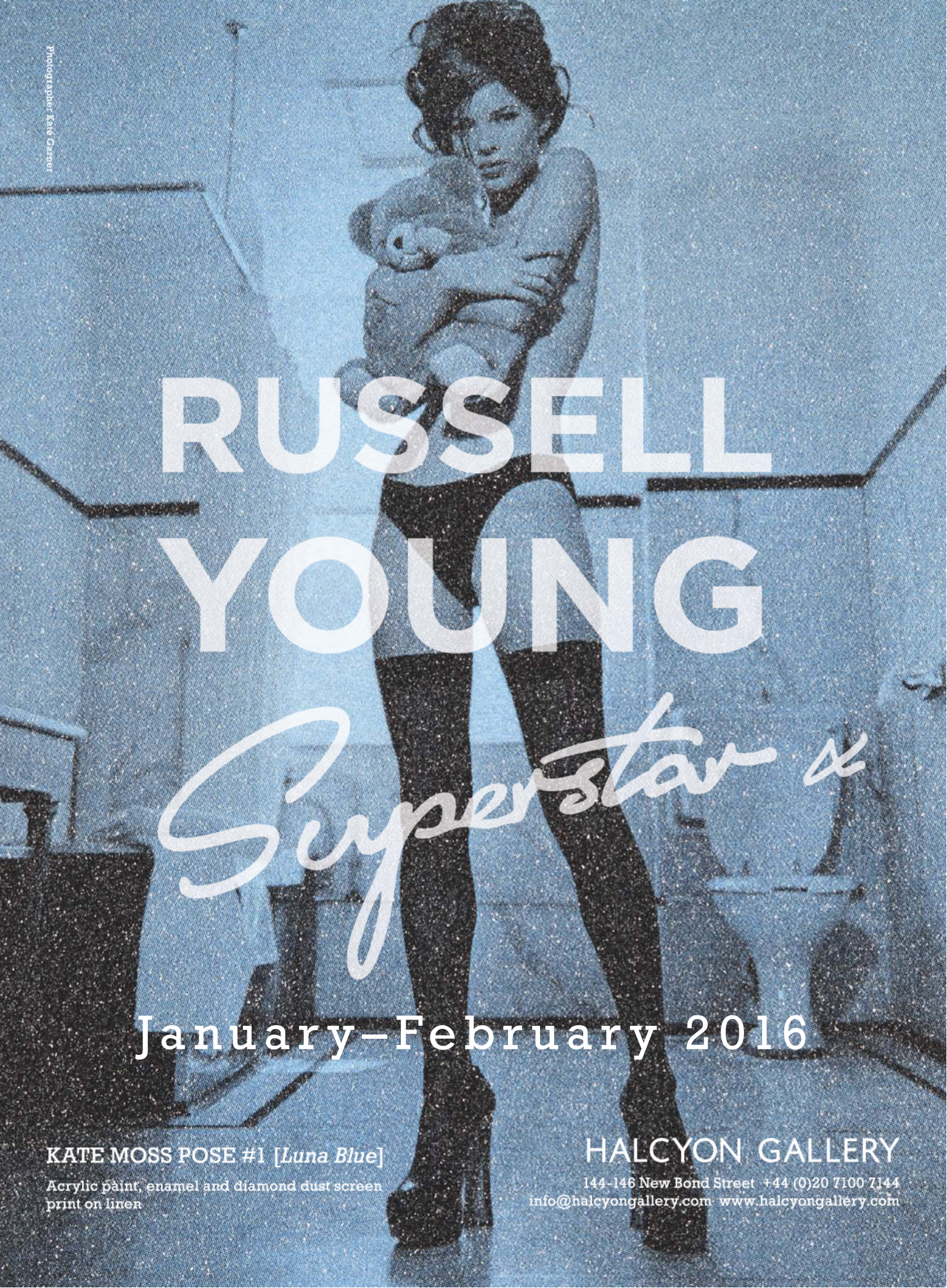
Dork, as a cop, is tormented by a mutt in *The Tomboy and the Butler,* from 1934.





4 BOUNCING BUD SNIVELY

The Human Toboggan's skids and somersaults down staircases were in fact one single stunt, spliced into 24 films by Acme-Nadir Studios and earning stuntman Snively one meager paycheck. He quit the movies but built a solid career as a pinsetter in Fontana's Malibu Lanes.


Photographer Kate Garner
RUSSELL
YOUNG
Superstar x
January–February 2016
KATE MOSS POSE #1 [*Luna Blue*]
Acrylic paint, enamel and diamond dust screen print on linen
HALCYON GALLERY
144-146 New Bond Street +44 (0)20 7100 7144
info@halcyongallery.com www.halcyongallery.com

STRAIGHT *Outta* HOLLYWOOD

In Mecca they observe the hajj. The Vatican has Easter. In Los Angeles, it's the Oscars. Should you find yourself making a pilgrimage out here for our holiest of holy days, the following may help you navigate your way through the City of Angels as if you actually lived here

By BRUCE FEIRSTEIN • *Illustration by* TIM SHEAFFER

1 THE L.A. OF THE LAND

It's often been said that Los Angeles is 72 suburbs in search of a city. Using New York as a template, here's how to think of them: Beverly Hills is Fifth Avenue; West Hollywood is Chelsea; Bel Air is Park Avenue; Santa Monica is the Upper West Side. Pacific Palisades is the Upper East Side; Venice is the East Village; Los Feliz and Silver Lake are Brooklyn; and Downtown is SoHo and Tribeca, circa 1980. Encino and Sherman Oaks are Short Hills and Montclair, New Jersey, respectively. And just like New York, it's all ridiculously overpriced.

2 THE NEW YORK–VERSUS–L.A. CONVERSATION

Despite the foregoing, it's over. Sure, New York has the edge on museums, Russian billionaires, and news-gathering organizations. But what you find in L.A. now is that the city and the studios are run by the adult children of people who moved here in the 50s and 60s. They're not particularly interested in New York; they don't revere it the way their parents did. That's why you'll get a lot further asking "So, where did you go to high school—Harvard-Westlake or Campbell Hall?" rather than "Why can't I get a good bagel out here?"

3 WE OBSERVE THE SEASONS

It may be 75 degrees and sunny in January, but you'll see people wearing down jackets, wool scarves, and winter sweaters. And women in furs. Think Malibu pool boy in cargo shorts crossed with a Vermont maple-syrup tapper. It's weird, but it's the local style.

4 SPEAKING OF THE SHOW-BUSINESS CALENDAR

Life in Los Angeles is delineated by three specific times of the year: pilot season, tent-pole season, and Oscar season. Pilot season runs from January to May, when TV pilots are shot and chosen for scheduling. Tent-pole season is when the studios release films in which "shit blows up," and runs from the week before Memorial Day through the week before Labor Day. And Oscar season begins in October, when the first "For Your Consideration" ads appear, and ends at dawn on the morning following the ceremony. In all cases, the weather forecast is the same: "Sunny, with patches of envy, and a good chance of Schadenfreude."

5 AM I REALLY DEFINED BY THE CAR I DRIVE?

In a word, yes. And if you're in a convertible, chances are you don't live here. In the land of eternal sunshine—with its high rate of skin cancer—upwardly mobile Los Angelenos know the best sunblock is a high-end luxury automobile.

6 WHAT ABOUT POLITICS?

As you've no doubt read, L.A. is as Democrat blue as blue can be. We're the home of the $32,000-a-plate D.N.C. fund-raiser. It's not that it's illegal to be a Republican here, but nothing explains the mind-set better than this: A social-studies teacher at Crossroads, a private school in Santa Monica, told a group of parents, "My job is to encourage critical thinking. For example, there are two political parties in this country. Both claim to not be racist. But as we all know, only one, the Democrats, aren't racists. And the other, the Republican Party, is filled with racists." In other words, we start indoctrinating 'em young out here.

7 AND AS LONG AS WE'RE DISCUSSING POWER

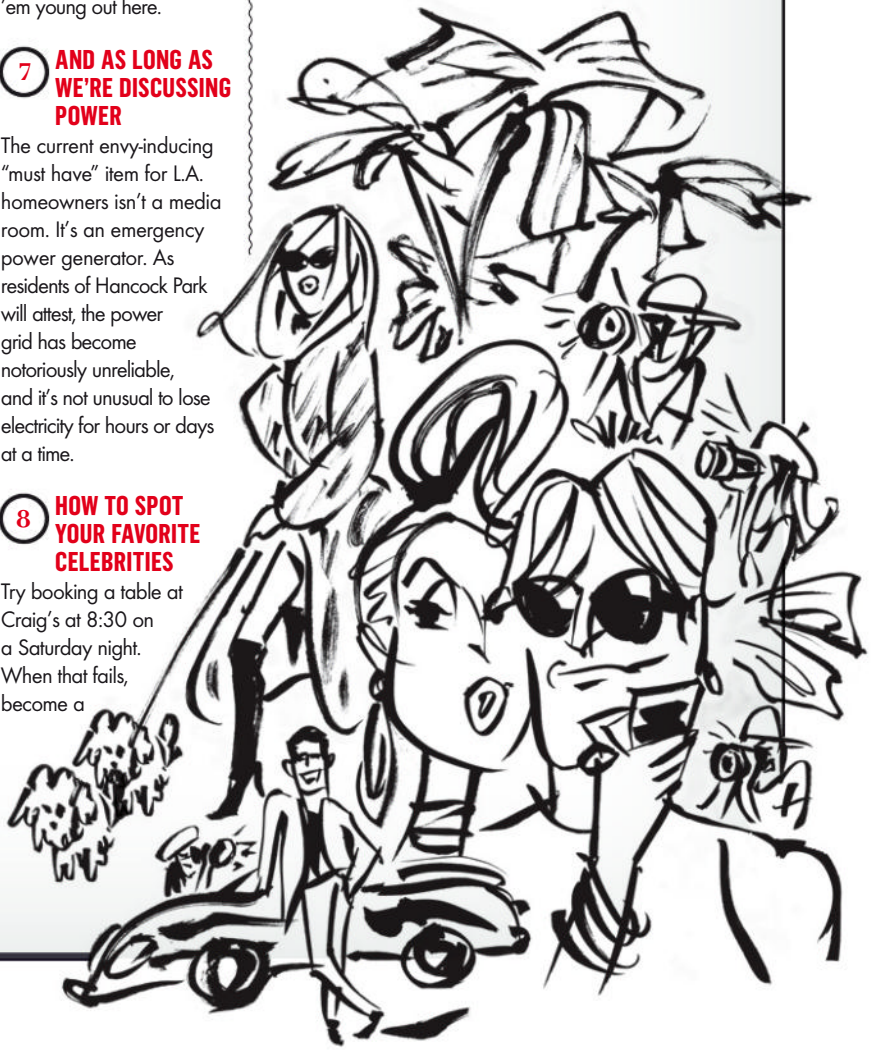
The current envy-inducing "must have" item for L.A. homeowners isn't a media room. It's an emergency power generator. As residents of Hancock Park will attest, the power grid has become notoriously unreliable, and it's not unusual to lose electricity for hours or days at a time.

8 HOW TO SPOT YOUR FAVORITE CELEBRITIES

Try booking a table at Craig's at 8:30 on a Saturday night. When that fails, become a paparazzo. You'll start getting phone calls from all the "stars" you see on DailyMail.com, telling you exactly where they'll be, and when, so you can take their unguarded yet wearing-full-makeup picture.

9 FINALLY, LEARN TO LIE EFFECTIVELY

No one can possibly consume all the media that's available today. Yet no matter what TV show or movie you mention, people in L.A. will not only say they've seen it but will have an informed opinion about it. And the same holds true for blogs, podcasts, YouTube videos, and novels. How can this be? How is it even possible, given that there are only 24 hours in a day? Simple. We lie. This is what Metacritic, personal assistants, and teenage children are for. And should you find yourself absolutely stumped by something really obscure—like, say, a German documentary in the short-film category—you can always play the ultimate Hollywood trump card by replying, "I've been so busy that I haven't seen it yet. But I've got the screener." Game, set, match. Welcome to Hollywood. Please enjoy your stay.




MOUSSAIEFF
LONDON GENEVA HONG KONG
Tel: +44 (0)20 7290 1536
www.moussaieff-jewellers.com
info@moussaieff-jewellers.com

UNSUNG SUPERHEROES

The next wave of franchise players from Marvel and DC

By SCOTT JACOBSON, MIKE SACKS, AND TED TRAVELSTEAD • *Illustration by* ZOHAR LAZAR



THE BEAN COUNTER

In the blink of an eye, and with his **magical abacus,** he shows you how to receive a tax break on that island you just purchased, how to cut costs with your business, and how to lay off staff—and make them like it!

GRAMMAR GIRL

Swoops in to save the day whenever frightened townsfolk desperately need to know who vs. whom, **that vs. which,** and just plain right vs. wrong. Her modifiers never dangle and her voice is never passive. She has just the right effect. Or affect. She'll tell you.

SUPER-LAWYER

His power is appearing in magazine sections that look astonishingly real—but are, in fact, **paid advertisements!** Sneaky and devastatingly effective. But watch out for his billable hours. They add up super fast!

NUDE CELEB

Appears without warning on any Web site! Villains may not want to click, but they will, only to experience a **debilitating microburst** of super-shame while inadvertently pumping the site's click count into the stratosphere.

POP-UPPITY

Not so much a master of disguise as a **content chameleon,** Pop-Uppity goes unrecognized by any villain—until it's too late to stop him from popping up in their face with a barrage that cripples the unsuspecting in a wave of sensory overload!

MUD-SLINGER

Shames any opponent into ignominious retirement with unsupportable accusations and **reputation-damaging rhetoric!** Can crank out an opinion column in no time flat and leaves a noxious trail of destruction on morning talk shows.

10 NEW MONTAGE TRIBUTES *for the* 2016 ACADEMY AWARDS

By ANDREW SMITH

1 Faces That Haven't Moved Since 2003 Montage 2 Actors with Expired Leases in Malibu Colony Montage 3 People Who Like to Get Their Picture Taken Way Too Much Montage 4 Actors Who Appear Lost When You See Them at a Stoplight Montage 5 Failed Marriages Montage 6 Failed Marriages Where the Other Woman Is the Nanny Montage 7 Magazine Writers Who Thought Actors on a Movie Set Would Always Be Their Friends Montage 8 Agents Making More Money off an Estate than When Their Clients Were Alive Montage 9 Abandoned Cars on the P.C.H. Montage 10 Academy Award Hosts Who Were Never Asked Back Montage


BADA
FAIR
9–15 MARCH
FINE ART, DESIGN & ANTIQUES
DUKE OF YORK SQUARE, KING'S ROAD, LONDON SW3 4LY
BADAFAIR.COM



A MAY FAIR AFFAIR

DRESS REHEARSALS IN LONDON'S MOST EXCLUSIVE CHANGING ROOM

RESERVE YOUR MAY FAIR AFFAIR AT THEMAYFAIRHOTEL.CO.UK

PART OF EDWARDIAN HOTELS LONDON

PROUD TO BE THE OFFICIAL HOTEL OF **LONDON FASHION WEEK**

Fanfair

JENNIFER MEYER MAGUIRE *p. 78* L.A.'S NEW OASIS *p. 81* KENDRICK LAMAR *p. 82* GOOP BEAUTY *p. 84*



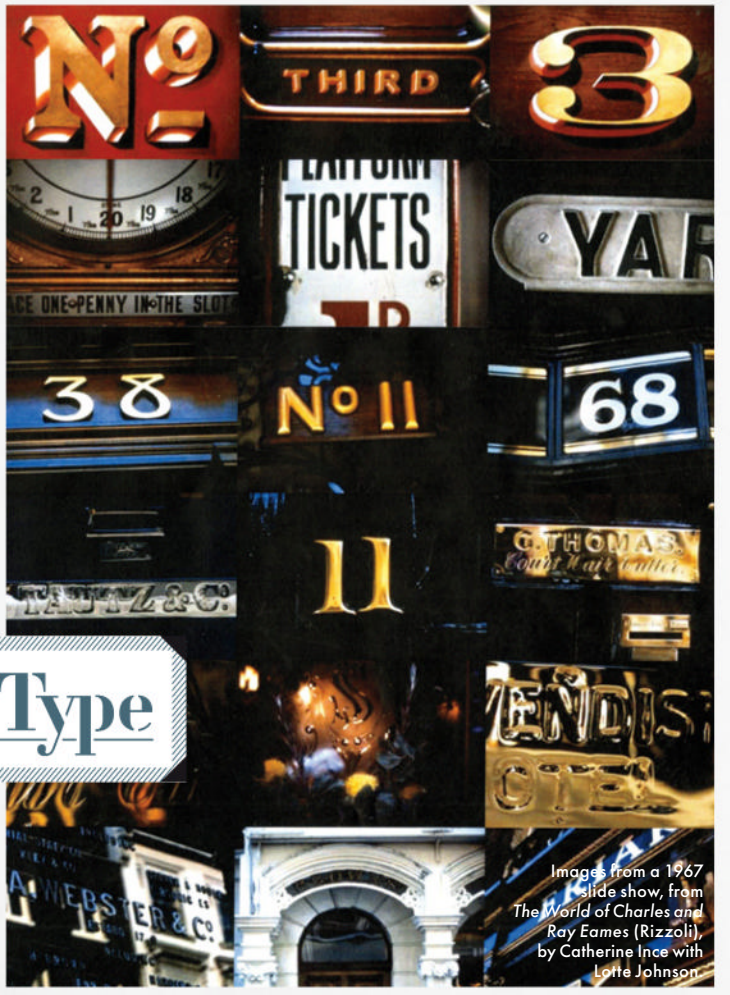
NORA, EXPLORED

It was Nora Ephron's screenwriter mother, Phoebe, who coined the maxim that gives *Everything Is Copy* its title. The documentary, which premieres on HBO in March, is, in some respects, a third-generation exercise in strip-mining the family's personal experiences for material. Jacob Bernstein, the movie's co-director (with Nick Hooker), is the elder son of Ephron, the polymathic author, journalist, essayist, director, and playwright, who died in 2012. Bernstein is seen on-screen talking to such friends and associates of his mother's as Meryl Streep, Mike Nichols, Amy Pascal, Tom Hanks, all three of Nora's sisters, and both of her ex-husbands—the latter of whom, Carl Bernstein, Jacob's father, is a reluctant but compelling participant, having been the subject of Ephron's acerbic *roman à clef* about their divorce, *Heartburn*.

Making the movie, Jacob says, was an opportunity "to examine the fine line between bravery and ruthlessness" that his mother trod. "She could be unsparing about her family," he says, "but she was exceptionally brave about her own flaws, past, and insecurities." —DAVID KAMP

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIGITTE LACOMBE

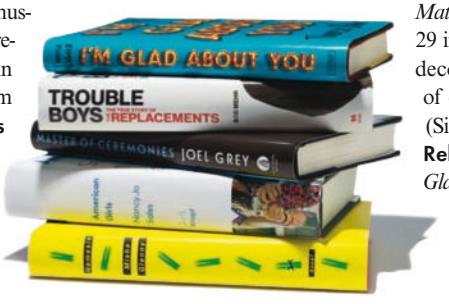
Hot Type



Images from a 1967 slide show, from *The World of Charles and Ray Eames* (Rizzoli), by Catherine Ince with Lotte Johnson

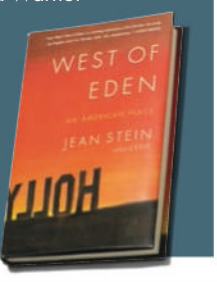
Dana Spiotta's *Innocents and Others* (Scribner) zooms in on two female filmmakers whose manipulative friend has been "catfishing" Hollywood bigwigs. It's a thrillingly complex and emotionally astute novel about fame, power, and alienation steeped in a dark eroticism and a particularly American kind of loneliness.

And Then All Hell Broke Loose (Simon & Schuster) is **Richard Engel's** rousing account of being shot at, bombed, and kidnapped while reporting on the Middle East. Anarchy rules in **Fred Leebron's** artfully unsettling *Welcome to Christiania* (Outpost19). **Olivia Laing** connects with profound states of disconnection in *The Lonely City* (Picador). **Sally Denton** exposes the Bechtel-family construction dynasty in *The Profiteers* (Simon & Schuster). **Alec Ross** prophesies about *The Industries of the Future* (Simon & Schuster). **Alan Light** bows before the High Priestess of Soul in *What Happened, Miss Simone?* (Archetype). **Nancy Jo Sales** breaks down the relationship between *American Girls* (Knopf) and social media. Women aiming for the Oval Office will hit *The Highest Glass Ceiling* (Harvard), and **Ellen Fitzpatrick** knows it. **Jhumpa Lahiri** goes Italian *In Other Words* (Knopf). The math genius in **Ethan Canin's** *A Doubter's Almanac* (Random House) wrestles with the theorem for happiness. **Shawn Fury** nails the jump shot in *Rise and Fire* (Flatiron). **Jessa Crispin** unveils the secrets of *The Creative Tarot* (Touchstone) and how they can unlock the mysteries of creativity. **Philip Freeman** brings sexy back in *Searching for Sappho* (Norton). Recovered Wall Streeter **Maureen Sherry** rings the *Opening Belle* (Simon & Schuster). **Howard Jacobson** boldly recasts the Bard in the present in *Shylock Is My Name* (Random House). **A. Igoni Barrett's** *Blackass* (Graywolf) makes a powerful statement. **Callan Wink's** first collection, *Dog Run Moon* (Dial), is howlingly good. **Misha Glenny** follows the rise and fall of a hardworking young dad who becomes the king of Rio's underworld in *Nemesis* (Knopf). The unmatchable **Ricky Jay** conjures *Matthias Buchinger* (Siglio), all 29 inches of him. **Fred Kaplan** decodes the secret operations of cyber-war in *Dark Territory* (Simon & Schuster). **Theresa Rebeck's** sharply funny *I'm Glad About You* (Putnam) is a cautionary tale—choose your dreams with your eyes open. —ELISSA SCHAPPELL



GARDEN OF *EDEN*

Jean Stein staked her claim in American letters with her pioneering pop oral history, *Edie: American Girl,* edited with George Plimpton—a portrait of the glamorously dissipated gamine 60s "It girl" who fled California for New York City and became a Warhol superstar. Stein returns to her hometown of Los Angeles and her own cracked fairy-tale childhood in the golden age of make-believe in *West of Eden: An American Place* (Random House). Stein expertly orchestrates a chorus of voices—rich and famous and not-so—to create a picture of Hollywood through the lives of five of its most powerful families, drawn to the promise of unmined riches in the oil fields and the fool's-gold sparkle of stardom. The tales of jaw-dropping excess, cruelty, and betrayal are the stuff of movies, and the pleasures are immense. —E.S.



IN SHORT

Frank Mankiewicz lives large in *So As I Was Saying …* (Thomas Dunne), with **Joel Swerdlow. Bob Mehr's** *Trouble Boys* (Da Capo) dares to tell the true story of the Replacements. **David Hopson** cherishes *All the Lasting Things* (Little A). **Tim Sultan** finds himself at one of the world's pre-eminent dive bars in *Sunny's Nights* (Random House). **Douglas Kennedy** spends *The Blue Hour* (Atria) in Morocco. *Willkommen* to **Joel Grey's** *Master of Ceremonies* (Flatiron). **Glenn O'Brien** tailors the history of *Berluti* (Rizzoli) bespoke shoes. **Naomi Campbell** models *The Art of Beauty* (Taschen). Good-guy pol **Cory Booker** lobbies for a nation *United* (Ballantine). **Christopher Sorrentino** turns to crime in *The Fugitives* (Simon & Schuster). **Ben Ratliff** drops *Every Song Ever* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). **Alexander Chee's** *The Queen of the Night* (Houghton Mifflin) is a magnificent enchantment. Interiors expert **Toto Bergamo Rossi** sees the pretty *Inside Venice* (Rizzoli). —E.S.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM CHARLES AND RAY EAMES/© EAMES OFFICE, LLC. ["G.E.M. [GOVERNMENT, EDUCATION, AND MANAGEMENT]" SLIDES]; BY TIM HOUT (BOOKS); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

INVEST IN DOMESTIC FUTURES



GRAY & FARRAR

THE MATCHMAKING SERVICE

Global Headquarters: 68 Brook Street ▪ Mayfair ▪ London ▪ W1K 5DZ ▪ +44 (0)20 7290 9585

▪ WORLDWIDE ▪

www.grayandfarrar.com





Los Angeles native **Jennifer Meyer Maguire** has amassed a cult following based on her subtly elegant jewelry line, with its perfect pieces, which can be worn alone but also look super-chic when layered. The Jennifer Meyer collection, which is sold at Barneys and online at Net-a-Porter, has an enormous celebrity fan base. Her pendants, in particular, such as her heart-shaped locket, given as a gift to Mary Jane Watson (Kirsten Dunst's character in *Spider-Man 3*) by Peter Parker (played by Tobey Maguire, Meyer's husband), have had story-line significance. Herewith, her favorite things . . .



My Stuff

JENNIFER MEYER MAGUIRE

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Lipstick **Beautycounter Lip Sheer in Petal for everyday.** Mascara **Revlon Ultimate All-in-One Mascara.** Concealer **Clé de Peau.** Foundation **I prefer bronzer. Nuxe is my secret weapon.** Shampoo **Living Proof No Frizz Shampoo.** Moisturizer **Crème de la Mer.** Hair product **I combine Oribe moisturizing cream and Moroccanoil.** Soap **Weleda Calendula Soap. My kids and I both use it.** Perfume **Eric Buterbaugh, Sultry Rose.** Toothpaste **Marvis Mint.** Nail-polish color **Sugar Daddy by Essie is my go-to. Nars Endless Night if I want dark.** Who cuts your hair **Chris McMillan.** Skin-care specialists **Mila Moursi in Los Angeles and Georgia Louise in N.Y.C.**

INSPIRATIONS

Favorite scent **Wood-burning fire at home.** Favorite discovery **That my husband and I ski at the same level.** Who inspires you **My kids.** Necessary extravagance **Jewelry and truffles.** Favorite place in the world **Home.** Favorite charities **Baby2Baby and the Teaching Gardens.** Favorite movie ***Seabiscuit.*** Favorite hotel **The Brando, in Tahiti. It blew my mind.** Favorite colors **Pink, navy, gold.** Fashion idol **Ruby Maguire, my nine-year-old.** Favorite season **Summer.** Pet peeve **People who are rude to waiters.**





TECH

Favorite gadget **iPhone.** TV show you binge-watch ***Barely Famous*, with sisters Erin and Sara Foster.** Recent Google search **I could search WebMD all day long. I'm always self-diagnosing some illness.** Go-to Web site **Net-a-Porter for clothes, Goop for gift ideas, Amazon for everything else.** Song in your head **"Hotline Bling." Love Drake!** Are you on Instagram/Twitter **Both, mainly Instagram.** Car **Volvo XC90.** Wristwatch **Vintage Rolex.**

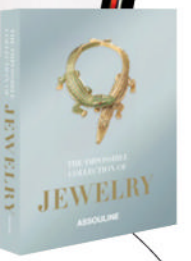


CLOTHES

Jeans **Frame Denim and Re/Done.** Undergarments **Stella McCartney at night; Cosabella during the day.** T-shirt **Stateside, so soft.** Day bag **Saint Laurent Betty Bag in gray.** Favorite accessory **Ray-Ban Wayfarer sunglasses, always.** Favorite designer **Hedi Slimane.** Shopping mecca **Barneys.** Boots **Isabel Marant, Dicker boots.** Flats **Tabitha Simmons, Hermione flats.** Sneakers **Superga. We just did an awesome collaboration.**







HOME

Where do you live **Los Angeles.** Favorite art in-house **Mary Ellen Mark took pictures of me and my kids when we were hanging out on the set of *The Great Gatsby*. I cherish those photos.** Sheets **Frette.** Luggage **Tumi.** China **Heath Ceramics.** Stationery **Sugar Paper.** Pets **Kids. (Does that count?)** Favorite flowers **Peonies and daisies, but not together.** Favorite neighborhood restaurant **Giorgio Baldi for dinner and Nate 'n Al's for breakfast. (Gloria is my favorite waitress on the planet.)** Favorite cocktail **Margarita, no salt, on the rocks.** Favorite dessert **I'm a sucker for a Krispy Kreme doughnut.** Snack **Greens juice from Pressed Juicery.** Coffee-table book ***The Impossible Collection of Jewelry*** **(Assouline).**

Jennifer Meyer Maguire, photographed at home in Los Angeles.

MAGUIRE PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOAH WEBB; HAIR PRODUCTS BY ORIBE; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY NARS; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY ADRIANA TESLER. PHOTOGRAPHS © ASSOULINE PUBLISHING (*THE IMPOSSIBLE COLLECTION OF JEWELRY*). BY PARAS GRIFFIN/GETTY IMAGES (DRAKE); TIM MCKENNA (THE BRANDO); DAVID MORGAN/GETTY IMAGES (SKIS); JONATHAN SLOANE/GETTY IMAGES (PEONIES). FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

1754

GISMONDI

GISMONDIJEWELLERY1754.COM



CALLA CUFF

GENOVA / PORTOFINO / ST. MORITZ
LONDON 14, ALBEMARLE STREET W1S4HL TEL. +44 (0)2076290123



NEPTUNE'S NET

The preferred stop for Harley-Davidson bikers and tourists alike serves fresh fish and beer at picnic tables overlooking the Pacific. **Established:** 1956. **Notable patrons:** Elizabeth Taylor, Steve McQueen, and Dennis Hopper. **Address:** 42505 Pacific Coast Hwy., Malibu.





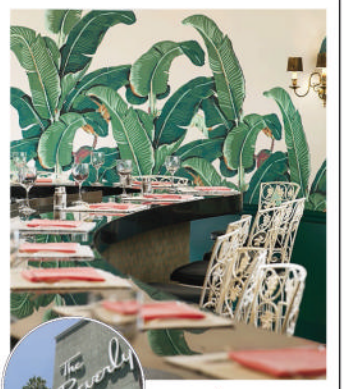
THE APPLE PAN

Some of the best American classics—from burgers to pies—have been served from this tiny horseshoe counter for decades. **Established:** 1947. **Notable patrons:** Mickey Rooney, Paul Newman, and Natalie Wood. **Address:** 10801 West Pico Blvd., Los Angeles.



THE MUSSO & FRANK GRILL

Steaks, oysters Rockefeller, and stiff martinis are the norm at this Hollywood standby. For generations, formally attired waiters have tended to guests sitting on the famous red leather booths. Also, their Musso's Flannel Cakes go well with needing a little hair of the dog. **Established:** 1919. **Notable patrons:** Charlie Chaplin, Greta Garbo, and Ernest Hemingway. **Address:** 6667 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles.



FOUNTAIN COFFEE ROOM

The beloved coffee shop in the Beverly Hills Hotel is perfect for banana pancakes, McCarthy salads, and some of the best people-watching in the city. **Established:** 1949. **Notable patrons:** Gina Lollobrigida, Faye Dunaway, and Robert Evans. **Address:** 9641 Sunset Blvd., Beverly Hills.



Oldies but Goodies

For decades these nostalgic Los Angeles favorites have been serving American classics to devoted customers from near and far

BY KRISTA SMITH AND PUNCH HUTTON

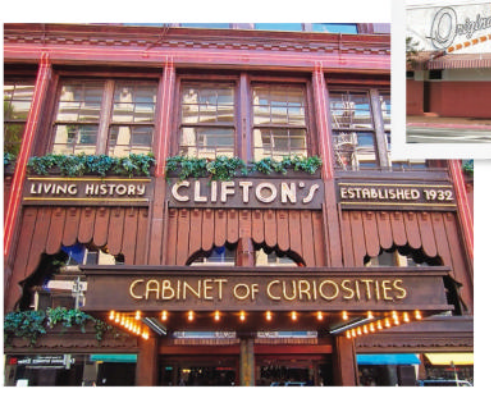
COLE'S

This landmark saloon, with a hidden speakeasy in back, serves classic cocktails and its signature, mouth-watering French Dip Sandwiches. **Established:** 1908. **Notable patrons:** Mickey Cohen and Charles Bukowski. **Address:** 118 E. 6th St., Los Angeles.

EDELWEISS CHOCOLATES

One of the oldest candy shops in L.A. is known for its chocolate honeycomb. The famous candy-making episode from *I Love Lucy* was inspired by its kitchen. **Established:** 1942. **Notable patrons:** Lauren Bacall and Katharine Hepburn. **Address:** 444 N. Canon Drive, Beverly Hills.





CLIFTON'S

This newly renovated, multi-level historic restaurant is a trippy adventure complete with themed bars and cafeteria-style cuisine. **Established:** 1932. **Notable patrons:** Isaac Asimov, Jack Kerouac, and Ray Bradbury—who, after spending his early days eating at Clifton's, rang in his 90th birthday here. **Address:** 648 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.



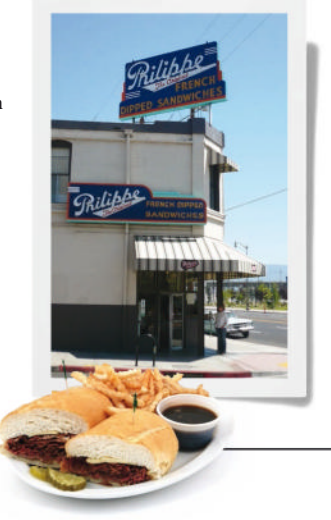
THE ORIGINAL PANTRY CAFE

Bigger is better at this cash-only diner that's open around the clock. **Established:** 1924. **Notable patrons:** Clark Gable, Humphrey Bogart, and Marilyn Monroe. **Address:** 877 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles.



CHEZ JAY

Sawdust on the floor, a barrel of peanuts, and an ocean breeze give flavor to this hole-in-the-wall that has been a celebrity and local hangout for years. **Established:** 1959. **Notable patrons:** Frank Sinatra, Natalie Wood, and Richard Burton. **Address:** 1657 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica.



PHILIPPE THE ORIGINAL

A bustling deli known for its comfort food—most notably its signature French Dipped Sandwich. The feud between Philippe and Cole's (see entry) as to which one is the French-dip sandwich's creator is ongoing. **Established:** 1908. **Notable patron:** Norman Rockwell. **Address:** 1001 N. Alameda St., Los Angeles.

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM ATOMIC HOT LINKS (NEPTUNE'S NET); © MARIANNA DAY MASSEY/ZUMA/CORBIS (BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL); FROM CBS PHOTO ARCHIVE (LUCY); BY CARLOS CHAVEZ/LOS ANGELES TIMES (BURGER); STEVE COLLENDER (SURFBOARD); FROM MICHAEL SOCHA'S ARCHIVES (MOVIE); FROM POTZ/UIG (HENRY GWATT); FROM FEDHELGERTZ (PEANUTS); BY SILKE GRABINGER (BIKERS); BY LOUIS GOLDMAN & RAY KACHATORIAN (LAMB'S); FROM GETTY IMAGES; BY THOMAS HAWK (APPLE PAN, COLE'S); BY MATTHEW K. (ORIGINAL PANTRY CAFE); BY MARK MITCHELL (CHEZ JAY); BY K. W. REINSCH (PHILIPPE THE ORIGINAL); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

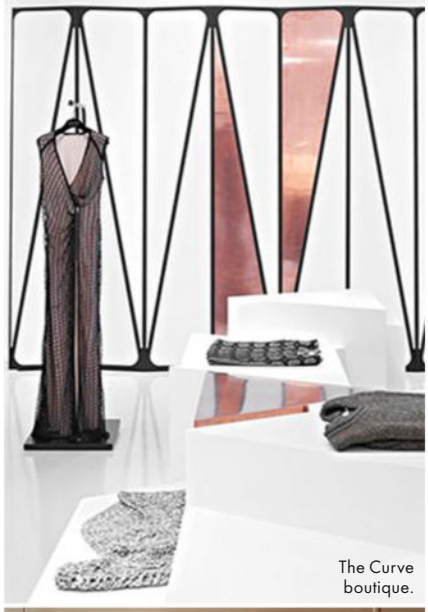

The Cannibal restaurant.


Platform's Joseph Miller and David Fishbein.


Van Leeuwen ice cream.


Loqui restaurant.

Juice Served Here bottles.


The Curve boutique.


The Cannibal's butcher shop.

Private Lives

PLATFORM

Six years ago, **David Fishbein,** 29, was living with his parents in the Bay Area. He had a "big idea" but no ability to bring it to life. He was introduced by a mutual friend to **Joseph "Joey" Miller,** 33, a fourth-generation Los Angeles native, and together they formed a real-estate-development company, Runyon.

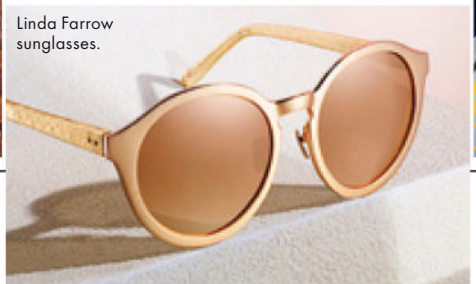
In March they will unveil **Platform**—Fishbein's big idea—which is sprawled across four acres in the middle of Culver City's Hayden Tract neighborhood. They have created an indoor-outdoor urban oasis that will showcase high-end fashion retailers, top-chef restaurants, a skin-care apothecary, and design stores from around the world. "There is an amazing history of creative companies down here in Hayden Tract," Miller says. "It was an unpolished gem." "People thought we were crazy to bring these high-profile brands from all over the world to Culver City, where nothing existed," Fishbein says. "Our base was a run-down 1960s used-car dealership."

The former car lot, which is surrounded by Apple's Beats headquarters, Maker Studios, Sony Pictures, and Smashbox Studios, has been transformed into a unique landscape. Among Platform's menagerie are Blue Bottle Coffee, from Oakland, and Van Leeuwen artisan ice cream, from Brooklyn. The Cannibal, a butcher shop and restaurant (that serves more than 450 types of beer) from N.Y.C., makes its West Coast debut. As does Washington, D.C.–based Sweetgreen, the salad industry's newest disruptor. Indoor cycling behemoth SoulCycle will set up its West Coast headquarters here. And British designers Tom Dixon and Linda Farrow will open a lifestyle boutique and an eyewear store, respectively.

"On a global level, we want it to be the place you have to go see when you're in L.A.," Miller says. (platformla.com) —KRISTA SMITH



SoulCycle bikes.


Linda Farrow sunglasses.

MILLER AND FISHBEIN PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOE SCHMELZER; GROOMING BY ADRIENNE HERBERT; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

Hot Tracks

KENDRICK LAMAR

"We gon' be alright," raps the socially conscious yet optimistic **Kendrick Lamar,** who has been nominated for 11 Grammys this year—second only to Michael Jackson, who got 12 nominations in 1984. The 28-year-old Lamar, a native of Compton, California, is considered the most important and exciting rapper of his generation. His critically acclaimed, multi-nominated album, *To Pimp a Butterfly,* which debuted at No. 1 last March, is, according to Lamar himself, "unapologetic, fearful, and honest." Here, he talks with **Lisa Robinson** about inspiration, collaboration, and the hope in his community.

LISA ROBINSON: No rap album has won the Album of the Year Grammy since Outkast did for *The Love Below,* 12 years ago. Considering that rap is the most original music of the last three decades, do you feel this is an award that is, again, long overdue?

KENDRICK LAMAR: A lot of incredible rap albums over the past couple of decades have deserved Album of the Year. *To Pimp a Butterfly* is an extension of those albums.

L.R.: Some of the spoken word, poetry, and jazz on your album evokes the Last Poets, Mos Def, and Saul Williams. Were these people who influenced you?

K.L.: Those artists are timeless artists. Though my work wasn't intentionally influenced by them, I can't say that they haven't inspired me in some form or fashion.

L.R.: You've collaborated with so many people—Dr. Dre, Snoop, Lil Wayne, Kanye, to name just a few. Who haven't you worked with that you'd like to?

K.L.: Sly Stone and Prince.

L.R.: You worked with Dr. Dre on the *Compton* album and, reportedly, on *Detox*—his album that's been over a decade in the making. Did he make you do the dozens of takes he's famous for, and are we ever going to get to hear you on *Detox*?

K.L.: All I can say is if anyone gets a chance to work with Dre, it's a moment you will always take with you throughout your career. And as of right now, the *Compton* album is the only thing to talk about.

Kendrick Lamar in Los Angeles, 2015.

L.R.: What was it like working with Pharrell, Eminem, J. Cole?

K.L.: One thing that all of these individuals have in common is a great vision regarding their sound. That's what makes us compatible in the studio.

L.R.: You collaborated with Taylor Swift on her song "Bad Blood." Why?

K.L.: She reached out, and we ended up in the studio just vibing.

L.R.: What's it going to be like to have the most Grammy nominations and perform on a network award show where many of your lyrics will be bleeped?

K.L.: Ha! I know how to maneuver through the bleeps by now.

L.R.: Do you see any conflict in the fact that you were a good student, you're religious, but you grew up in the streets of Compton and many of your lyrics have glorified gangsta rap?

K.L.: Yes, I see conflict. But the conflict is what makes it relatable. I'm conflicted; you're conflicted. I'm not perfect—nobody is. I'm just blessed to be able to express my conflict through song.

L.R.: At a time when there's still so much racial injustice and such a racial divide in America, do you see hope in the Black Lives Matter protests?

K.L.: The hope started the moment these tragedies were broadcast. Teenagers expressing this on a daily basis in the middle of the streets—you can't help but believe we are in the mind state of taking our losses and changing people's perceptions of us and our community. We are strong. Our families are tired of being hurt.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTIAN SAN JOSE; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

The glow-getters



Give your skin the ultimate glow boost with Dr Sebagh's prescription for radiant results.

Wherever you are, super-radiant skin is just one glow-boosting treatment away. Dr Jean-Louis Sebagh, internationally sought after cosmetic doctor and "Ageing-Maintenance" pioneer, has created this powerfully effective, intensively rejuvenating routine using four key products from his award-winning skin care range.

1. Begin by preparing the skin with **Dr Sebagh Deep Exfoliating Mask**, for maximum glow-getting benefits. Loved by beauty insiders, this iconic skin brightener leaves skin super-smooth and instantly illuminated.

2. In the palm of your hand, mix your own, radiance-boosting blend of the cult **Serum Repair**, a hyaluronic acid-based skin-plumper to deeply hydrate, firm and repair, and the silky-smooth **Rose de Vie Sérum Délicat,** rich in antioxidant rosehip oil to repair, protect and leave skin gleaming.

3. Mix a dose of the potent **Pure Vitamin C Powder Cream** with your serum blend, to create a super-charged, dramatically revitalising treatment with beautifully glowing results.

For more information, visit drsebagh.com/serum-bar

Dr Sebagh



Top, Zac Posen and Rihanna at one of his shows.

Beauty

Red-Carpet Palette

Known for creating classic formfitting gowns worn on and off the red carpet, designer **Zac Posen** this month debuts his first signature makeup collection. In collaboration with **MAC Cosmetics,** he has created, as he explains, a "red-carpet-ready kit for every day." The kit, which complements all skin tones, includes eye-shadow shades from frosted off-white to deep lilac, the sublime Dangerously Red blue-fuchsia lip color, structured contouring brushes, and a transparent finishing powder for an H.D.-ready visage. Posen's luxe line follows the design adage of form and function. "I see beauty and fashion as one; it's symbiotic," he says. (£17–£38; maccosmetics.co.uk)

—SUNHEE GRINNELL

Tress to Impress

Known for her glamorous and wide-ranging international clientele, **Jen Atkin,** a marquee name in the hair industry, debuts **Ouai** (which means "yes" in casual French), a comprehensive, nutrient-rich hair-care line. The collection includes luxe products ranging from finishing cream and hair supplements to shampoo and treatment masks. "Women are busy," says Atkin. "I want to help them simplify their hair routine and simplify their life." (£17–£22; ouaihaircare.com) —CAT BUCKLEY



Jen Atkin



NATURAL BEAUTY

The organic skin-care line **Juice Beauty** and **Goop,** the lifestyle Web site founded by **Gwyneth Paltrow,** have partnered to launch Goop's first eponymous all-natural skin-care line. (£56–£100; goop.com)

—AUDREY NOBLE



Gwyneth Paltrow

Hot Looks

DOLCE & GABBANA

Rosa Look matte lipstick in Miss Dolce
Seduce with this velvety and timeless shade of dusty pink. (£27; harrods.com)



GIORGIO ARMANI



Chinese New Year Illuminating Palette
Year of the Monkey–motif powder brightens the complexion. (£50; armanibeauty.co.uk)

NARS

Hot Sand–Orgasm Blush Duo
Highlight and pop the cheeks with these two cult favorites in one. (£32; narscosmetics.co.uk)



MARC JACOBS BEAUTY



Lamé Noir Ultra-Glittering Mascara
Flirt and shine with bedazzling lashes from day to night. (£18; sephora.com)

SHISEIDO

Synchro Skin Lasting Liquid Foundation Broad Spectrum S.P.F. 20
For flawless, natural-looking coverage. (£32; harrods.com)

—S.H.G.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. B. LACROIX/WIREIMAGE (PALTROW); CHELSEA LAUREN/GETTY IMAGES (POSEN); MIKE ROSENTHAL (ATKIN); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

PANTENE



VISIBLY ERASE THE DAMAGE OF 100 BLOW DRIES

OUR MOST ADVANCED FORMULA YET.
VISIBLY ERASES DAMAGE FROM THE FIRST USE.

YOU'LL BE BLOWN AWAY.

FIND OUT MORE ON PANTENE.COM

Fairground



WORK OF ART

Cate Blanchett was this year's guest of honor at the glamorous MoMA Film Benefit, in New York City, presented by Chanel and hosted by Karl Lagerfeld, Cindy Sherman, Martin Scorsese, and Graydon Carter.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUSTIN BISHOP



Am I a good father?

Do I spend too much time at work?

Can I have it all?

We understand that dedicating more time to the ones you love can feel like you're compromising the work you're passionate about.

Striking the right balance isn't easy. But it is possible.

We can offer wealth management guidance to help you plan for the future and provide the life you want for your loved ones.

So you can have the best of both worlds.

For some of life's questions, you're not alone. Together we can find an answer.

UBS

ubs.com/goodfather

The value of investments can fall as well as rise. You may not get back the amount originally invested.
Issued in Australia by UBS AG ABN 47 088 129 613 (AFSL* No. 231087).
*AFSL means holder of Australia Financial Services License. © UBS 2016. All rights reserved.

FAIRGROUND


Michael Braun and Lily Donaldson


Stavros Niarchos III and Tabitha Simmons


Marie-Josée Kravis and Christine Schwarzman


Stephen Schwarzman


Georgina Chapman

David Geffen and Harvey Weinstein


Jill Kargman

Linda Fargo

Sandy Brant


Lizzie Tisch and Jane Krakowski


Lynn Wyatt

Singer Halsey performed three songs for the crowd.


Derek Blasberg, Carson Meyer, Bee Shaffer, and Nick Brown


Rose Byrne



Can I truly make a difference?

Do I invest in the world I'm in?
Or the one I want?

We think it's possible to do good and still do well.

Together we can explore new and innovative ways of creating lasting positive change. This could include sustainably invested portfolios that uphold your values while seeking to grow your assets.

The right investments can help make a difference on the environment and society.

For some of life's questions, you're not alone. Together we can find an answer.

UBS

The value of investments can fall as well as rise. You may not get back the amount originally invested.
Issued in Australia by UBS AG ABN 47 088 129 613 (AFSL* No. 231087).
*AFSL means holder of Australia Financial Services License. © UBS 2016. All rights reserved.

ubs.com/makeadifference

What You Should Know About

JENNIFER JASON LEIGH

A PANOPLY OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHICAL DATA RE: THE "HATEFUL" GREAT

What other actors consider audacious leaps into the darkest realms of human depravity are, for Jennifer Jason Leigh, typical roles. Since her 1982 breakthrough in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High,* Leigh has taken on all manner of troubled women, or women who are trouble, in such films as *Last Exit to Brooklyn, Rush, Single White Female,* and *Margot at the Wedding.* She is also, when called upon, a dab hand at comedy, as she demonstrated in the Coen brothers' *The Hudsucker Proxy*. Now she has drawn praise (and an Oscar nomination) for a pair of roles that bring together her funny and transgressive sides: as Daisy Domergue, the scraggly Old West lowlife who is Kurt Russell's bounty in Quentin Tarantino's *The Hateful Eight,* and as Lisa, the mousy, self-abnegating office drone at the emotional center of Charlie Kaufman and Duke Johnson's animated feature, *Anomalisa.* Herewith, some facts and insights about the chameleonic Leigh, who, in a characteristic change of pace, will next be seen—albeit unrecognizably, in a lacquered wig and prosthetic nose—as Lady Bird Johnson, opposite Woody Harrelson's Lyndon Johnson, in Rob Reiner's *LBJ.*



BORN TO SHINE
Jennifer Jason Leigh, photographed in West Hollywood.

SHE IS an uninhibited free-form singer, with a habit of resting on her haunches between takes on a set and serenading herself with whatever tunes float into her head.

"BRICK HOUSE," by the Commodores, is an example of a tune that recently floated into her head.

SHE SINGS in both *The Hateful Eight* and *Anomalisa.* She professes to have the "least pretty voice" in her family, yet she played a punk singer in 1995's *Georgia,* which was written by her mother, Barbara Turner, and co-starred her childhood friend Mare Winningham.

SHE LEARNED, for *The Hateful Eight,* how to do some rudimentary guitar picking on an authentic Martin acoustic from the 1850s.

SHE ALSO received personal tutelage from Tarantino, in the name of miscreant verisimilitude, in the art of spitting. The director, she recalls, took her aside and said, "I don't want you to spit like a girl. I want you to spit like a Sex Pistol."

SHE IS a child of Hollywood, having actually grown up walking distance from Hollywood Boulevard. Her mother, Turner, is an actress turned screenwriter best known for the biopic *Pollock.* Her late father, who was divorced from Turner when Jennifer was three years old, was the actor Vic Morrow (*Blackboard Jungle,* TV's *Combat!*).

HER LATE stepfather was the prolific television director Reza Badiyi, whose credits include many famous TV-show opening-title sequences. It was his idea to have Mary Tyler Moore toss her tam-o'-shanter into the air.

SHE KNEW from an early age that she would be an actress, never contemplating, she says, that it was "something hard to crack into. It just seemed that's what people did when they grew up."

SHE CITES Sidney Lumet's *Dog Day Afternoon* as the movie that shook her to her core. Though she was only 13 when it came out, she managed to see it multiple times.

SHE HAS vague memories of Robert Altman as a presence in her household, since her stepfather, Badiyi, was a friend and protégé of the director's. (She later appeared in two Altman movies, *Short Cuts* and *Kansas City,* and her mother wrote the screenplay for a late-period Altman movie, *The Company.*)

SHE ENJOYED a privileged, albeit not lavish, childhood. The most "showbiz" memory she has is of an evening when Bob Denver, of *Gilligan's Island* fame, came to dinner with a pet chimp, which was outfitted in a diaper and a T-shirt.

SHE RECEIVED a valuable insight into the craft of wordless acting when her grandmother, who could not see well, complimented Denver on the beauty of his baby, and then reached over to stroke the "baby's" head. "Just the look of horror on her face," she says. "And then the cover—that she didn't want to telegraph that she was horrified. You saw it all in a fraction of a second. It would have read well on-screen."

SHE SELDOM stayed with her father, though she has two vivid memories of his eccentric home in the Valley: (1) that to enter the house one had to walk across a series of stones in a pond, which would prompt a motorized frog "to say 'Gribbet, gribbet' and then go back underneath the water," and (2) that his bedroom was accessible only through a secret door concealed by the spice rack in his kitchen.

SHE IS a fine home cook, especially proficient at cheese soufflés. Eating a soufflé, she avers, is "like tasting magic."

SHE LIVES in Los Angeles with her nearly six-year-old son, Rohmer, whose father is the writer-director Noah Baumbach, from whom she split in 2010. Though the boy's name is partly an homage to the director Eric Rohmer, she pronounces her son's name *Ro*-mer, not the Francophone-style Ro-*mare.*

SHE HAS met one U.S. president, Bill Clinton, who invited her, Tim Robbins, and Joel and Ethan Coen to screen *The Hudsucker Proxy* at the White House the year of its release, 1994.

SHE CONSIDERS herself the antithesis of the out-on-a-limb characters she often plays. "In life, I am fearful," she says. "I don't have access to that part of my personality. But in acting, it's safe. It's pretend." —DAVID KAMP

ACTING IS "WHAT PEOPLE DID WHEN THEY GREW UP."

STYLED BY MARYAM MALAKPOUR; DRESS BY ROLAND MOURET; NECKLACE BY ME & RO; RING BY JENNIFER FISHER; HAIR PRODUCTS BY L'ORÉAL PARIS; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY CHANEL; HAIR BY MARA KOSZAK; MAKEUP BY RACHEL GOODWIN; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK ECCLESINE

TOP FLIGHT

Grey Goose, the ultra-smooth luxury French vodka, is toasting a 10-year association with film—and a host of sensational movie-themed cocktails that have graced many an awards party

Joe McCanta is in a jubilant mood. The Global Brand Ambassador for Grey Goose is marking 10 years of the French luxury vodka brand's film-awards season cocktails. "Grey Goose has always been extraordinary, and as such has always had an affinity with the best in film," he says. "And this is one of the things I look forward to every year. It's always a challenge telling a story through drinks." And always a pleasure for Hollywood's finest to taste them.

The now-legendary Grey Goose Le Fizz—the brand's signature celebratory cocktail—was the groundbreaker. "Before Grey Goose invented Le Fizz, I'd noticed people tended to go for a glass of champagne," says master mixologist McCanta, "no matter how creative or interesting a cocktail was. So what we did is create a drink with a similar flavour profile, but which is an extraordinary, happy surprise."

Each awards season, McCanta distils the nominees into a handful of themes and translates them into a portfolio of cocktails. "I've succeeded if people have tried every cocktail," he says. "They need to work as an album, if you like."

That's something McCanta can relate to. He started out studying jazz piano at the New England Conservatoire in Boston. Does he think that training has helped him in mixology? "Absolutely," he says. "Jazz is all about improvisation. You have a framework, and then you use your own inspiration within that, and create something new." Over the following pages, you'll find the Grey Goose past-season showreel. But what of the new contenders? How do you keep innovating in cocktails—is there a limit to the possible combinations? "D'you know", laughs McCanta, "thankfully I haven't found it yet." □

To bring a touch of luxury to your awards season, visit www.greygoose.com and find out about this year's Grey Goose Film Awards cocktail collection



Grey Goose Le Fizz

35ml Grey Goose vodka
25ml St Germain elderflower liqueur
20ml fresh lime juice
70ml chilled soda

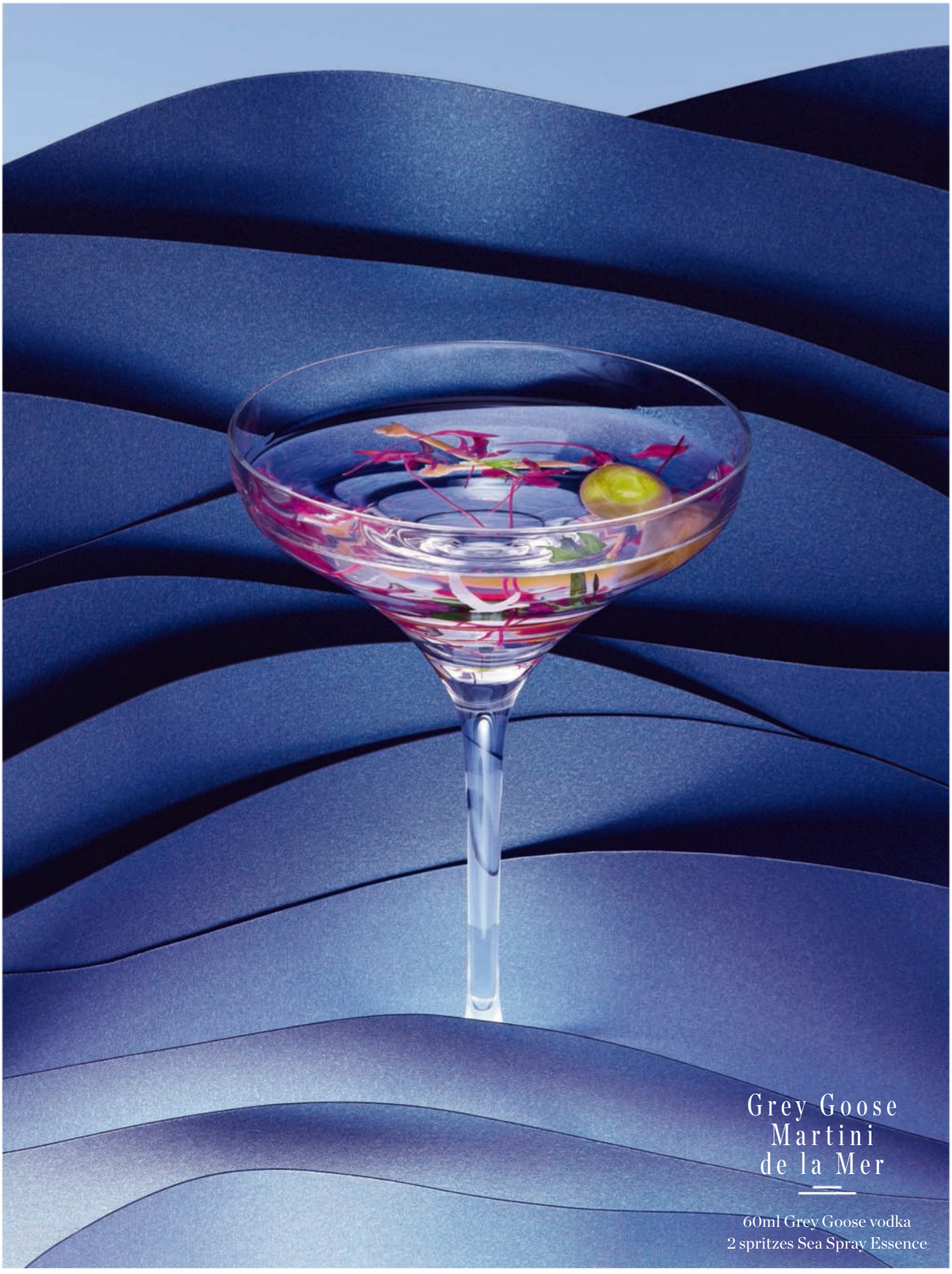
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTHEW SHAVE. SET DESIGN BY SARAH PARKER



Grey Goose Cosmonaut

45ml Grey Goose La Poire
25ml fresh lime juice
17.5ml ginger liqueur
1 dash cardamom bitters

Think *Gravity* and *Interstellar*. This is a futuristic cocktail that takes the purity of Grey Goose soaring into the stratosphere and beyond. Grey Goose La Poire, ginger liqueur, fresh lime juice and a dash of cardamom bitters are built over giant planetary ice-spheres to create a drink that's refined and elegant. A spherical glass is the vessel for this one, and the garnish is a space-candy-dusted grape.



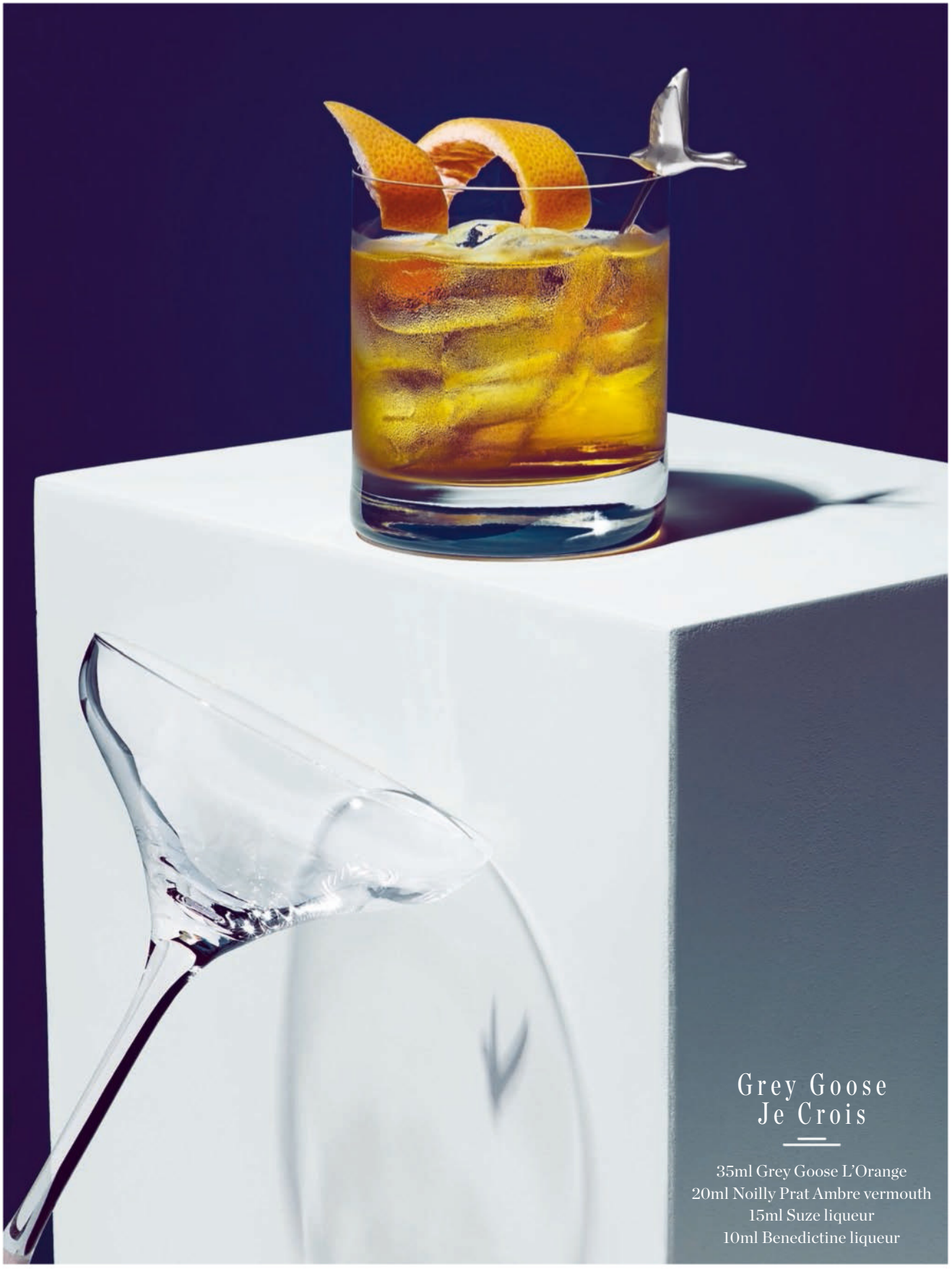
This is the cocktail of the pioneering spirit, as embodied in *All Is Lost* and *Captain Phillips*. It celebrates triumph over adversity: the pitting of man's wits against the elements. To a Grey Goose base are added two spritzes of Sea Spray Essence: Noilly Prat dry vermouth infused with oyster shells and a touch of *fleur de sel*. The cocktail is stirred, strained into a waiting well-chilled *coupette*, and garnished with micro-shiso, red amaranth and a caper berry.

Grey Goose l'Oxymore

40ml Grey Goose Le Citron
20ml French cèpes mushroom syrup
15ml fresh lemon juice
5ml Crème de Cassis
3ml aged sherry vinegar



With its umami notes and sour-sweet hit, this is certainly not a cocktail for those who like to follow convention. Inspired by films that buck the trend such as *Birdman, Foxcatcher and Whiplash*, this takes savoury French cèpes, sour lemon, sweet vanilla and sharp vinegar and makes them sing in harmony. It's the outsider that we come to love. Shaken, strained and served in a chilled *coupette* with fresh vanilla, it sings loud and clear.



As the name suggests, this is a cocktail of principle, to toast those who never waver in their beliefs. The filmic inspiration: *Unbroken, Selma, Fury.* Made with the finest French spirits, this is a single-minded tribute. Orange, Suze bitter gentian, and herbal benedictine meld in the glass to create a connoisseur's cocktail. It is served on the rocks and garnished with a red-grapefruit twist. Steadfast, strong, utterly memorable.

Enjoy Responsibly. Grey Goose & the Grey Goose Device are registered trademarks. drinkaware.co.uk



All eyes on

THE GLAMOUR BEAUTY FESTIVAL

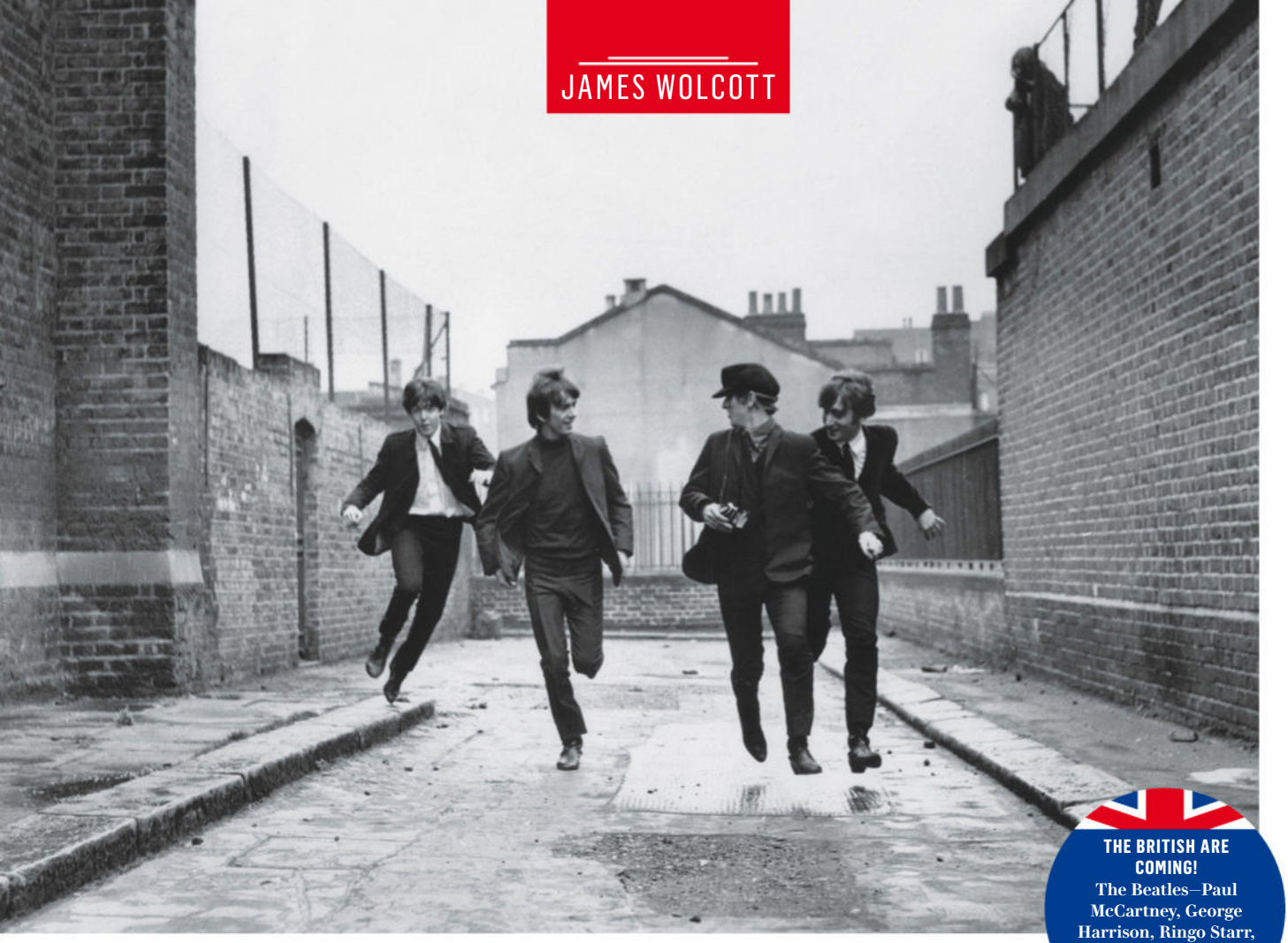
IN ASSOCIATION WITH FIAT

Two days of treatments, tips, tricks, tutorials and so much more

March 12 and 13, London

For more details and how to book tickets, please go to GLAMOUR.com

JAMES WOLCOTT



THE BRITISH ARE COMING! The Beatles—Paul McCartney, George Harrison, Ringo Starr, and John Lennon—in *A Hard Day's Night.*

FROM UNITED ARTISTS/ THE KOBAL COLLECTION

SWINGING ON THE SCREEN

If *A Hard Day's Night*, the 1964 Beatles comedy, best captured the exuberant pop kaleidoscope of Swinging London, other movies—*Darling, Blow-Up, Alfie, Performance*—mined the decade's darker angles. Still, there's something missing in this cinematic chronicle

"Where have all the swingers gone?" That was the plaintive question that wafted into *Saturday Night Live* alumnus Mike Myers's head when he heard Burt Bacharach and Hal David's "The Look of Love" on the radio one night while he was driving back from hockey practice, like a true Canadian. Wondering where all the swingers went sent him on a mission to resurrect the grooviness missing from our crabbed lives. A resurrection that would revive an era. And so Austin Powers was wondrously born, a defrosted, froggy, orthodontically challenged secret agent and Frug dancer who incarnated the Swinging London of the 60s, that brief magical span between the first squeals of Beatlemania and the dead man's float of the Rolling Stones' Brian Jones—when pop music, photography, fashion, and party-going chemically combined and burst into what Tom Wolfe might call a Happiness Explosion. It was a style irruption that made everything lagging before look leaden, stodgy. Even the swagger of East End thugs such as the Kray twins, Reggie and Ronnie (the subjects of countless books and a handful of movies, most recently *Legend,* starring Tom Hardy performing double duty as both brothers), acquired

rock-star glamour. After the long postwar austerity and damp conformity, Britain was overdue for social release and cultural heave-ho. Watch any documentary about the photographers of that era (David Bailey, Terence Donovan, Duffy) and their favorite models (Jean Shrimpton, Celia Hammond, Paulene Stone), or YouTube the semi-documentary pastiche *Tonite Let's All Make Love in London,* and behold London sluffing off the prison pinstripes of stiff propriety to go completely mod. Miniskirts, white go-go boots, sherbet-colored slickers, sheepdog bangs, lip frosting, caftans, Chelsea boots, collarless men's jackets, and Union Jack regalia leapt from the streets to the fashion pages and back again. Just as in New York the advent of Andy Warhol and his Factory superstars was a louche insurgency that would find its orgasmic fulfillment under Studio 54's coke-spooning moon, London's overnight aristocracy of the young, beautiful, amateurish, and socially outcast rattled the dentures of the old, established order of birth, rank, and gentility. The apex year of this hullabaloo was 1966 (the subject of a thumpingly detailed new book by Jon Savage, *1966: The Year the Decade Exploded*), when *Time* magazine put "London: The Swinging City" on the cover, England won the World Cup, and a gawky matchstick girl named Twiggy (only 16!) reigned supreme.

No movie captures and lyricizes the exuberant liftoff period better than Richard Lester's *A Hard Day's Night,* which remains an offhand marvel of daft humor, deft expediency, paper-doll pratfalls, frenzied chases, and hit songs that meshes the deadpan quirks of each Beatle into a vibrating chord. *A Hard Day's Night* has a straggling cloud of Chaplin-esque pathos—a sweet reverie on Ringo Starr's beagle apartness (apt, since he was the last to join the band)—and a phenomenal fillip by Victor Spinetti as a frantic television director that infuse feeling and tension into a film that might otherwise have been a fan magazine in motion. If only Elvis Presley's vehicles had had such an inventive zeal and chopstick dexterity. (The Beatles-Lester follow-up, *Help!,* suffered from the sophomore strain of sequelitis.) *Having a Wild Weekend,* starring the Beatles' then rivals the Dave Clark Five and directed by John Boorman (his feature debut), had a bashy energy, but its sprawling antics resembled an American International "Beach Party" comedy more than a slice of lemon like *A Hard Day's Night.* Far less known to American audiences than either of these time-capsule trophies is *Smashing Time,* which Elvis Costello flags as an inspiration in his recent memoir, *Unfaithful Music & Disappearing Ink,* saying it stuck in his mind more than many of the serious 60s titles everyone cites. This slapstick satire paired Rita Tushingham and Lynn Redgrave as pals from the North of England who descend upon London, get swept up in the poodle parade of street fashion that is Carnaby Street, become improbable sensations and sneering foes, and somehow manage to trigger a power blackout that leaves the streets deserted, the two of them a trifle woozy but re-united once more and back where they started. Oh, well, fun while it lasted.

Smashing Time spoofed the insatiable appetite of the press for a New Face to splash across the firmament, foreseen by Colin MacInnes in his novel *Absolute Beginners,* which, set in the late 50s, established the dynamic triad of fashion, photography, and music. (Directed by Julien Temple, *Absolute Beginners* was a critically drubbed box-office bomb in 1986—Temple, who suffered a breakdown after its release, later rued that legend had it that the film's failure "destroyed the British film industry"—that has grown in cult stature in ensuing years, slowly finding its place as a dazzling anomaly.) The primary fixation and focus of Swinging London films was the beautiful woman of creamy complexion, imperious cheekbones, and Bambi eyelashes pinned like a butterfly in the viewfinder and projected onto the world: screen, billboard, magazine layout, tabloid front page—the male gaze powered through a camera lens and sent forth to multiply. Suzy Kendall! Joanna Lumley! Marianne Faithfull! As the camera obsessed over This Year's Model or musical moppet, everything around her spun wild and fractured into shattered mirror reflections. Where a traditional studio Hollywood film would frame the female star full-on in lustrous light, like a satin pillow come to life, 60s swingers resorted to eclectic tactics and alienation effects, splicing TV advertising gimmicks, documentary elements (man-on-the-street interviews, spoofs of mellifluous BBC chat programs, protest placards), and French New Wave borrowings (jump cuts, heads juxtaposed against wall posters, cool attitudinizings) into a collage expressing the editorial attack or moral judgment of a super-chic message movie.

Darling—a key Swinging London exhibition, directed by John Schlesinger, who went on to do *Midnight Cowboy*—opens with a billboard of starving children in the Third World being papered over by Julie Christie's plush lips, and later there's a charity auction where black boys in white wigs and livery line the wall as well-stuffed socialites raise money for World Hunger relief, ignoring the racism at home while making their philanthropic gestures. (Sixties films were not Zen gardens of subtle ironies—when the charity's president mentions the "agonies of malnutrition," the camera cuts to some dowager helping herself to dainty sandwiches.) A study of upward drift from homey obscurity to a princess's palace, *Darling* has an aloof integrity, declining to make Christie's cipher-ish Diana Scott interesting or likable (it's the male co-stars who provide the electrical juice, from Dirk Bogarde, nervously nursing some inward dissatisfaction, to Laurence Harvey, so thin, whippy, and sardonic, the transatlantic answer to *Sweet Smell of Success*); she's a creature of caprice who gets a picture-perfect life only to find that it's a joyless façade—a magazine cover with nothing inside. A movie essential, as they might say on TCM, *Darling* is a fairy tale gone sour where happily-ever-after turns out to be a sad letdown. *Joanna,* another prime entry, doesn't deny its Kewpie-doll heroine—enacted by Genevieve Waite—a fairy-tale ending. It denies her nothing. Written and directed by Michael Sarne (whose next film would be *Myra Breckinridge,* not a happy advance for civilization), *Joanna* is besotted with its star, giving her so many puckish close-ups and costume changes that the filmmaking grammar breaks down, a very common occurrence in the anything-goes era, as if in this case the male gaze came unstuck and became a pair of ricocheting eyeballs.

The male gaze at its most brisk, workmanlike, and controlled is the perceptual driver of Michelangelo Antonioni's flawed masterpiece *Blow-Up* (I prefer my masterpieces flawed, thank you very much), where David Hemmings's photographer, patterned on David Bailey and especially John Cowan, puts the models through their coltish paces, turning the once staid studio of fashion portraiture into a passion pit: most famously, straddling the model Veruschka as the lens of his clicking camera bores down like a phallic symbol so blatant that it provokes a knowing laugh, which doesn't make the scene any the less audacious and legend-engraved. The most cerebral of London swingers, an existential mystery puzzle and rapt examination of fine bone structure (Veruschka's, Vanessa Redgrave's, Jill Kennington's), *Blow-Up* transcends the sociology of blithe hedonism to assign the male gaze a detective mission, a murder to solve. That the murder is never solved keeps the lid on the story unlatched, inviting endless re-investigative viewings, one of the many reasons it's a classic. The graininess of film under enlargement reveals the dark matter swarming beneath the deceiving surface.

In many Swinging London movies the male gaze is hitched to a singular purpose—skirt chasing, pulling birds, however you want to slangily put it—and one of the shocks of seeing some of them again (and a few for the first time) is how sexually predatory they are, a lot of nasty, tactical gamesmanship operating under the guise of rakishness. Michael Caine's Alfie, in the breakthrough film of the same name, seduces and discards women or tolerates them as domestic appliances handy around the house, referring to this one or that one as "it," eventually getting his jolting comeuppance and allowing Caine's Cockney accent to crack sympathetically as he feels a lonely chill and wonders what's it all about, Alfie. *The System* (released in the U.S. under the snappier title *The Girl-Getters*) and *The*







POSTER BOYS
Movie posters for Swinging London classics *Alfie* (1966), *The Knack ... and How to Get It* (1965), and *Blow-Up* (1966).

Knack . . . and How to Get It make a marvelous pair of bookends for any misogynist's mantel. Directed by Michael Winner, who would later deliver the vigilante justice of *Death Wish* on a buffet platter, *The System* is about a pack of prototype pickup artists who rack up as big a score as possible with the young lovelies who arrive in droves at the seaside village that is their stalking ground. (The posse's leader is played by Oliver Reed, still young and capable of sensitivity before evolving into the glowering steamed crab of his more famous later roles.) Cinematically, *The Knack* is a far fancier juggler's act, a whirling marriage of madcap absurdism and magic realism, but the underlying sentiments are strictly ugh. Its smart gleam in 1965 now looks like an icy leer.

Adapted from a play by Ann Jellicoe and directed by Richard Lester, coming off the bounce of *A Hard Day's Night, The Knack* concerns a hapless celery stick named Colin (Michael Crawford) who has no luck with the ladies and requires the coaching assistance of a gloved roué named Tolen (Ray Brooks), whose regiment of interchangeable eye candy in tight white sweaters queues up the staircase to his apartment like an assembly line of ultra-white mannequins or returnable milk bottles. *The Knack* doesn't merely depict objectification but colludes with it by offering us not a single female character with a functioning brain, the alternative to these buxom Barbies being a cawing, mannered Rita Tushingham, British cinema's original manic pixie dream girl. After Tushingham's Nancy falsely accuses Tolen, and later Colin, of rape, her parrot cry of rape! rape! rape! is treated as quirkily comical and theatrical—cute. (There's actually an exchange when Colin tells Tolen, "She wants raping, so go in there and rape her!") It is an indicator of how sensibilities have changed that the rape litany barely seemed to register with reviewers when the film was first released ("A splendid blaze of nonsense," *Newsweek* hurrahed), and it even won the Palme d'Or at Cannes in 1965, perhaps a sign of how desperately with-it everyone wanted to be. The generation gap was widening with a vengeance, and nobody wanted to be on the wrong side and relegated to the scrapyard. Or bone heap.

A heavy whiff of fascism attended the rise to cultural power of teenyboppers and twenty-somethings and the emergence of the pop messiah. "We're more popular than Jesus now," John Lennon infamously told London's *Evening Standard* in 1966, a comment that caused little stir in England but set off a fury here in the States, especially in the Bible Belt, where Beatles records and souvenirs were fed to bonfires, much as disco albums would be a decade later. The outrage couldn't hide the panicky fear that perhaps pop stars really were the new apostles of an electronic religion that would exert control through the sheer force of demographics. ("They got the guns, but we got the numbers," as Jim Morrison, of the Doors, would sing.) In Hollywood, this prospect bred the hysterically overwrought satire of *Wild in the Streets,* where the water in Washington, D.C., gets spiked with LSD and anyone over the age of 35 is rounded up and carted off into "rehabilitation" camps (including the pop star's mother, played by Shelley Winters, who makes such a fuss), while in London it inspired the far grimmer Orwellian spectacle of Peter Watkins's *Privilege,* where a pop idol (played by Paul Jones) is used by big meanies as an instrument of mass coercion. But the Swinging 60s were never really in danger of locking into a goose-step march. There was too much disarray, brain fry, and sullen withdrawal for a mass freak-out to solidify. By the end of the decade, Swinging London had folded its wings and abandoned the stage of the street for the refuge of the inner sanctum.

No movie serves as a better specimen jar for the rapid decay of grasshopper hedonism into mossy decadence than *Performance,* directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, an assaultive, immersive experience about a sleek, vicious London gangster (James Fox) who runs afoul of his boss and, after being savagely beaten in a scene that is a violent orgy of red paint, feathers, ripped fabric, smashed furniture, and shattered glass, as if an Action Painting had attacked itself, cons his way into a basement hideout hosted by an enigmatic figure named Turner, played by Mick Jagger at his lipsticked peak of androgyny. Turner's lair is the infernal man cave and Moroccan drug den of a decadent dandy, a dream chamber where sexual identities blur, hallucinations bloom (courtesy of magic mushrooms), and no one ever comes round to tidy. It is like witnessing the birth of punk from the blighted womb. Despite movie critic Richard Schickel's memorable claim that it was "the most disgusting, the most completely worthless film I have seen since I began reviewing," *Performance* defies critical slotting as being good, bad, great, or god-awful—its grotesqueries and audacities trifle with all that. Charismatic in reptilian repose, Jagger is even more sensational unbound, tearing through the "Memo from Turner" number, and Anita Pallenberg suggests what might have happened to Julie Christie's *Darling* had she dabbled in the satanic arts. Where have all the swingers gone? asked Mike Myers. Into the druggy dark below. Swinging London, like so much in the 60s, went to pieces. What's missing is an interweaving saga that pulls the pieces back together, tracking the frisky freedom of the early, kicky days to the convulsive reckonings at the blowsy end of the decade and bundling it into a single epic. What the cinema of Swinging London lacks, that is, is its own *Boogie Nights.* □

@vf.com
To visit James Wolcott's **BLOG**, go to VF.COM/WOLCOTT.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM MARY EVANS/RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE/EVERETT COLLECTION (LEFT); FROM THE RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE (CENTER, RIGHT)

MICHAEL KINSLEY



TRUMPERY
The statements of one man above all have pushed the media to call a lie a lie when first reported.

AHEAD BY A NOSE

Donald Trump's whoppers have turned the media focus from gaffes—the fuel of election coverage past—to lies. But all that fact-checking won't keep a liar out of the White House

Ann Romney gave the game away four years ago. Not that it was any secret, but the wife of the Republican presidential contender in 2012 spelled it all out in a way that should have been embarrassing to everyone involved in politics.

A Democratic political operative named Hilary Rosen had commented publicly in a CNN interview with Anderson Cooper that Ann Romney "never worked a day in her life." This overlooked the fact that, as a homemaker, Romney had successfully raised five nearly identical, Wasp-perfect sons. Five out of five—it almost defies the laws of physics. Republicans leapt on Rosen's remark as an insult to women who had chosen to stay home and raise a family rather than pursue a career in the workforce. This is a substantial bloc of voters, especially in the Republican Party. It was Ann Romney's role in this staged melodrama to be deeply offended and hurt by Rosen's remark. But she missed her cue and instead she called Rosen's

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRY BLITT

comment an "early birthday present."

This was a "gaffe"—a word that barely exists outside the world of politics but has come to be the principal mechanism by which politicians and the press keep things moving along. Hilary Rosen's comment, which led to Ann Romney's comment, was also a gaffe. As we all know, a gaffe is when a politician tells the truth. ("If I hear that line one more time, I'll scream," says Arianna. A pause. "Darling," she adds.) Or, more subtly, a gaffe occurs when a politician or someone in the political world departs from the script and accidentally says what's really on his or her mind. Ann Romney revealed that she was not hurt or distressed but delighted that a prominent Democrat had committed a gaffe. A feigned dynamic is central to the gaffe-o-rama that American politics has become—which in turn plays to the growing role of umbrage in many corners of American culture.

A variant on outright umbrage is the "sorrow, not anger" ploy—the pretense that the supposed victim of a gaffe is not enraged but deeply saddened. "Saddened" suggests a certain dignity and seriousness: You are far too big a person to take offense at your opponent's offensive remark. You are just saddened that his or her pathetic insensitivity should drive him or her to such depths of depravity and gaffery.

This election season, a rival has arisen to challenge the gaffe as the essential fuel that keeps politics chugging along. It's known as the lie. A "lie" is a much more straightforward matter than a gaffe. In recent elections, gaffes have been given far more attention than lies: John Kerry saying he was for the Iraq war before he was against it; Mitt Romney effectively defining 47 percent of the electorate as freeloaders. But in the past year, "fact-checking," which had begun to get real traction in 2008, has become all the rage among the media. This is an excellent development, which I am not here to mock. But if I were here to mock it, I might point out the triviality or irrelevance of many lies that become issues in the campaign. Does it really matter whether Marco Rubio's parents came to America in 1959 (fleeing Castro's revolution in Cuba, as he claimed for years) or in 1956 (well before the revolution, as he eventually admitted)? Well, yes, it does matter, though only because if he lied about this, then it says something about his character. But does it say enough to justify the time taken away from discussion of what to do about Iranian nukes or income inequality? As coverage of campaign mechanics and trifling details becomes more pervasive, coverage of issues a president will actually have to deal with is crowded out. Publications such as Politico (confession: I used to work there; it's a swell place) and an infinity of Web sites and cable-TV shows have all raised the importance of trivia.

So, the role of the gaffe is receding. The old-fashioned lie is making a comeback. Question for today: Is this a good thing or a bad thing? It's actually a puzzle to me why anyone takes gaffes seriously at all. Why shouldn't the words that a candidate has carefully crafted be considered a more accurate reflection of actual opinion and character than the words uttered by accident? This must arise from a belief that, while a lie is by definition purposeful, a gaffe has accidentally bubbled up from some unattractive (or incompetent) part of the speaker's brain over which his campaign manager has no control.

A deliberate lie is worse than an accidental gaffe. Lies by politicians are inevitable, and it has taken Donald Trump—with his claim that thousands of people in New Jersey (with its "heavy Arab population") cheered the destruction of the Twin Towers; with his claim that 81 percent of white murder victims are killed by blacks; and with a lot more—to push the American media to call a lie a lie when first reported, rather than let it sit there uncontested until the second wave, that of "analysis," comes along. ("Analysis" is newspaper code for "this is the real skinny—just ignore all of our earlier stuff.") But there are lies and then there are lies. Magazines have always had fact-checkers—overworked, underpaid, and often amazingly attractive (it's best to stay on their good side)—who excel at finding mistakes by a writer before an article appears. But it isn't even their job to correct deliberate lies by the subject of a piece.

Any analysis of lying and its role in democracy must pause to consider what is probably the greatest lie ever to grace our politics: Bill Clinton's magnificent "I did not have sexual relations with that woman," of 1998. It's worthy of study by anyone with political ambitions (though not just anyone could pull it off). This lie had everything. Above all, it was an actual attempt to mislead people on a concrete question of fact—and, for a time, it even worked. Most political lies are not intended to actually change anyone's mind. It's usually too late for that. Ordinary political lies are merely intended to sow confusion and sprinkle a bit of doubt. If lying politicians can supply a reed to their own supporters who are grasping for one, the job will have been done.

A great political lie should not be complicated. Subject matter is important. A run-of-the-mill lie may concern itself with some minor or ancient indiscretion. A somewhat grander lie will be about a matter of policy, such as saying you have always supported Medicare when as a governor you opposed it. Taking the hard way—the eastern ascent of Everest—is what turns a good lie into a masterpiece. The subject will return from policy to the personal. At its best, it will involve sex—or, rather, as Clinton would have it, it will not involve sex. Or—and this is the truly glorious part of his lie—whether or not it involves sex will become the very issue. A great political lie, when it works, performs triple duty. It deceives people about the subject at hand. It deceives people about the character of the politician in question. And it provides a distraction.

It is good to be focusing on lies again, because our next president will be a liar. How do I know? Every candidate who survives into election year is a proven liar. Maybe Lincoln Chafee or (is it possible?) Rick Perry has never told a conscious, knowing lie. Where are they now? But Hillary Clinton has, and so have all those Republicans, including, of course, Donald Trump. Still, I would rather have a congenital gaffer as president than a congenital liar. It would be nice not to have to make the choice. □



CHORUS LIE As gaffes recede in importance, the old-fashioned untruth is making a comeback. Something to celebrate?

PIYAPATTRA CHAIMAHAWONG

On the second day of the One Young World summit, the microfinance pioneer and Nobel Laureate Professor Muhammad Yunus, whom many consider to be the father of social entrepreneurship, addressed a special plenary session on social business. Then the four finalists in the Thai Young Leaders programme were given the opportunity to present their innovative business plans. It was, to say the least, an exciting moment.

One Young World and the Bangkok Metropolitan Administration had brought together 100 young leaders from across Thailand for the programme, organized by the Thai Social Enterprise Office with the aim of empowering the country's most impactful young people, giving them the skills they need to become successful social entrepreneurs. They had been selected from over 1,500 applications. Why had so many applied? The rewards were huge: intensive coaching and mentorship from established social entrepreneurs, including experts and leaders at national level, and the chance to win seed funding for their brand-new social ventures, dealing with matters ranging from poverty to health, the environment and education. Professor Muhammad Yunus and his team were asked to judge the winner, who will be awarded two million baht to get his or her business off the ground. This amazing opportunity brought out the very best in all the participants—not only in their business plans for their companies Tidy, Goody Truck, Trawell and Aroy-Hor; but also in their motivation to ensure that each enterprise would be geared towards solving concrete problems in Thailand.

We four finalists shared the view that it is we who hold the power and creativity to change the world. And this will continue long after the summit ends.



One Young World Co-Founders Kate Robertson and David Jones with Professor Muhammad Yunus (*centre*) and (*left to right*) Sunantha Phophuttharak, Sapon Pitak, Sorrawut Pingkhlasai and Piyapattra Chaimahawong, finalists in the Thai Young Leaders Programme

ALL MAKE-UP: MARIA COMPARETTO AT EMMA DAVIES AGENCY USING BOBBI BROWN, EXCEPT MAKE-UP FOR LIYA KEBEDE: NATALIE LORENCE. LOCATION, THIS SPREAD: THE SIAM KEMPINSKI HOTEL, BANGKOK. LOCATION, CLOSING SPREAD: RED SKY BAR, THE CENTARA HOTEL, BANGKOK

ALL TOGETHER NOW

The sixth One Young World summit in Bangkok gave young leaders a chance to make their voices heard by some of the world's most influential people. Together, they debated the blueprint for change

PORTRAITS BY PEROU



YEONMI PARK

Back in 2014, at the One Young World Summit in Dublin, I shared my story of my escape from North Korea to China in 2007. I had no idea what was coming or what to expect. I didn't know who Bob Geldof or Richard Branson were and I thought Dublin was part of England. But when I was on stage telling my story and describing what 25 million North Koreans go through every day, I could see the delegates crying with me. And finally I felt as if the world cared.

That experience helped me shed light on the darkest place on the planet. The video of my speech was viewed over 2 million times. Suddenly, journalists wanted to interview me, and soon afterwards, invitations started coming in for me to speak at many more events. The year 2015 brought me so many further chances to spread the word about human rights violations in North Korea, from addressing the United Nations to publishing my autobiography.

When I was invited to return to the 2015 One Young World summit in Bangkok, I knew that I had to make it back. One Young World had given me a platform, and for me it was vitally important for new delegates to hear about North Korea. Speaking to delegates and Counsellors reminds me that there is a world of people out there who will listen and who are prepared to take action.

It's amazing to be part of a whole movement with people like Nadya and Fatima. Their courage to raise their voices and speak out when they see injustice gives me confidence in my own work. I fled North Korea because I was starving, not to find freedom or become an activist. But now this is my calling. Nadya, Fatima and the whole One Young World family help inspire me to keep working.





Left to right: Fatima Bhutto, Nadya Tolokonnikova and Yeonmi Park

JENNIE ZHENGNING WANG

I left Paris for Bangkok just one day after the November terrorist attack. Global issues had never seemed so close. The summit was timely: courage, strength and even possible solutions to these issues were not in short supply from leaders of today and tomorrow at the One Young World summit.

I was attending as the delegate of ESSEC Business School's Leadership & Diversity Chair, for China and also France. Looking around, I realized that this was the first time that I had really counted myself a global citizen.

During the sessions, I had the opportunity to discuss global issues with delegates and Counsellors from 196 countries. I was eager to consult them for their experience and advice. At the beginning of the special sessions, I asked Kofi Annan publicly what young Chinese people should do if they want to make a difference in China, and narrow the gap between China and the rest of the world. Three Chinese Counsellors gave some illuminating examples. As leaders in their fields, Angelica, James and Xiaopeng showed us how to leverage professional knowledge and social influence to bring positive changes to the giant emerging country. Inspired, the 50 Chinese delegates, of which I was one, started up an informal group in order to promote action and a better world. I am confident that our generation will find creative solutions.



***Left to right*: Jennie Zhengning Wang, Angelica Cheung, James Chau and Li Xiaopeng**



***Left to right*: Dr Freeman Osonuga, PJ Cole, the seventh Secretary General of the United Nations and Chair of the Kofi Annan Foundation Kofi Annan, and Sir Bob Geldof**

PJ COLE

I was honoured to meet Kofi Annan, Bob Geldof and Freeman Osonuga at One Young World: their work has influenced mine and will continue to do so for years to come. As a Sierra Leonean, I was moved to learn that Freeman spent six months at an Ebola treatment centre. My team at Lifeline Nehemiah Projects also mobilized an Ebola response. In November 2014, our community was declared an Ebola Hotspot. Friends and neighbours were dying—we had to act. We built an Ebola treatment centre with Medair and treated 273 patients. We also provided food to more than 12,000 quarantined individuals and delivered life-saving information to more than 80,000 people. Freeman set up the Heal the World Foundation, which helps orphans and people living with disabilities. Like my team, he also demonstrates how those who are seen as victims can actually be victors. My first One Young World was an oasis of hope and a point of connection for inspirational people. I was thrilled to connect with others driven by the conviction to improve people's lives and the planet we share. Our work at Lifeline Nehemiah Projects is the result of similar partnerships. In 1996, my father, moved by the plight of child soldiers in Sierra Leone, partnered with LifeLine Network International to rescue and rehabilitate over 800 child soldiers, some of whom I work with today.

MERON SEMEDAR

I have migrated from country to country for the last 10 and a half years, and I am still a refugee. I constantly remind myself how fortunate I am just to be alive today, considering what my fellow refugees are going through around the world. But I did not want it to stop there, so I embarked on another journey. For the last six years, I have been a voice for the voiceless: refugees, migrants, asylum seekers and stateless people. I would not wish anyone to live the life of a refugee.

I help fellow refugees with the resettlement process. I have helped them register for education and get scholarships for university, believing that one day they will change their lives and that of their communities. I have helped them find jobs, get driving licences, and raise funds to see them through the time when they are not allowed to work or study in the new country. I have served as a translator. I hope that, by doing such volunteer work myself, I am setting a good example to others.

One Young World saw my work and gave me the opportunity to speak among world leaders. It is very rare for a refugee to achieve something like this. When I was selected to speak, I felt the responsibility that I carry on my shoulders and I tried to speak for all.

I am very grateful to One Young World for creating the opportunity for young people to connect with world leaders. It feels great to share the stage with prestigious people who have done tremendous work in making this world a better place: such as Father Mussie Zerai, who was a Nobel Peace Prize Nominee for 2015 for saving thousands of migrants' lives as they crossed the Mediterranean, and model and mental-health advocate Liya Kebede.

A refugee has to work more than twice as hard as the average individual to make things happen. Every day brings pain, but that pain is worth everything. It defines the life of a refugee. My message to young people around the world is to live up to their potential and to consider life as very precious.

www.oneyoungworld.com



***Left to right*: Father Mussie Zerai, Liya Kebede and Meron Semedar**


pullman
AJINOMOTO

SUBSCRIBE TO VANITY FAIR

12 PRINT + 12 FREE DIGITAL EDITIONS + FREE GIFT*

ALL FOR ONLY £39



FREE DELIVERY TO YOUR DOOR

FREE INSTANT ACCESS ON iPAD & iPHONE



FREE GIFT RRP £30

RECEIVE A FABULOUS **FREE SCENTED CANDLE**, from **RACHEL VOSPER**, RRP £30*

Vanity Fair has teamed up with British candle chandler **Rachel Vosper** to offer you one of her beautiful hand-made candles, worth £30. The single-wick candle comes in a cream glass vessel and is fragranced with Rachel's best-selling scent, Choisya. For more information on Rachel Vosper, visit rachelvosper.com.

CALL 0844 848 5202 (QUOTING REF CVF15364) OR VISIT WWW.MAGAZINEBOUTIQUE.CO.UK/VANITYFAIR/CVF15364

* Offer is limited to UK addresses only and subject to availability. The gift is subject to availability and will be sent to the donor on a first come, first served basis. Subscriptions will begin with the first available issue. Overseas mail: Europe, £80; USA, $99; rest of world, £99. **Offer closes 9 March 2016**. For The Condé Nast Publications Ltd's privacy policy and permission details, log on to www.magazineboutique.co.uk/youraccount.

BUILDING A BETTER SUPERHERO

To play Superman or Wonder Woman or a Spartan warrior, an actor needs a different body. Enter Mark Twight, whose physical and psychological regimen has redefined star power

By MICHAEL JOSEPH GROSS



STYLED BY HIROSHI YOSHIDA; GROOMING BY JHIZET PANOSIAN

BOOT CAMP The trainer Mark Twight and the filmmaker Zack Snyder, photographed at Warner Bros. Studio in Burbank, California.

When the filmmaker Zack Snyder cast Gal Gadot to play Wonder Woman in this month's *Batman v. Superman: Dawn of Justice,* he asked Mark Twight, who has overseen physical training on several of his films, to meet with the actress. Snyder wanted Twight to assess Gadot's potential to fill out her supermodel-skinny five-foot-ten-inch frame with lean muscle more befitting the comic-book heroine.

When Twight recalls his first impressions of Gadot, his voice cracks with mild shock: "Her wrist—*went all the way up.* Her elbow was the thickest part of her arm." How, he wondered, could she possibly add muscle to her body fast enough to meet the production's schedule? Gadot, for her part, experienced equal and opposite anxiety. "I don't want to be big and bulky," she told Twight. "I don't want to look like a bodybuilder."

Twight points out that "women's testosterone levels are lower than men's, so they don't build muscle as easily. But the real difficulty is to change habits and to confront the expectations regarding exercise intensity and body image." Training and dietary changes work, but not magically. Muscle remodeling and psychological re-mapping take time, which is surprisingly short with any

movie deadline. On *Batman v. Superman,* during nine months of intensive training—and eating—Gadot did the hard work to bring about a physical and psychological change. She evolved persuasively into her role in a natural way. As Twight put it, she became "someone who carried muscle, lived in and with muscle, and was happy with it." His training philosophy, in a nutshell, is this: "Appearance is the consequence of fitness, and confidence is a consequence of capability."

"APPEARANCE IS THE CONSEQUENCE OF FITNESS, AND CONFIDENCE IS A CONSEQUENCE OF CAPABILITY," SAYS TWIGHT.

Gadot's transformation is just one high-profile episode in a long-running, largely private experiment on which Zack Snyder and Mark Twight have been collaborating for the past 15 years. Their goal, which emerged gradually, is to construct a physical culture that helps individuals thrive even in the grueling and sometimes dehumanizing business of making movies. Unlike many trainers, Twight believes that changing the body begins by changing the mind. His job involves subjecting clients to discomfort and then comforting them—and he even uses psychological "trickery" so that actors learn to see training not just as a way to enhance their appearance but also as a way of discovering new aspects of their inner selves.

In 2001, Snyder was an aspiring director who made his living shooting TV commercials, often in picturesque western locations. He needed a technical expert in mountain safety to help with his commercials—to balance Jeeps or Subarus on crumbling edges of high mesas, for instance—and so he hired Mark Twight.

Twight had recently brought to an end a fabled career as an alpine climber. In a series of influential ascents—of routes including the Reality Bath (a frozen waterfall in the Canadian Rockies) and Beyond Good and Evil and There Goes the Neighborhood (in the Alps)—he had pushed the sport's limits of risk and speed.

Now, with a high-end sound system, punk CDs, and projectors, he gave multimedia lectures to audiences of admirers who had bought his two books: *Extreme Alpinism: Climbing Light, Fast, & High,* a salty but elegant how-to guide, and the outstanding essay collection *Kiss or Kill: Confessions of a Serial Climber.* With his wife, Lisa, he built a small, just-the-basics gym (no mirror, no TV, no sign on the door) in Salt Lake City that trained fellow climbers and mixed-martial-arts fighters, among others. He directed high-altitude training programs for law-enforcement and military clients, including navy SEALs, and he helped design a cold-weather Protective Combat Uniform for the Pentagon's Special Operations Command. Twight's most satisfying climbs had been those shaped by mortal risk; his familiarity with such risk made him effective with military clients.

Snyder—who, according to Twight, is so dedicated to physical training that, even for a Budweiser shoot, he would load a tractor-trailer with gym equipment—had found a kindred spirit. He especially admired Twight's charisma, and one day remarked, "That guy could get people to drink poison in the jungle." The comment inspired Lisa Twight to register their business under the name Gym Jones—a pun that both makes light of Twight's cult following and flaunts, with hyperbole, the suffering that his training entails.

In 2005, when Snyder filmed the movie *300,* based on Frank Miller's graphic novel about the Battle of Thermopylae, Twight turned 35 actors and stuntmen into Spartan warriors with bulgingly muscled bodies. But instead of adding muscle to the men's frames as a bodybuilder might—through programs of progressive overload using exercises that isolate each muscle group—Twight stripped their bodies of fat while teaching them to move with a more natural athleticism, using training techniques that he'd refined while working with military special forces. Twight put the men through high-intensity interval programs of compound movements—such as clean, press, and snatch using barbells and kettlebells, which engages both large and small muscle groups from the feet all the way up through the legs, glutes, chest, back, shoulders, arms, and hands.

Combined with digital enhancement, the swaggering cast of *300* looked larger than they really were, like comic-book heroes come to life. The result was a new standard for male physiques in Hollywood action films. Critics called the *300* standard impossible for anyone to emulate, but so many people wanted to see this fantastical musculature that the movie pulled in more than $450 million worldwide.

During the film's production, Snyder asked Twight for help with another workout program—for himself and some of the crew. This established a pattern that has carried through to Snyder's later films. Actors may wonder why people behind the scenes seem to be working out as hard as *they* do, Twight says, and then they realize, "Well, because *they* love it, and it's an important part of their lives. *That's* why."

Snyder and Twight next worked together on *Man of Steel.* To play the role of Superman, the actor Henry Cavill gained 15 pounds of muscle; to play the superhero's father, Russell Crowe lost about double that amount of weight; and to play his nemesis, Michael Shannon needed to learn his way around the weight room. On this film, as on *Rise of an Empire,* the sequel to *300,* Twight employed training techniques as varied as the individual performers' physiques. When he trains male actors, the job consists largely of liberating them from "greed for the power of the number on the end of the weight." When training women, he hopes to liberate them from "the power of the number on the scale." For all his clients, the common thread is an approach that emphasizes the teaching of movement, not just the sculpting of appearance.

As producer or director, Snyder has Twight fully booked, with plans to train Jason Momoa for *Aquaman,* Ezra Miller for *The Flash,* and Ray Fisher as Cyborg for *The Justice League Part One*—after *Wonder Woman* has wrapped. At the gym he built on the Warner Bros. lot northwest of London, Twight spent most of last November running a boot camp for *Wonder Woman*'s army of Amazon warriors. He also ran a workout for any member of the film crew or support staff who wanted to join in. Following Snyder's lead, the idea, Twight says, is "to create a culture of physicality on these productions that will follow on from film to film."

Twight finds movie work to be most satisfying when his relationships with clients, such as Gal Gadot or Henry Cavill, verge on being rites of passage. He described his 11 months of training Cavill for *Man of Steel* as "a frontline, trenches kind of environment." When it ended, he wrote the actor a note, which began with the words "Holy fucking melancholy . . . " □



Artwork on the walls of the Dr Sebagh Wimpole Street clinic

BEST SUPPORTING ACT

Making red-carpet-radiant skin within every woman's reach is the goal of leading cosmetic doctor and "Ageing-Maintenance" pioneer Dr Jean-Louis Sebagh

Passionate in his belief that every woman can look and feel confident and naturally beautiful at every age and stage of life, Dr Sebagh is renowned worldwide for being at the forefront of the latest glow-getting, non-invasive cosmetic procedures. From hi-tech lifting treatments to techniques that restore lost volume to the face or, for example, create fuller but natural-looking lips, it is his firm belief that treatments should always enhance a woman's unique beauty. "Most important of all, we must deliver the most natural result," he says. "Our task is to restore and help people who want to age gracefully and not to transform them completely so that they become unrecognisable". Over the last 30 years, Dr Sebagh has pioneered subtle rejuvenation treatments and is hotly sought after for his expertise with Botox, fillers and ultrasound.

The latest technique, available exclusively at Dr Sebagh's London and Paris clinics, is Ultralift. This revolutionary face and body lifting technology gives the results of a surgical facelift, but gradually (within four or five sessions) and without the associated down time or risks. It uses powerful, micro-focused ultrasound to work on the deep muscle layer, targeting areas such as a double chin, creating a natural process of rejuvenation without any disruption to the surface of the skin.

Dr Sebagh is also famous for his thread lifting work, using suture suspension cones originally developed for use in reconstructive and cosmetic surgery. "This technological innovation offers women what no treatment has ever provided: a redefined face, restored volume and reduced wrinkles by means of a 30-minute treatment," he explains.



Dr Jean-Louis Sebagh



The Instant Glow and Party Ready set: Serum Repair, Rose de Vie Sérum Délicat, and Pure Vitamin C Powder Cream

The Dr Sebagh Advanced Ageing-Maintenance Skin Care range complements the treatments perfectly and has won countless industry awards as a high-performance, glow-boosting skincare ritual in its own right. The collection was expertly created with the latest biotech ingredients. Beauty legends in the line-up include the skin-plumping, hyaluronic-acid-based Serum Repair, iconic silky-smooth Rose de Vie Sérum Délicat, and Pure Vitamin C Powder Cream, which gives skin an instant, award-winning glow. □

Dr Sebagh Clinic,
25 Wimpole Street, London W1G 8GL

For more information on the Dr Sebagh Clinic and the Dr Sebagh Advanced Ageing-Maintenance Skin Care Range, visit drsebagh.com

To make an appointment, call 020 7637 0548 or email clinic@drsebagh.com



TOP DOWN Dana Brunetti, in Los Angeles, with one of his two Teslas. He also owns three Ferraris.

YOUNG AND RELENTLESS

Hating Dana Brunetti may be a favorite Hollywood pastime, but the 42-year-old producer—*House of Cards, The Social Network, Fifty Shades of Grey*—has powerful fans too

By **EVGENIA PERETZ**

Among those who don't actually know him personally, hating producer Dana Brunetti has become something of a blood sport in Hollywood. He's youngish (42), he's cute, and, as anyone who's seen his Facebook or Twitter posts knows, his life is basically awesome. Members of an unofficial Brunetti-watch club e-mail one another with his more cringe-worthy posts, such as "My Gold Level Starbucks card arrived the same day as my Golden Globe. Coincidence? I don't think so." And "[*Fifty Shades of Grey* author] E. L. James called to invite me to something in June. Doesn't she know I don't even know what I'm doing next week, much less in June?" On the now defunct Humblebrag Twitter feed, started by the late comedy writer Harris Wittels, "Brunetti was an M.V.P.," says one appreciator, "even when his tweets weren't technically 'humble.'" But what really rankles some Hollywood folk is his résumé, which suggests that if he keeps at it he could be the next Scott Rudin. In a land-

STYLED BY JOHANNA ARGAN; CLOTHING BY JOHN VARVATOS; HAIR PRODUCTS BY BAXTER OF CALIFORNIA; HAIR BY MARISSA MACHADO; GROOMING BY GENEVIEVE LAMB; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY GAIL SALMO; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF LIPSKY

scape dominated by mind-numbing, big-budget tentpole movies, he's produced two recent films—*The Social Network* and *Captain Phillips*—that earned Oscar nominations, got critical raves, and turned big profits, a combination that's becoming increasingly rare. He has also helped change the face of entertainment delivery systems with the Netflix streaming series *House of Cards.* He's proved he can dominate the box office, with *Fifty Shades of Grey,* which grossed $564 million worldwide. On top of that he can now add studio head to his résumé. In January, along with his business partner, Kevin Spacey, he swept in to save Relativity, Ryan Kavanaugh's studio that had recently crashed and nearly burned.

His producing stories from the battlefield are littered with scenes that might have been straight out of *Entourage:* Vegas blowouts, networking at the Playboy Mansion, even a drunken pitch session. He's almost unable to utter a sentence without using the f-word. (A word search of the first two hours of my interview with him turns up 94 instances of it.) He's not afraid of openly calling people assholes or of giving a good public smackdown: when Dakota Johnson and Jamie Dornan, the young stars of *Fifty Shades of Grey,* started making noise about wanting big raises for the sequel, he didn't hold back in *The Hollywood Reporter,* saying, "I'm not going to cry for anybody who wants to be in this business just because a thing they were involved in did very well and they didn't get paid [a lot]. That's not the deal that you made. If it was, I'd have more than a couple Ferraris because all the money my films have made is f—ing insane."

Ah yes, the Ferraris. At home in Los Feliz, he has three, along with two Teslas, two vintage Mustangs, a BMW i8, and a Prius. It's enough to make Mike De Luca, a producing partner and one of his best friends, cringe at times. "I go to his house. I'm half jealous . . . but then I'm also like, *Why?* I think it's *weird* to have eight cars in your driveway."

Then again, there's a reason that De Luca, 50, immediately fell so hard for Brunetti that De Luca's wife now calls him Mike's "other wife." In a town full of people exchanging gift baskets and then slagging one another off behind their backs, Brunetti, De Luca says, is a refreshing straight shooter. "He doesn't tiptoe around things," he says. "He doesn't have a separate face for public consumption. He isn't one person in private and one person in public. What you see is what you get." He adds, "I recognized in him qualities that I need more of."

Likewise, Spacey, who gave Brunetti his first Hollywood job, as his personal assistant, appreciated Brunetti's "common sense and his bullshit radar" and found in him a rare tenacity. "He sets his sights on something and goes at achieving it with full commitment," says Spacey. Indeed, by all accounts, Brunetti is a master of the art of persuasion—or as Ben Mezrich, author of *The Accidental Billionaires,* which became the movie *The Social Network,* puts it, "He has an incredible knack for getting people to do things."

Southern Discomfort

Perhaps it's because Brunetti hustled his way to the Hollywood big time out of nowhere. From his office in downtown L.A., carefully festooned with a life-size *Star Wars* storm trooper, art-film posters, and a treadmill, he shares his story. Initially he hesitates, noting that he feels like he's in one of his therapy sessions. He then decides, "I don't care. I'll give you all the dirt." His voice is quiet but intense, with the slightest hint of a southern drawl. His look is metrosexual: super-trim beard, dark jeans, checked shirt, Louis Vuitton hiking boots.

He grew up dirt-poor in the paper-mill town of Covington, Virginia, the kind of "backwards town," he says, "where basically everybody marries their high-school sweetheart, stays there, goes to work at the local mill, and no one gets out." His mother left his father, a mailman, when Dana was a baby. There were visits, once a year, but he never felt any connection to her. Along the way, there were two stepmothers, assorted siblings, a half-sibling, and step-siblings. At the age of 11 he started working after school until midnight: mowing lawns, doing a paper route, and working at Cucci's pizzeria. "Once I started making money, my parents [father and stepmother] were like, 'School clothes, all that, you buy all of that [yourself].' Which in a weird way has probably worked to my advantage because it's part of my drive now. But psycho-





JET SET *Below,* Brunetti as a Coast Guard E-3, in 1992. *Left,* Brunetti, Kevin Spacey, and Beau Ryan, 1998.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF TRIGGER STREET PRODUCTIONS

logically and emotionally, it fucking sucked."

"He worked so hard because he wanted out," says his high-school girlfriend Amy, who still lives there. "You *knew* he was going to do something with his life."

When Brunetti turned 18, life started sucking even harder. On his birthday, he nearly lost an eye waterskiing when the ski rope snapped. He says he spent two weeks in the hospital, only to come home to find his belongings packed up and the walls bare. He was getting kicked out. Sure, he was "a pain in the ass," he admits, but nothing out of the ordinary for Covington. After spending a chunk of time living out of his car and couch-surfing, he moved in with Amy. But they were a combustible pair and spent most of their time at each other's throat.

His father let him come back home on the condition that he go to family counseling. He agreed, and in an early session his father dropped the heavy news that his mother had left the family for a woman. Dana "pretty violently" fled the room, and moved to Pennsylvania to sleep on his sister's couch, traumatized. "In the mountains of Virginia, [a gay relationship] doesn't happen," he explains.

A couple of months later, Amy called to tell him she was pregnant, at which point, he says, "I knew I had to get my shit together." Her father, whom he considered more of a father figure than his own, encouraged him to go into the military. Moved by a Coast Guard rescue scene in *Top Gun,* Brunetti thought it could be cool. He ended up joining the Coast Guard because one of his brothers was in it, and because of a childhood poster he'd had of a 44-foot Coast Guard lifeboat crashing through a wave, which he thought was "fucking awesome."

He was stationed at Jones Beach, on Long Island. Though Brunetti stresses the amount of sitting around he did, his former Coast Guard buddy Rob Asma attests to Brunetti's heroics, such as the time their crew came upon a boat with no one on it. At first they wanted to move on, but Brunetti "pushed it," says Asma, "[insisting,] 'We need to search for this person!'" Sure enough they found the guy, the waves crashing down upon him. "Dana pulled him out," says Asma. "The guy was moments away from dying." Meanwhile, during his downtime, Brunetti honed his charm skills. According to Asma, "When we'd go out, he was so good at meeting people, getting us into places. He would talk the police into giving him rides places, almost chauffeuring him around."

"THIS IS HOW I USE KEVIN [SPACEY]. I USE HIM LIKE AN ARROW. IF I NEED TO GET TO SOMEBODY, I FIRE HIM AT THEM."

But then, a bombshell: while in the Coast Guard, he'd been receiving reports and sonogram photos from Amy of their future baby boy, whom they would name Brandon. Then one day, she admitted that the baby could be another guy's instead (Amy says they were separated at the time). She asked that he sign paperwork giving Brandon her last name, but Brunetti balked. "I said, 'I think it would be in the best interest of Brandon if he knew who his father was, and I'd be happy to sign this once that's determined." As it turned out, a paternity test showed Brandon was not his. Brunetti was pissed at first, "but after I got over that, it was a huge fucking relief. It was like, bullet dodged." Even Amy, who still has affection for him, says, "I look back on his life and I think, Thank God. I know that sounds awful but thank God it wasn't his. He would not be where he is today. As much as I wanted him to be the father."

Watch This Space

He was now a free man. After Brunetti's four-year tour with the Coast Guard, another iconic 80s movie hotshot inspired his next move: Charlie Sheen in *Wall Street,* "this guy who came from nothing to living in this amazing apartment and the Hamptons. . . . If it can happen in movies, it can happen for real." Alas, after getting his stockbroker's license, Brunetti ended up not in a high-stakes, white-shoe firm but at a pair of sleazeball operations, straight out of *The Wolf of Wall Street.* "They were all fucking shady places," he says. "We were basically legalized thieves." In 1996, through a Coast Guard friend, he went legit, and became a salesman for a start-up called Omnipoint, which was setting up one of the first digital wireless networks in the Northeast. He rose through the ranks as the company grew to 2,000 people. Life was already more than he could have imagined possible back in Covington. But in 1997 he met the man who opened the door to something even more interesting.

An antiques-dealer friend invited Brunetti to



JUSTIN BISHOP

PLUS ONE Brunetti and Spacey after the 2013 White House Correspondents' Dinner.

a dinner, and Spacey was among the group. Brunetti was then 24, hungry, and ready for anything. Spacey had just been in *L.A. Confidential* (though Brunetti didn't recognize him) and would soon be on his way to London for a theatrical production of *The Iceman Cometh.* He needed an assistant for the three months that he'd be there. As Brunetti recalls, Spacey semi-jokingly said, "When you get your shit together, you should come and be my assistant." In true Brunetti form, he replied, "Fuck you. I've got two assistants running around for me. I'm not going to be your assistant." Then late one night in the office he took a long, hard look at his supervisor, a middle-aged guy who commuted from New Jersey every day. "I just remember going, I don't want to be that guy when I'm 40." He called Spacey to see if the job was still open.

Brunetti had only been out of the country once and had never seen professional theater. From the start his new boss included him on everything—from "rolling calls" (Hollywood-speak for going down a list of people to get on the line for your boss to talk to) to observing rehearsals. They stayed in London longer than expected, as Spacey fell in love with the Old Vic and dedicated himself to saving it from being turned into a nightclub. They returned to the States for Spacey to film *American Beauty,* and Brunetti soaked in every aspect of it, from the cinematography to the grassroots marketing campaign to the Academy Awards, when Brunetti went as Spacey's plus-one. The movie won in five categories: best picture, best director, best actor, best cinematography, and best original screenplay.

Three Spacey movies down the line, however, Brunetti started to feel assistant burnout. He told Spacey it was time for him to leave. Not wanting to lose him, Spacey (who had a small production company in Los Angeles called Trigger Street) urged him to take some time off and come up with a new role that might make him stick around. Brunetti mulled over some ideas, focusing on the future of technology, one of his obsessions. He came up with Triggerstreet.com, an online platform for aspiring writers and filmmakers to upload and critique one another's work through a then new and little-known technology called "streaming."

Brunetti was loving life. He had the cool new job and was living in Tribeca with a new girlfriend, Johanna Argan, a costume designer (with whom he'd have a daughter, Estella, years later). But then Spacey called with a small request. The head of his production company was leaving. Would Brunetti join him in Los Angeles for a week or two so that they could look for a replacement? Brunetti agreed, though he made it clear that he had no intention of leaving New York, which Spacey accepted. Instead, says Brunetti, "I was here [in L.A.] for a week. [Kevin] left and went to London and said, 'Good luck. The company's yours.' He basically shanghaied me into coming here. We didn't get along for about a year and a half."

An epic communication failure ensued, and they ended up putting out a bunch of movies that Brunetti despised. (He won't say which, but you've never heard of them anyway.) Thinking Spacey was in charge, "I would send these scripts to Kevin to get his feedback on it. And he'd be like, 'Yeah, that's great. We should do it.' And so I'd be like, 'O.K.' And I'd put all my force behind it, and I would get these projects made. And . . . they sucked." Dispirited, he went to London to discuss with Spacey their future together and to complain about the recent projects that he hated. Spacey admitted that he felt the same. "Well, why the fuck then did you say let's do it and that you liked it?" Brunetti asked. Spacey replied, "I thought *you* liked it, and I was just trying to be supportive of *you.*" "I'm like, 'Are you fucking kidding me?'" From that moment on, Spacey told him, he had the freedom to run the company as he wanted.

> "I WAS HERE [IN L.A.] FOR A WEEK. [KEVIN] LEFT AND WENT TO LONDON AND SAID, 'GOOD LUCK. THE COMPANY'S YOURS.'"

Play Your Cards Right

Brunetti's first real solo endeavor sprang from an addiction he'd developed to blackjack—and he felt there was a movie in there, somewhere. As it happened, he came across an article in *Wired* about a group of M.I.T. students who learned how to count cards and made millions in Las Vegas. Before even reading it, Brunetti knew this was it. He called the article's author, Ben Mezrich, and made the pitch for an option. Mezrich, who had a book coming out on the subject, asked how much he would be paid—at the time he was majorly in debt, having blown through $2 million on a lifestyle bender (first-class travel, clothing, fancy hotels). Brunetti replied, "Zero." Mezrich said he was coming to L.A. soon—could they meet and discuss? Brunetti replied, How about the Playboy Mansion? "It had a great effect," admits Mezrich. So much so that when New Line came to Mezrich with an offer of $750,000 for the book, Brunetti persuaded him to turn it down. "Remember how fast you went through two million dollars? Just think how fast you'll go through $750,000," Brunetti told him, adding that if the movie got made it would change his life. "It was the perfect pitch for where I was in my life," says Mezrich. His agent thought he was crazy.

Mezrich signed on with Brunetti, and Brunetti eventually partnered with De Luca, a veteran producer, who had a deal with Sony. He was recovering from a major flameout with a string of flops at New Line. Titled *21,* the blackjack movie had a fair reception, but it led to the next movie, which would change the careers of all three men. Just prior to the release of *21,* Mezrich shared with Brunetti the idea for his next book: the making of Facebook. Brunetti was skeptical that it would make a good movie . . . until Mezrich told him the story of Eduardo Saverin, Mark Zuckerberg's co-founder, whom Zuckerberg tried to push out of the company. Now *this* was something. There was only one problem—Saverin was still reluctant to tell the whole story of his experiences at Facebook.

Brunetti would not let that stand in his way and began a mad courtship of Saverin, luring the "Harvard nerd," as he puts it, into his Hollywood entourage, with flattery, girls, alcohol, and celebrity. Step One was inviting him to a mini-premiere of *21* in Boston. When the party photographer wanted to take a picture of Brunetti and a Hollywood agent, Brunetti pulled Saverin into the shot and identified him as "'Eduardo Saverin, co-founder of Facebook.' First time he'd ever been photographed or labeled the co-founder of Facebook," claims Brunetti. "He loved that." He'd heard that Saverin (who now lives in Singapore) had a thing for Asian women and, through Mezrich's wife, rustled up one Lisa Wu, "a cute little Asian girl," who worked at Intel (and went on to get a Ph.D. in computer architecture at Columbia). "I was like, 'Let's get a bottle of whiskey over here!' We all got sloshed." But still Saverin wouldn't spill the whole story. Brunetti stepped it up a notch. A couple of weeks later, he invited Saverin to the real premiere of *21,* in Las Vegas, followed by a "fucking insane" after-party at Planet Hollywood, and pulled out his big friend: Kevin Spacey. "This was the moment to strike. This is how I used Kevin. I use him like an arrow. If I need to get to

somebody, I fire him at them. . . . We ended up hanging out—me, Kevin, Ben, and Eduardo. And that's when Eduardo started to talk to us and give Ben what he needed." Soon after, Sony e-mailed Brunetti, who was at the end of a boozy lunch, to say they wanted to hear the pitch again. That night he conferenced Mezrich on the phone with Sony and gave the pitch again. Sony bought the project on the spot. "I don't know what I said," Brunetti says, "but Ben told me, 'Dude, you should do every pitch drunk.'"

"[AS A PRODUCER] IT'S VERY EASY TO GO OFF.... I'VE HAD THIS SPEECH WITH HIM MULTIPLE TIMES," SAYS DE LUCA.

But two weeks later Sony called to say that they'd hit a snag: Mezrich's book proposal had been leaked onto the Internet, and independently, Rudin had come across it. He already had Amy Pascal, then Sony's head of motion pictures, on board and Aaron Sorkin lined up to write it. A more cautious producer might have backed away, not wanting to burn bridges with such powerful Hollywood veterans. But Brunetti went into fighter mode. He told the Sony executive, "This is *my* fucking property. First rule of producing is you control the property. I fucking control the property." After lawyers got involved, Sony brought the parties together. But still Brunetti felt that the fight for control wasn't over. When news broke in the trades about the project, Rudin was the only one getting producer credit. At 11 P.M., Brunetti banged out a pissed-off e-mail telling Rudin, whom he had just met, that he wasn't going to let himself be steamrolled. He promptly got a call from De Luca, whom he'd copied along with Pascal on the e-mail, wondering what the hell he was doing. "You're fucking going to start World War III," De Luca told him.

It was the kind of hotheaded behavior De Luca had tried to stave off before, and continues to. "A lot of things happen in the daily life of producers that annoy the shit out of us. It's very easy to go off on things. But it doesn't get you anywhere," he says. "I've had this speech with him multiple times. I don't know if it's sunk in."

Indeed, regret certainly hit Brunetti that night. After getting scolded by De Luca and the studio for picking a fight with the producer, he started Googling Rudin, coming across tales of his notoriously ruthless behavior with less important people. "Oh, fuck. What did I do?" Brunetti recalls thinking. He spent the night tossing and turning, certain he'd just blown his big chance. At four that morning, he got an e-mail from Rudin. He opened it with dread. According to Brunetti, Rudin told him that he understood his point. (Rudin declined to comment for this article.) Brunetti compares the moment to a lesson learned in the military: "There were some people there that would walk all over you until you stood up to them."

Rudin would partner with him and De Luca again, two years later, for *Captain Phillips,* based on the true story of an American sea captain whose ship was hijacked by Somalian pirates. Nabbing the rights to the Phillips story also required hustling. Brunetti and De Luca—along with every producer in town—had been watching the real events unfold on the news, and waiting to pounce once the situation was resolved. The evening the captain was rescued, Brunetti, feeling sufficiently vulturous, called Phillips's home, only to be hung up on. "I was just like, I'm such a slimeball. But I'm like, Fuck it, I've got to do it." He persevered, got in there first, and eventually earned the captain's trust. For various reasons, Phillips wasn't a fan of the Coast Guard, but Brunetti had undeniable sea cred. This time, when Rudin spoke to the trades about getting rights to the story, he described it this way: "That wasn't me, it was Dana Brunetti and Mike De Luca. They did it entirely themselves."

Made in the Shade

Brunetti was earning the respect and trust of the major players in his orbit. In 2011, *House of Cards* was making the rounds in Hollywood with David Fincher attached as director, and Spacey and Brunetti as its producers. Brunetti was with Spacey in Malibu when Fincher called them to report on the offer from Netflix—then still best known as a DVD-rental company. Putting a major series on a streaming platform was a first, but according to Brunetti, the notion was a perfect extension of what he'd started at Triggerstreet.com, which, he claims, was one of the first streaming services. Spacey didn't get it. "'Wait, so we're going to do this on DVD?'" Brunetti recalls him asking. Brunetti made his pitch: this was where things were heading. and if we can do it now, we can be the first. According to Brunetti, Spacey replied to Fincher, "Well, Dana's saying do it. Let's do it."

Given Brunetti's penchant for making such self-assured claims, some would want to smack him down.

FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



DOMESTICATED? Brunetti at home in L.A. "He's living this teenage-boy life," says a business partner, Mike De Luca.

Recently, in an exchange made public on WikiLeaks between Pascal and Brunetti's fellow series producer Josh Donen, Donen griped that, in an interview with *Fast Company,* Brunetti had overstated his involvement in *House of Cards.* "He had NOTHING to do with Netflix and wasn't in any meeting with them. EVER." Donen added that Brunetti was "one of a kind . . . thank God." After Brunetti found the exchange, he e-mailed Donen: "Look, say it to my face if you have a problem with me. . . . It's pretty fucked up you would go to the head of the studio . . . and talk shit behind my back." (According to Brunetti, Donen "manned up" and apologized.)

IT COULD HAVE BEEN A DISASTER HAD [E. L. JAMES] NOT HIT IT OFF WITH BRUNETTI. "HE WAS A PEACEMAKER WORTHY OF JIMMY CARTER."

Still, Brunetti's reputation as an uncanny authority would grow, and would soon lead to the unlikeliest of offers: to produce the adaptation of *Fifty Shades of Grey.* He was stunned when his agent called him to say that Universal—the studio that had won the bidding war over the rights—wondered if he'd meet with the author to discuss producing it. He asked his agent, "What about me and what I've done makes you think I'm the right producer for *Fifty Shades of Grey*?" Nevertheless, he and De Luca, who had his own, literary take on the book, decided to take a swing at it, and won the job over numerous other producers. The book's author, E. L. James (whose real name is Erika Mitchell), was given the unusual position as a producer and was on set every day. As has been reported, James and the director, Sam Taylor-Johnson, clashed throughout production, with James insisting the movie remain as true to the book as possible, to please the fans. As De Luca recalls, "Erika was in a pretty heightened state of anxiety throughout production." It could have been a disaster had she not hit it off with Brunetti. "He was a great Erika whisperer," De Luca says. "He knew how to contextualize any debate that came up. In an odd sense, he was a peacemaker worthy of Jimmy Carter."

Alas for the Dana-haters, life couldn't be better for him—both personally and professionally. He's the doting father of three-year-old Estella; though he and Argan split up three years ago, they remain great friends and share custody. Professionally, he's just made the kind of bold move that makes the earth shake in Hollywood.

In recent months, Brunetti and Spacey had been discussing the next steps for Trigger Street. Focusing on television, they signed a deal at Fox. (Their first project is *The Residence,* based on the book by Kate Andersen Brower, about the inner workings of the White House staff.) But the movie side was becoming increasingly restrictive, because they could no longer rely on studio funding for the kinds of movies they wanted to make. Could they build their own distribution network? Could they find their own funding? They had the reputation, they reasoned; all they needed was the infrastructure. The answer came in the unlikely form of Ryan Kavanaugh, who was struggling to take his beleaguered mini-studio, Relativity, out of Chapter 11, for which it had filed in July. In October, Kavanaugh, who had kicked in some money for *21* and *The Social Network,* invited Brunetti to his office to see if he and Spacey might be interested in saving him, in exchange for running his studio. Kavanaugh would be the C.E.O., Spacey the chairman, and Brunetti the president, making all the creative decisions.

Who cared that they were partnering with a former Hollywood bad boy—with two D.U.I. arrests and a probation violation—who'd run his studio into the ground. The two pride themselves on going against conventional wisdom. Indeed, Spacey said in a statement, "They thought we were crazy when we chose to do *House of Cards* with an online streaming service. They thought I was crazy when I went to run the Old Vic Theatre, when no one thought it could be saved; and this move with Relativity will be proof for some that we really are crazy."

As for Brunetti, he says, "A lot of people might have viewed Relativity as a scorched-earth barren wasteland. . . . I ignore all that. It's all going to come down to the product we're putting out." He won't discuss a single detail about where Relativity's new funding will come from, but is confident he'll be able to make the kind of mid-budget, non-tentpole movies that once made Hollywood interesting, and that are, sadly, in increasingly short supply.

Even the Dana-haters love movies too much to argue with that. □

VANITY FAIR .co.uk

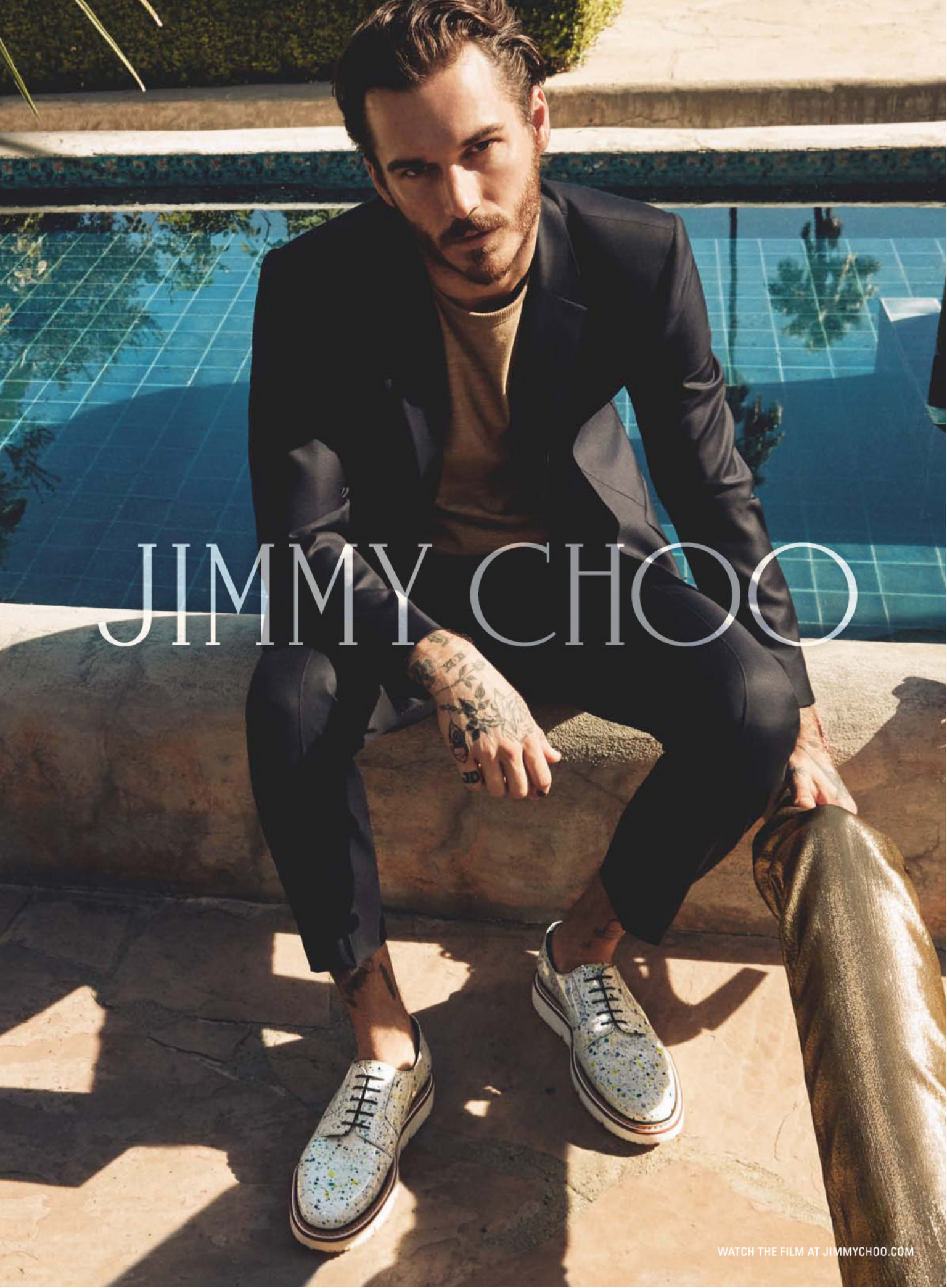
THE A-LIST

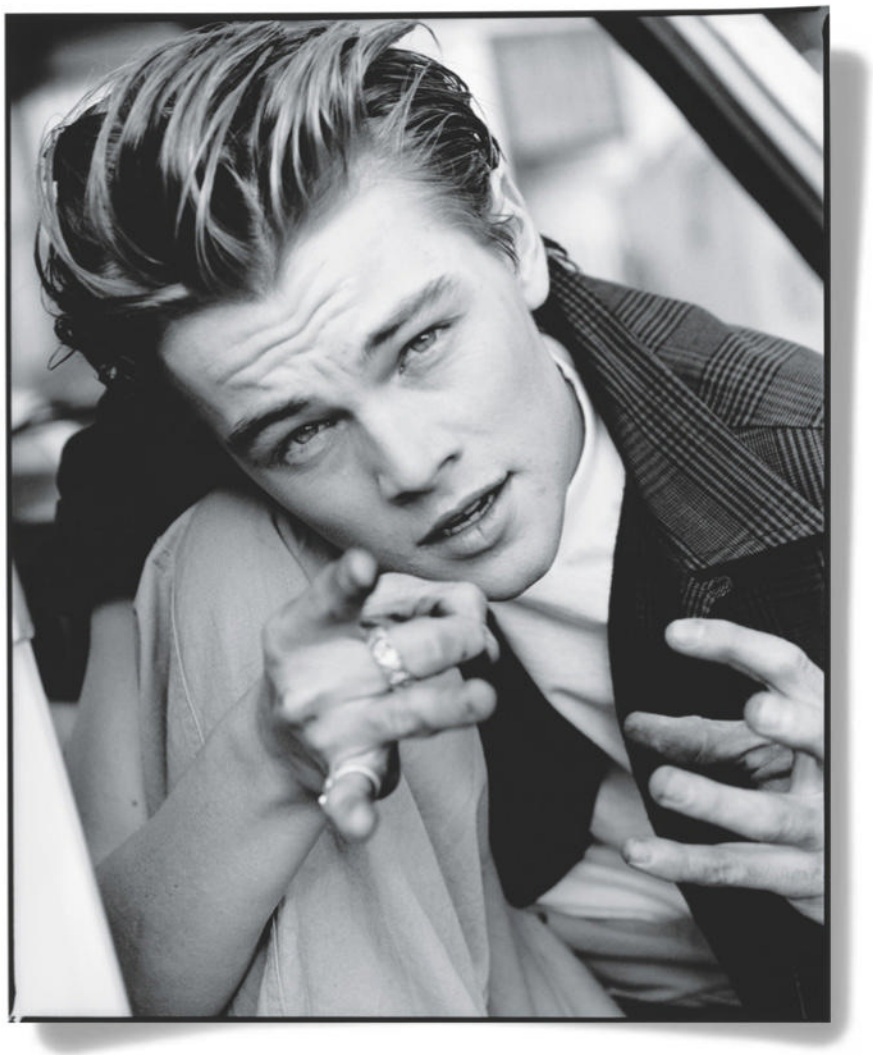
Where to go.

Who to know.

What to buy.

Every week *Vanity Fair's* A-List provides the latest news from the worlds of art, theatre, music, literature, food and drink, fashion, beauty and travel. Sign up for our weekly newsletter at alist.vanityfair.co.uk


JIMMY CHOO
WATCH THE FILM AT JIMMYCHOO.COM



PHOTOGRAPH: BY MICHAEL ROBERTS

GOING SOMEWHERE, GENTLEMEN?

WITH A NOD TO *V.F.*'S TALENT-SPOTTING ACUMEN: 13 BIG STARS, CAUGHT ON THEIR WAY UP

Vanity Fair has a pretty reliable legacy as a Hollywood handicapper. A prime example: every month for more than 20 years, a full-page portrait of a young player on the verge of stardom, typically an actress, has opened our up-front Vanities section—and, in turn, the magazine. We've also picked our fair share of actors, as evidenced by the fresh faces assembled here.

Leonardo DiCaprio, for example—before he came to be known as just "Leo"—was gaining attention in the 90s for a string of pictures, including *This Boy's Life, What's Eating Gilbert Grape,* and *The Basketball Diaries.* We featured Ben Affleck in 1997, when, thanks to *Chasing Amy* and *Good Will Hunting,* he was coming on strong. Vin Diesel first caught our attention at the Sundance Film Festival with his short "Multi-Facial" (1995); he made his Vanities debut three years later for his role in *Saving Private Ryan.* At the time of Channing Tatum's *V.F.* debut, he had recently arrived in Hollywood and demonstrated some of the charisma to come in *G.I. Joe: The Rise of Cobra* (2009). Tom Hardy, meanwhile, after steady work in smaller roles in U.K. projects, had reached his tipping point with his intense performance in the 2008 indie *Bronson.*

In all, the 13 performers on these pages have gone on to win four Oscars (along with 14 nominations), head up billion-dollar franchises (*Fast & Furious,* James Bond), and land on 14 *Vanity Fair* covers. Here's looking at you, kids. —KRISTA SMITH



CHANNING TATUM APRIL 2009

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: Tyler Gage in *Step Up*. **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** *Foxcatcher*, *Magic Mike*, *21* and *22 Jump Street*. **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** "I got introduced to the whole modeling thing and then I did a Pepsi commercial. That was a lot more interesting to me than just standing in front of a camera with some clothes on."

PREVIOUS PAGE:

LEONARDO DiCAPRIO MARCH 1995

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: Toby in *This Boy's Life*. **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** Jack in *Titanic*—at age 23. Oscar-nominated for *The Revenant* (2015), *The Wolf of Wall Street* (2013), *Blood Diamond* (2006), *The Aviator* (2004), *What's Eating Gilbert Grape* (1993). **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** "I can't stand movies about reality that don't deal with that reality."

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN JEAN ROY.

Bring Hollywood Home

A Limited-Edition Collection of Classic Portraits

Exclusively from the Vanity Fair *Archive*



World-renowned photographers such as Cecil Beaton, Anton Bruehl, and Edward Steichen have helped to define our culture through their celebrity photography in *Vanity Fair*. Collect timeless artistry with five exquisite portraits of some of the most notable talents of their times—Louis Armstrong, Louise Brooks, George Gershwin, Katharine Hepburn, and Leslie Howard—available now as a collectible set from the *Vanity Fair* Archive.

OWN THE COLLECTION: Visit condenaststore.com

This special portfolio is assembled in a custom linen box that may be displayed flat on a coffee table or bookshelf, or the individual prints can be framed for wall display, as shown above. Frames not included.

BACKGROUND FROM ISTOCKPHOTO.COM; PORTRAITS © CONDÉ NAST ARCHIVE. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



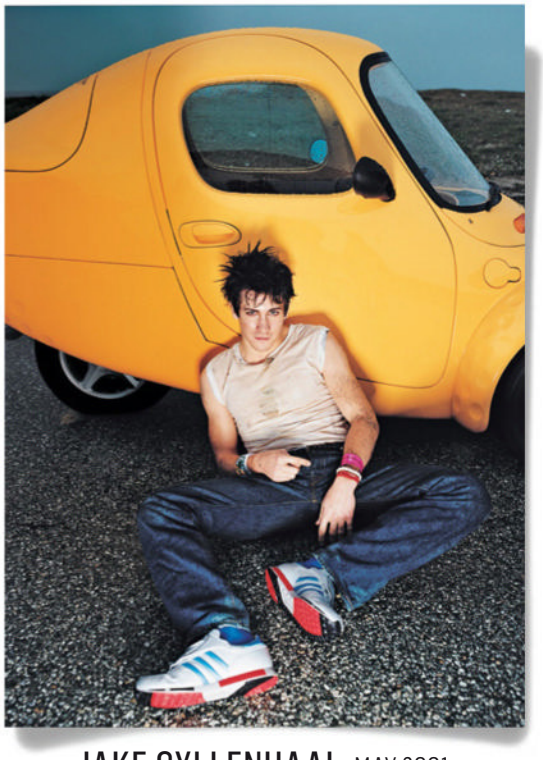
VIN DIESEL APRIL 1999

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: Private Caparzo in *Saving Private Ryan.* **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** *Fast & Furious* franchise. **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** "When I was seven ... buddies and I vandalized this theater. The lady caught us and said, 'Come here every day after school. I'll pay you $20 a week.'"



RUSSELL CROWE SEPTEMBER 1997

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: Bud White in *L.A. Confidential.* **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** Best-actor Oscar for *Gladiator* (2000); best-actor Oscar nominations for *The Insider* (1999), *A Beautiful Mind* (2001). **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** "I just get on a plane and go to work, but I also know where I come from."



JAKE GYLLENHAAL MAY 2001

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: Donnie in *Donnie Darko.* **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** *Southpaw, Nightcrawler.* Best-supporting-actor Oscar nomination for *Brokeback Mountain* (2005). **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** "My father directed, my mom wrote. We talk ... art like we're fuckin' Uta Hagen and her family."



DANIEL CRAIG MAY 2005

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: Connor Rooney in *Road to Perdition.* **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** Four James Bond films; *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo.* **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** "[I've been] trying to be ... picky [with roles] because I'm a snob, and I don't like doing shit."

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, BY MIKE RUIZ, SAM JONES, JULIAN BROAD, LORENZO AGIUS; RIGHT, BY AMANDA DE CADENET



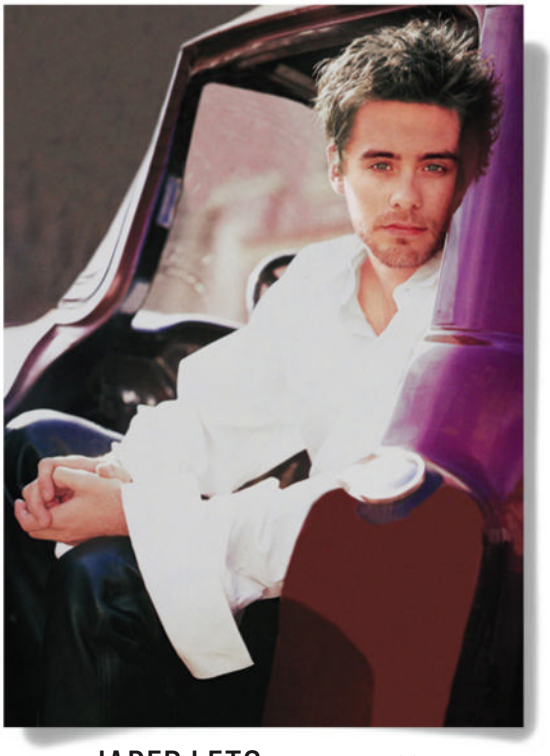
TERRENCE HOWARD JULY 2005

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: DJay in *Hustle & Flow*. **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** *Crash*, *Empire*. Best-actor Oscar nomination for *Hustle & Flow* (2005). **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** "50 [Cent] came up to me and was like, 'I had a dream, and I always have dreams that come true, and you were so huge.... You 'bout to be huge!'"



BEN AFFLECK MARCH 1997

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: Holden McNeil in *Chasing Amy*. **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** Best-picture Oscar for *Argo* (2012); best-original-screenplay Oscar for *Good Will Hunting* (1997). **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** He co-wrote *Good Will Hunting* "because by the time Matt Damon and I used to get a script, 18 other people had to have passed on it."



JARED LETO FEBRUARY 1997

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: Jordan Catalano in *My So-Called Life*. **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** *Requiem for a Dream, Fight Club.* Best-supporting-actor Oscar for *Dallas Buyers Club* (2013). **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** "I'm so over [partying]. Living in New York, I got all that out of my system."



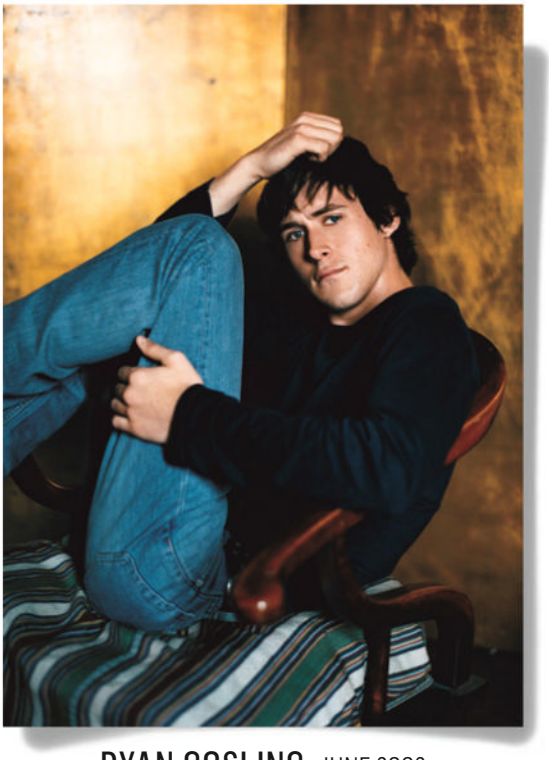
TOM HARDY JULY 2010

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: Charles Bronson/Michael Peterson in *Bronson.* **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** *Locke, The Dark Knight Rises, Mad Max: Fury Road.* Best-supporting-actor Oscar nomination for *The Revenant* (2015). **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** "I'm still very hungry. I still have a lot to prove."



ZACH GALIFIANAKIS NOVEMBER 2010

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: Alan in *The Hangover.* **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** *Birdman, Up in the Air.* Two prime-time Emmys for *Between Two Ferns with Zach Galifianakis.* **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** "I didn't know anyone in L.A. [I did] lots of shows in churches and stores, bowling alleys and laundromats."



RYAN GOSLING JUNE 2002

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: Noah in *The Notebook.* **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** *The Big Short, Blue Valentine.* Best-actor Oscar nomination for *Half Nelson* (2006). **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** "[Growing up,] I never left the house.… I just went to the movie store. I basically watched the whole store."

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, BY EIKA AOSHIMA; RIGHT, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, BY STEPHEN DANELIAN, JASON BELL, PAUL JASMIN, SAM JONES



MICHAEL FASSBENDER FEBRUARY 2010

BREAKTHROUGH ROLE: Lieutenant Archie Hicox in *Inglourious Basterds*. **CAREER HIGHLIGHTS:** *Shame*. Oscar-nominated for *Steve Jobs* (2015), *12 Years a Slave* (2013). **WHAT HE SAID THEN:** On working with Andrea Arnold for Cannes Grand Jury Prize–winning *Fish Tank*: "I told her it's totally different from how I usually work. But who's to say that my way is the right way?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES


JIMMY CHOO
WATCH THE FILM AT JIMMYCHOO.COM



Cate BLANCHETT

48 films, including *Truth* and *Carol* (2015); 2 Academy Awards, 3 BAFTAs.

Is there anything Cate Blanchett can't do on film? If there is, she'll probably have done it before next year's Hollywood Issue appears, knocking it off her checklist. No era is alien to her, no costume unbecoming, no shade of temperament outside her spectrum. She has served in the French Resistance (*Charlotte Gray*), ascended the throne as Queen Elizabeth I (her first Academy Award nomination), diaphanously shimmered as a Noldorin princess in the *Lord of the Rings/Hobbit* trilogies, taken the Golden Age of Hollywood out for a spin as Katharine Hepburn in *The Aviator,* revived the troubled spirit of Blanche DuBois in Woody Allen's *Blue Jasmine* (winning the Academy Award for best actress in a leading role), and, her latest coup, played the title role in *Carol,* Todd Haynes's Sirkian romance between two women, which may secure a place in the canon as the first lesbian Christmas classic and earned her an Oscar nomination for best actress. Blanchett is also reportedly in talks to be inducted into the Marvel Universe for the next *Thor* movie, ducking the swoosh of Chris Hemsworth's golden locks. A superhero movie?—another item to check off the list.

BLANCHETT WEARS A BODYSUIT BY ULYANA SERGEENKO; SHOES BY MANOLO BLAHNIK; TIGHTS BY FALKE.

The 2016

HOLLY PORTF

Measured by years, awards, or performances, the range displayed by 13 of the cinema's finest

FOR CREDITS, SEE "ON THE COVER," PAGE 199



WOOD OLIO

actresses is dazzling to behold. JAMES WOLCOTT soaks up the defining details

PHOTOGRAPHS *by* ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
STYLED *by* JESSICA DIEHL



Jennifer LAWRENCE

18 films, including *Joy* and *The Hunger Games: Mockingjay—Part 2* (2015); one Academy Award, one BAFTA.

With almost more life force than ought to be allowed, Jennifer Lawrence has seized the forefront as a dragonslayer with a goofy streak, a female Lancelot with a playful glint, capable of getting up to no good. It is this champagne tickle beneath her oval surface that has enabled her to scale from the rawboned resilience of *Winter's Bone*—the film that first put her in the firmament—to the rallying defiance of the *Hunger Games* series and mutant agonistes of the *X-Men* franchise without becoming an ennobled drag. Every emotion shines through her fresh and untinted. The creative threesome with writer-director David O. Russell and the never demure Bradley Cooper—*Silver Linings Playbook, American Hustle* (her tutorial on the dangers of the "science oven" belongs to the ages), and *Joy,* where she mops up her fourth Oscar nomination at the infernally young age of 25—gave her room to carom and showcased the irrepressible side of her that makes her every red-carpet appearance and awards ceremony a potential Happening, especially if Amy Schumer is in on the caper.

LAWRENCE WEARS A SWEATER BY RALPH LAUREN.

FOR CREDITS, SEE "ON THE COVER," PAGE 199



Brie LARSON

15 films, including *Room* and *Trainwreck* (2015).

Brie Larson's breakthrough was a long time bubbling. Born Brianne Sidonie Desaulniers, a name which would have taken up the entire marquee, she began studying drama at the age of six and was racking up credits in original cable movies and TV series in her early teens, getting a long head start on her contemporaries. Like Elizabeth Banks before her breakthrough, Larson blazed in supporting roles (rock star Envy Adams in *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World,* the mouthy daughter in Showtime's *United States of Tara,* a bold spirit in the otherwise doodling *Digging for Fire,* Amy Schumer's responsible younger sister in *Trainwreck*), both fitting in and standing out. With *Room,* based on Emma Donoghue's novel, Larson proves she can shoulder the hefty demand of lead billing (and now has an Oscar nomination—her first—for best actress as additional proof), not that there was any doubt. Her unbreakable portrayal of the mother held captive for years in a cramped cell with her young son has put Brie Larson in the center of the conversation, where she belongs and isn't likely to budge from anytime soon.

LARSON WEARS A SHIRT BY GAP; JEANS BY SIMON MILLER.



Jane FONDA (WITH *Jennifer* LAWRENCE)

47 films, including *Youth* (2015); 2 Academy Awards, 2 BAFTAs, one Emmy.

"Jane Fonda's motor runs a little fast," the critic Pauline Kael wrote of Fonda's portrayal of a call girl in *Klute,* which won her the Academy Award for best actress in 1971. Fonda's career has now spanned six decades—wow—without any sign of that precision motor slowing down. Her "quicker responsiveness," as Kael called it, gave her acting an avid vibrancy driven by need right out of the gate. Not a need for audience love, that bucket of schmaltz, but for something tougher to earn: personal, artistic respect. The daughter of Henry Fonda, Hollywood's silver-nitrate personification of populist nobility, Fonda felt pressured to prove she wasn't just trading on her father's name, preparing twice as much and working twice as hard (as she confided in *Jane,* a 1962 documentary by D. A. Pennebaker). This propellant was spiked with an appetite for risk. Whether a sexually repressed young widow in *The Chapman Report,* an intergalactic tigress in *Barbarella,* a desperate marathon dancer in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?,* a beseeching daughter in *On Golden Pond* (opposite Dad himself), or a bewigged *monstre sacrée* in *Youth,* Fonda has led with her chin—a feminist heroine with a clear gin chill.

FONDA WEARS A DRESS BY GIORGIO ARMANI.

FOR CREDITS, SEE "ON THE COVER." PAGE 199





Helen MIRREN

60 films, including *Trumbo* and *Woman in Gold* (2015);
one Academy Award, 6 BAFTAs, 4 Emmys, one Tony.

It is Helen Mirren's world, and we are but her loyal subjects—her slightest lip curl is our command. Queenliness becomes her, not only in historical processions such as *The Madness of King George* and *The Queen* (for which she won the Oscar for best actress in a leading role in 2006) but also in her portrayals of the bewitching Morgana in *Excalibur,* the gangster's mistress in *The Long Good Friday,* the czarina of capitalism unbound in *The Passion of Ayn Rand,* and the gossip columnist Hedda Hopper in *Trumbo.* Her royal bearing—such storm-proof poise!—has enabled her to portray utter wickedness as if it were just another one of her prerogatives, as in the decadent ooga-booga of *Caligula, The Comfort of Strangers,* and *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover,* where her very dress spun a black-widow spider's web. Perhaps Mirren's definitive performance was as D.C.I. Jane Tennison in the *Prime Suspect* series, where she imported feminist hardball into the traditional police procedural and seemed to run on nothing but nerves, coffee, and cigs. Audiences have been chasing her smoke ever since.

MIRREN WEARS A TOP BY GUCCI.

FOR CREDITS, SEE "ON THE COVER," PAGE 199



Diane KEATON

45 films, including *Love the Coopers* (2015);
one Academy Award, one BAFTA.

Although Diane Keaton has delivered a clean smack in dramatic roles (the singles-bar hopper in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar,* the married-to-the-Mob Kay in *The Godfather,* the fed-up wife in *Shoot the Moon,* John Reed's lover and journalistic comrade-in-arms in *Reds*), it is her comedic gifts that have put and kept her in the catbird seat. It's easy to take those gifts for granted now, having enjoyed them for so long (she didn't get near the praise she deserved for the nifty Diane Sawyer takeoff in *Morning Glory*), but her title performance in Woody Allen's *Annie Hall* introduced a new delivery rhythm to American comedy, reaching its screwball peak in *Manhattan Murder Mystery,* their last, best movie together—an assertive and yet abashed inarticulate articulation in which sentence fragments sputtered out at the speed of thought. It was as if she were speaking in em dashes, and her slapstick was all in the wrists, a flustered whirlwind. When her voice trailed off, something wistful tagged behind, and that attendant sigh is the grace note in her best work. Keaton didn't re-invent the contemporary rom-com, but it couldn't have been re-invented without her.

KEATON WEARS A COAT BY PAUL HARNDEN; SCARF AND POCKET-SQUARE BY RALPH LAUREN.



FOR CREDITS, SEE "ON THE COVER," PAGE 199



Viola DAVIS

37 films, including *Suicide Squad* (2016); one Emmy, 2 Tonys; on television, *How to Get Away with Murder.*

Justice delayed isn't always justice denied, at least not where show business is concerned. For an impermissibly long time Viola Davis has been delivering supporting performances that pack an outsize wallop, maximizing her screen time not through showy flourishes or scene-stealing gambits but by investing every moment as if it has a lifetime of experience behind it, putting serious money on every beat, often undercutting the solemnity with sly inflection. (She provided the emotional core to the blurring motion of Michael Mann's techno-thriller *Blackhat.*) No matter the role or circumstance, her characters are always to be reckoned with, and the consistent high caliber of her work (*Doubt, The Help*) raises the question "Why is someone this great not getting bigger standing?" And now, after too long, she is, starring in the ABC series *How to Get Away with Murder* as the criminal-law professor who mind-games her student disciples like a mentor from an Iris Murdoch novel. Next major sighting: *Suicide Squad,* a DC Comics all-star howdy-do, where she attempts to reform super-villains by giving them something constructive to do: save the world.



Gugu MBATHA-RAW

6 films, including *Concussion* (2015).

"Gugu" is short for "Gugulethu," which is Zulu for "Our Pride," and if, as some Jungian analysts believe, destiny and identity are kerneled in one's name, well, here you go—what more proof is needed? Pride defines the aura of her performances, an observant bearing that occupies its own quiet place, even in the frantic thick of a phantasmagoria such as the Wachowskis' *Jupiter Ascending*. Born in Oxford, England, a graduate of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, Mbatha-Raw began her climb on popular series such as *MI-5* and *Doctor Who,* achieving first-class status on the movie screen with starring roles in *Belle,* a drama set in the 18th century about the mixed-race daughter of an admiral in the Royal Navy and her anomalous place in the drawing rooms of the wigged aristocracy, and *Beyond the Lights,* a pop-music romance about a superstar for whom success is a gilded cage. She also teamed with Will Smith in *Concussion,* the sports procedural and moral inquiry into the spate of brain injuries in the N.F.L. produced by heavy-impact helmet-to-helmet head butts and the league's effort to look the other way. There's no looking the other way when she's on-screen.

MBATHA-RAW WEARS PANTS AND A SCARF BY SCOTCH & SODA.



Alicia VIKANDER

15 films, including *The Danish Girl*, *Burnt*, *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, and *Ex Machina* (2015).

This Swedish-born actress seems to have dived into the movie scene from every direction in 2015: surfacing as a former flame from Bradley Cooper's yearning, churning past in *Burnt;* sandwiched between two slabs of beefcake (Henry Cavill and Armie Hammer) in the Continental exploits of *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.;* venturing into uncharted psychosexual terrain as the artist wife of Eddie Redmayne's transgendering sylph in *The Danish Girl* (nabbing an Oscar nomination—her first); and, perhaps most strikingly, taking self-actualization to a scary new level as the supermodel of artificial intelligence and robot engineering, Ava, in *Ex Machina,* the consummation of Henry Adams's vision of the virgin and the dynamo. Ironic that having woven herself seamlessly into the fabric of history with *A Royal Affair, Anna Karenina* (as Kitty), and *Testament of Youth* (not to mention the sword-and-sorcery fantasy-scape of *Seventh Son*), Vikander would nab the most attention of her career as a gleaming android with a strictly functional torso and bionic legs, but that's how the dice roll. One of her next films is *The Light Between Oceans,* with Michael Fassbender, another prodigy who also gives good stare.

FOR CREDITS, SEE "ON THE COVER," PAGE 199

VIKANDER WEARS A TOP BY CHLOÉ; JEWELRY BY MARIA BLACK JEWELLERY.



Lupita NYONG'O

5 films, including *Star Wars: The Force Awakens* (2015); one Academy Award.

Only three feature-length movies she has and yet possess us she does, as Yoda might say. Of those three, one could be categorized as kinda so-so (*Non-stop,* where she played a flight attendant while Liam Neeson went through his dour heroics), but the other two were sonic booms. A graduate of the Yale School of Drama, Nyong'o made her motion-picture debut as Patsey in Steve McQueen's unsparing, unrelenting *12 Years a Slave,* a portrait of pain, desperation, fortitude, and beatitude that enthralled critics and earned her the Academy Award for best supporting actress. Her incandescence on the red carpet during this 2013 awards season—when she also collected supporting-actress noms from BAFTA, the Screen Actors Guild, and those crazy cats at the Golden Globes—established her place in a new constellation about to form. Last year, Nyong'o joined the embattled heavens as Maz Kanata, pirate queen, in *Star Wars: The Force Awakens,* that little movie you may have heard of that all the Jedis have been talking about at the dojo. She will almost certainly trip the lightsaber fantastic in the force awakenings ahead.

FOR CREDITS, SEE "ON THE COVER," PAGE 199



Rachel WEISZ

34 films, including *Youth* and *The Lobster* (2015); one Academy Award.

Rachel Weisz has so much going for her, it would be unfair if we weren't the beneficiaries of that so-much-ness. Talented, poised, dedicated, experienced, beautiful (those Pre-Raphaelite eyebrows), intelligent (her mother was a teacher turned therapist, her father a mechanical engineer/inventor), one half of a movie power couple (married to the most recent, world-weary James Bond, Daniel Craig), Weisz could be the Elizabeth Taylor of our time if she adopted the dirty laugh and blinding diamonds. (Craig has something of Richard Burton's rumpled broodiness.) But Weisz is too sensible to board the royal barge, and besides we already have Kim Kardashian West. Accomplished in all film genres—romantic comedy (*Definitely, Maybe*), popcorn horror (*The Mummy, The Mummy Returns*), melodrama (*The Lovely Bones*), art-house (*My Blueberry Nights, The Deep Blue Sea*), domestic drama (*About a Boy*)—Weisz perhaps made her deepest impression in the adaptation of John le Carré's *The Constant Gardener,* for which she won the Academy Award for best actress in a supporting role. Her seamless versatility was most recently demonstrated in *Youth* and *The Lobster,* two movies—one autumnal, the other absurdist—that couldn't be less kin.

WEISZ WEARS A COAT BY MAX MARA; SHIRT BY SAINT JAMES; JEANS BY CITIZENS OF HUMANITY.



Saoirse RONAN

20 films, including *Brooklyn* (2015).

Lou Reed may not have written the Velvet Underground song "Pale Blue Eyes" picturing Saoirse Ronan (How could he? She wasn't born yet), but every close-up of this Irish American actress wafts its lyrics toward us. Especially in *Brooklyn,* adapted from Colm Tóibín's novel by fellow novelist Nick Hornby, where Ronan's uplifted glances, snowdrop complexion, and demure poise as Eilis Lacey, an immigrant trying to find her place in the raucous melting pot of New York, achieve the wistful beauty of a ballad and won Ronan an Oscar nomination for best actress. An inspiration figure, Ronan's Lacey is the Statue of Liberty's kid sister, back when the American Dream still had a fresh dew. Heartbreak looms in so many of the films Ronan luminates, from *Atonement* to *The Lovely Bones,* but she is no maid of constant sorrow on-screen. Twice she has played a teenage assassin, in *Violet & Daisy* and *Hanna,* and she took part in the rococo caperings of Wes Anderson's *The Grand Budapest Hotel.* In a bit of dream casting, Ronan plays Nina in the upcoming film of Chekhov's *The Seagull,* co-starring Corey Stoll, Annette Bening, and Elisabeth Moss, among others; wake us when it arrives.

RONAN WEARS A SWEATER BY H&M.

FOR CREDITS, SEE "ON THE COVER," PAGE 199

Charlotte RAMPLING

92 films, including *45 Years* (2015).

After decades-long furlongs of being described as "inscrutable," Charlotte Rampling, as the wife in *45 Years,* whose marriage undergoes a late-stage convulsion, has finally become scrutable. Her reactions have become easier to read as Rampling has become subject, as must we all, to the toll and gravity of years. The cat-eyed self-possession (reminiscent of Lauren Bacall in her lustrous rise), the smile that tilted only the corners of the mouth as if refusing to release the canary, the no-trespass zone of her presence even when fully unclothed, have gently subsided into a fragility and vulnerability devoid of self-pity. Such a baroque arc Rampling has had as an actress, from the mod start in *Georgy Girl* to the S&M Nazi psychodrama of *The Night Porter* (a film that can stlll deliver the squirmies) to the sultry slow burn of *Swimming Pool,* the erotic thriller that re-catalyzed her career. That Rampling had never been nominated for an Academy Award was finally remedied by the voting gods for her performance in *45 Years,* restoring order to the solar system.





It's The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, BY PAUL SCHRAUB/FROM THE COLLECTION OF HANK RISAN. RIGHT, FROM THE EVERETT COLLECTION; DIGITAL COLORIZATION BY LORNA CLARK



A BIRD IN HAND
A still from *The Maltese Falcon,* with Humphrey Bogart admiring the elusive Falcon statuette. *Opposite,* one of Hank Risan's two plaster statuettes.

In the 1941 Humphrey Bogart classic, the Maltese Falcon was a prize beyond measure. A prop statuette from the film has been almost as eagerly sought—hotel and casino billionaire Steve Wynn paid $4.1 million at a 2013 auction for the iconic piece of movie memorabilia. But was it the genuine article? Probing the mystery, BRYAN BURROUGH tracks down a flock of Falcons, with links to both Leonardo DiCaprio and a famous Hollywood unsolved murder

"What is it?"
"The stuff that dreams are made of."
"Huh."

—A cop asking Sam Spade about the Maltese Falcon in the final scene of the 1941 film.

Along with the ruby slippers Judy Garland wore in *The Wizard of Oz* and Orson Welles's "Rosebud" sled, which burns in the final frames of *Citizen Kane,* there is probably no more iconic item of Hollywood memorabilia than the Maltese Falcon, the black statuette that Humphrey Bogart, as detective Sam Spade, tracked down in John Huston's classic film of the same name.

Lost to history for decades, it resurfaced in the 1980s in the hands of a Beverly Hills oral surgeon, and beginning in 1991 traveled the world as part of a Warner Bros. retrospective, with stops at the Centre Pompidou, in Paris, the Museum of Modern Art, in New York, and elsewhere. In 2013 it was offered for sale by Bonhams auction house. There was talk it might go for $1 million or more. But at the auction in Bonhams's Madison Avenue showroom on November 25, 2013, the bidding quickly passed $1 million, then $2 million, then $3 million. Spectators gasped as a bidder in the audience dueled with one on the telephone, driving the price higher and higher.

Only when the bidding reached $3.5 million did the bidder in the crowd surrender, sending the Falcon to the man on the phone, who was later revealed to represent Steve Wynn, the Las Vegas hotel and casino billionaire. With the buyer's premium, the total price came to a stunning $4.1 million. The crowd burst into applause. The auctioneers wheeled out a tub of champagne bottles to celebrate.

And with good reason. It was one of the highest prices ever paid for a piece of movie memorabilia, and two of the others were for cars: the original Batmobile, which had sold for $4.6 million earlier that year, and the Aston Martin Sean Connery drives in *Goldfinger.* News of the Falcon sale was carried on the network news and in newspapers around the world. Today it sits, along with a pair of Picassos, a Matisse, and a Giacometti sculpture, in a meeting room in Wynn's Las Vegas villa.

That is the official version of what happened to the Maltese Falcon. But it is just one chapter in a complex tale. It turns out there is another, far stranger version, and another Falcon, several more in fact. And this version, which draws in characters as diverse as Leonardo DiCaprio and the woman butchered in one of Hollywood's greatest unsolved murders, constitutes a real-life mystery every bit as bizarre as the one Sam Spade confronted on film.

Flight of Fancy

Hank Risan, the protagonist of *this* noir thriller, is as unlikely as the tale he has to tell. A sinewy, 60-year-old Internet entrepreneur, he works out of three modest office suites in downtown Santa Cruz, the Northern California surfing mecca. In Silicon Valley, Risan is best known for creating a massive library of computer-generated copies of popular songs, including the entire Beatles catalogue. When he took them online in 2009, selling individual downloads for a quarter, the EMI record label promptly sued to shut him down. (Risan settled without admission of liability for $950,000.)

His second business is a software start-up that Risan, using the shopworn promotional language of entrepreneurs everywhere, swears will "revolutionize" computer security. He says he is working with everyone from the Internal Revenue Service to the National Security Agency to put his software on government and corporate computers. In the start-up's office, though, I see only a single employee working beneath whiteboards covered with calculations.

What one can say for certain is that, whatever the success of his business ventures, Risan is one of the country's leading collectors of rare guitars. When he put nearly 300 of them up for auction two years ago, *Guitar Aficionado* termed it an "immaculate collection," a "staggering" assemblage featuring instruments used by the likes of Eric Clapton, Mick Jagger, and Stephen Stills. Its centerpiece, still in Risan's hands, is an 1835 Martin long owned by Mark Twain. In 1999 Risan played a Stephen Foster song on it on National Public Radio.

PHOTOGRAPHS © COLUMBIA PICTURES/PHOTOFEST (SEGAL), COURTESY OF MICHELE FORTIER (HUSTON), BY PAUL MELLAART/A.P. IMAGES (GOLD FALCON), © PHOTOS 12/ALAMY (STILL), FROM PRIVATE COLLECTION/PHOTOGRAPH © CHRISTIE'S IMAGES/BRIDGEMAN IMAGES (CONRAD FALCON), BY PAUL SCHRAUB/FROM THE COLLECTION OF HANK RISAN (RISAN FALCON). © WARNER BROS. PICTURES/ENTERTAINMENT PICTURES/ZUMAPRESS.COM (POSTER)

A HISTORY *of* FALCONRY



NO. 1

THE RISAN FALCON

OWNED BY Guitar collector Hank Risan, one of two he owns.

MATERIAL Plaster.



A poster for the 1941 movie *The Maltese Falcon.*



John Huston and artist Fred Sexton, who, Risan says, designed the statuette, 1950s.

NO. 2

THE CONRAD FALCON

OWNED BY Unknown buyer who bought it from jeweler Ronald Winston. Once owned by TV star William Conrad.

MATERIAL Lead.



"I LEAVE IT DOWNSTAIRS. IT'S TOO EVIL."

Dozens of guitars are on display at Risan's home, a tidy urban compound packed to the rafters with modern art and collectibles, including a Warhol screenprint, and Risan's latest obsession, antique British chess sets. We enter past a Jaguar in the carport, into a small room hung with graffiti-inspired paintings. "This is my Banksy room," Risan says, taking a moment to explain the stories behind several of them.

Through the next door is a courtyard with a glassed-in guesthouse, a workshop where Risan's assistant is busy restoring an antique guitar, a conversation pit, and a hot tub sitting under a set of bison horns.

We turn away from all this, stepping into the bungalow, then through a kitchen into a dining area.

"And in here," Risan says with a flourish, "I might as well show it to you first. This is my Falcon."

Suddenly here it is, plopped down in the middle of an antique chessboard like a massive rook, a foot-high black statuette of a falcon. The hunched, brooding shoulders are instantly recognizable.

There is a long moment of silence.

"This is the thing dreams are made of," Risan announces.

I'm not sure what to say. He has told me he actually owns two Falcons. I ask where the other one is. "I leave it downstairs," Risan replies. "It's too fucking evil. It has the presence of surrealism. American surrealism. The evocation of evil that it manifests is not normally the kind of thing I like to collect. I like the Warhols, the chessboards. So I leave it in the basement."

This is a lot to digest. Risan senses my skepticism.

"I know, right?" he says with a smile. "Weird. Weird guy with a lot of art."

Flock Together

Over the last 25 years Risan has assembled an impressive team of allies, including a noted U.C.L.A. film professor and a former head of the United States Copyright Office, all of whom believe Risan's Falcons are genuine. Risan puts the Falcon down on a tabletop in his courtyard and takes a seat beside it. "Ready?" he asks.

Risan describes himself as a mathematics prodigy who entered college at 16, eventually attending the University of California, Santa Cruz, Berkeley, and Cambridge University. In his late 20s, he says, he burned out and began a new life trading stocks and rare guitars. It was in 1985 or 1986 that he saw one of the Falcons for the first time, in the offices of a San Francisco illustrator who wanted to buy one of his guitars.

"I knew what it was immediately," he remembers. "It was just sitting on a table." The illustrator said he had two more identical Falcons, and they had all been used as props in the 1941 movie. They had been given to him by his son who, while working at Warner Bros. in the early 1980s, obtained them from a colleague who was in the property department. He thought they were genuine, but he had no way of knowing. Intrigued, Risan made two of the Falcons part of the guitar deal. (A few weeks later he got the third and then sold it.)

For years, knowing nothing else of their provenance, Risan kept one of the statuettes atop a television cabinet. Then, during the 1989 San Francisco earthquake, it toppled to the floor. It wasn't damaged, but Risan says he realized it should be insured. To obtain insurance, however, he needed to have it authenticated.

Risan contacted Christie's auction house about his Falcons. In response he was told that they were probably not made for the 1941 John Huston film but for another movie altogether: the 1975 *Maltese Falcon* satire, called *The Black Bird,* starring George Segal. Apparently, dozens of plaster replicas had been made for that movie.

Looking for an expert to sort this all out, Risan called the film department at U.C. Santa Cruz and was passed to Vivian Sobchack, the dean of the arts division. (She is now professor emerita at the U.C.L.A. School of Theater, Film and Television.) In the summer of 1991, Risan took one of his Falcons, wrapped in a bath towel, to Sobchack's home



Bogart, Peter Lorre, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in a still.



NO. 3

THE MILAN FALCON

OWNED BY
Casino owner Steve Wynn, who bought it in 2013 for $4.1 million from oral surgeon Gary Milan.

MATERIAL
Lead.



George Segal holding a statuette made for the 1975 parody, *The Black Bird.*



A gold falcon with ruby eyes and a 42-carat diamond made by Winston.

and handed her a manila envelope full of old Warner Bros. publicity stills. "I just figured he was some sort of leftover Santa Cruz hippie," Sobchack recalls. "He constantly was telling these stories that were extravagant."

Sobchack called a colleague and together they spent a day examining the statuette. This was before the Internet, so they watched *The Maltese Falcon* on a VHS tape. Freezing frames of the movie and comparing Risan's statuette to the publicity photos, Sobchack began to feel the statuette was genuine. Both the bird in the film and the one in her hands had a strange, irregular base.

Mysteriously, there was an identical marking near the base on each of Risan's Falcons. It appeared to be two numbers: a 7 with a crossbar and a 5, each followed by a period. Could it be a "7.5.," referring to the 1975 film? Sobchack hadn't a clue. Neither did Risan.

Risan recalls that Sobchack said, "I think it's real, but we've got to do a lot more work to make sure." She suggested they start at Warner Bros. itself. Risan managed to make an appointment with Edward Baer, an assistant manager in the property department, who had been at the studio for 37 years.

A kindly sort, Baer told Risan and a Santa Cruz art-history professor who had come along that he had personally designed the statues made for the 1975 film; later, when they showed him one of Risan's Falcons, Baer said it was nothing like those he had designed. Baer explained that he had made the 1975 Falcons from the original 1941 mold, which he had fished out of a Warner Bros. warehouse. But the mold had deteriorated, so after using it to make a single replica out of resin, he destroyed the mold, then used the resin Falcon to make a new mold. The replicas made from this mold were scrunched forward and a little lopsided—sad cousins of the original.

Baer told Risan about another Falcon he knew of, this one in the hands of the Beverly Hills oral surgeon, Gary Milan. It was nothing like Risan's. It was made of lead and weighed 45 pounds. Risan's plaster Falcons weighed barely six pounds. Milan fervently believed the heavy lead Falcon was the one used in the 1941 film.

But it wasn't, Baer insisted, and he knew why: according to Risan, Baer, who has since died, said he had made Milan's lead Falcon himself, for use in the 1975 film. Someone, Baer volunteered, had later removed the lead Falcon from the prop warehouse and sent it to an outside metal-maker who "distressed" it to make it look old. This was the lead bird, Baer claimed, that had privately been sold to Gary Milan.

The meeting with Baer had been going on for almost an hour when, Risan says, another Warner employee stuck his head into Baer's office and said, "What's going on?" From his demeanor, the man clearly didn't like what was being discussed. There was a quick, awkward exchange, during which Baer adjourned the interview. As Risan left, Baer slid him a business card with his home number scribbled on the back. "Call me," he said.

They spoke the next day. The man who broke up their meeting, Baer said, was his colleague—the same man, Baer claimed, who had quietly sold the lead Falcon to Gary Milan for around $70,000 in the mid-1980s. At the subsequent meeting, when Risan showed Baer his own, plaster Falcon, Baer said, "This is the right one," and pointed out an array of characteristics, including the base.

Two days later, Risan says, Baer called to say he had just been fired without cause. As Risan puts it, "That's when this whole thing began to feel like a detective story."

Waiting in the Wings

Back in Santa Cruz, Vivian Sobchack couldn't believe anyone would actually think a heavy lead falcon had been used in the movie. Studio props, she knew from her own research, were typically made of cheap plaster. There was no way, she felt, that the studio would ask Humphrey Bogart to lug around a 45-pound monstrosity when a 6-pound plaster Falcon would suffice. Viewing the film, she believed the Falcon wobbled, in a way that a heavy object wouldn't.

Meanwhile, Risan visited the Warner archives at U.S.C. An archivist brought out a folder bearing maybe 10 sepia-toned pages about the Falcon. One studio memo said John Huston himself had been involved in commissioning the statuette for the film. He had contracted an artist to make it for $75.

Over the next few months Risan and his professor friends made several more trips to Los Angeles. On one, they called the Warner Bros. retirement club and got the names of two people still alive who had worked at the studio in 1941. The first was a man named Ben Goldmond, who had worked in the Warner prop room from 1929 to 1974.

Risan telephoned him. When Risan described his Falcon, he says, Goldmond asked, "Does it have a serial number?"

"No," Risan said.

"Then I'll take the meeting."

Serial numbers, Goldmond explained when the two met at a delicatessen, had been introduced at Warner during the 1960s. If Risan's Falcons didn't have them, it bolstered the case they had been made earlier. Goldmond hadn't worked on the Huston movie, but he remembered seeing three black plaster Falcons in the prop room. When Risan showed him his, he said it might be one of them. He couldn't be sure.

But the second contact was. Her name was Meta Wilde. She had been William Faulkner's mistress for 18 years, an affair she chronicled in a best-selling 1976 book, *A Loving Gentleman.* During a long Hollywood career, Wilde had served as script supervisor on more than 200 films, including *The Maltese Falcon.* An elegant woman then in her 80s, Wilde welcomed Risan, his girlfriend, and a Santa Cruz professor into her Beverly Hills condominium in September 1991.

As John Huston's script supervisor on *The Maltese Falcon,* Wilde was responsible for props "continuity"—that is, making sure everything looked exactly the same in each shot, especially if actors and props had been moved. That made her the de facto keeper of the Falcon. She recalled that they had used four Falcons during the filming, three of plaster and one of metal—but not heavy lead.

Was a heavy lead bird ever used on the set? Risan asked at one point.

"Absolutely not," Wilde replied, according to Risan. "I could never carry that around. Neither could Humphrey Bogart."

When Risan showed her one of his Falcons, she said, "This is exactly like the ones I was involved with when making the picture. It seems to me that this is actually the bird we used. This is one of the plaster birds." At one point, she ran her hand lovingly over Risan's Falcon and murmured, "It's good to touch you again, old boy."

Wilde was so convinced, she agreed to write a letter stating that Risan's Falcons were the ones used in the film. With it, and with the testimony of Ben Goldmond and Edward Baer, Risan was able to get his two Falcons insured. It was at that point that he informed Gary Milan, the oral surgeon who owned the "official" Falcon, of his findings.

When I spoke to Milan in December, he made it clear in no uncertain terms that he finds Risan and his birds to be fraudulent. "It's a very shabby subject, in terms of people out there who have plastic birds and plaster ones," he said, quickly growing agitated. "You're getting onto a very slippery slope. He [Risan] got involved with Warner Bros. and all the Warner Bros. lawyers, and they shot him down and shot him down badly. If he is resurrected, you may find yourself in the middle of a very nasty lawsuit with Warner Bros." (Risan denies ever having any communication with Warner Bros. lawyers.)

Milan is cagey about how he came to own his lead Falcon, saying only that it "came" to him after CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

ZOOEY DESCHANEL

The actress, an L.A. native, has a secret history with the town's most famous icon

I did not see the Hollywood sign until I was 19. Now, I guess if I hadn't actually lived in Los Angeles, this wouldn't be particularly shocking, but it was a source of embarrassment for me every time I was in another place, say my summer camp, in upstate New York, and someone would say, "What's the Hollywood sign like? Is it really that big?" And I would mumble something about its mostly being unnoticeable, which wasn't a lie, because I hadn't ever noticed it, because I hadn't ever seen it. It was a touristy kind of thing to do and we don't often find ourselves tourists in our own cities.



SIGN OF THE TIMES The landmark in its inaugural year, 1923.

I was a late bloomer. I didn't drive until the end of my 17th year, and by the time I felt secure enough to venture to the more eastern parts of my city, I was off to college in Chicago, where many people who assumed I was a Los Angeles expert asked me about my intimate knowledge of the qualities of the Hollywood sign. Arguably our city's most famous monument, the sign was my shameful secret—I had never once glimpsed its magnificence.

The small part of Los Angeles I grew up in was like a cousin of the proverbial "sleepy town," so it was more like a "drowsy village": a little bit smaller and without a sheriff. Sitting on the outskirts of Greater Los Angeles, it looks and acts like a small town, but it's just minutes from much of the city. There are a few parks, many gift shops, and about a dozen restaurants that all close before nine P.M. There is more than one store that sells collectible bears. Near the very western edge of Sunset Boulevard, it is quite far from Hollywood, and the occasion was rare when I found myself venturing so far east.

When Los Angeles beckoned me back after a freezing winter in Chicago, I was relieved to find myself in the land of eternal sunshine. I often hear people from other places speaking ill of L.A.: "The people are fake" and "I like seasons" are things that I hear a lot. I guess, unlike the rest of the world, the seasons here are subtle, but many of the people aren't. I read books by John Fante and Raymond Chandler, and Joan Didion's *Play It as It Lays,* and I fell in love with the city all over again.

I found myself, one afternoon, with an appointment up Beachwood Drive. Wrestling with directions, I paid little attention to my surroundings. And so I was shocked and surprised when I meandered up around the curve of the road to behold the one and only Hollywood sign. It looked so familiar, seemed so ordinary; after all, it had casually graced the postcards and souvenir keepsakes of the city I called home.

It's a rather odd thing to have a gigantic sign looming over a canyon. It was originally a real-estate marketing scheme, and once read "Hollywoodland." It's as if one of our television billboards had stayed put for 90 years: it lost its original meaning, but it has gained a new one because it has stood the test of time. The little cluster of shops that sit at the base of Beachwood look like a Disneyland version of a Swiss village—adorable and quaint and wooden. It's tempting to try to drive, then walk, then climb, in an attempt to see the sign up close, but it's actually both very difficult and illegal, so, lazy rule follower that I am, I have seen it only from afar, and I'm O.K. with that.

To paraphrase a line from the film *Waiting for Guffman,* about Blaine, Missouri, "If you don't like the weather, just wait five minutes" (or maybe it's 15). I, in turn, say about L.A., "If you don't like the city, just drive five minutes." And so, in that spirit, much later I moved to within just a few minutes of the Hollywood sign. It loomed over my morning commute and my social outings, and it mocked me as I sat in bumper-to-bumper traffic at rush hour inching my way toward home. It is always there, and its constancy makes it not only a monument we all share but also a personal one, completely special in its non-specialness. It is there to casually glance up at, as if to say, "Are you catching this?" As I shared little moments of my life with this inanimate friend, I would gaze up and recall other memories made in the shadow of its ordinary grandeur. □

> "I had never once glimpsed the Hollywood sign's magnificence."

PHOTOGRAPH FROM MARC WANAMAKER/BISON ARCHIVES

BANKS SHOT

For more than a decade, actress Elizabeth Banks shone in smallish roles. Then, with her financier husband, she decided to produce, hitting big with *Pitch Perfect* in 2012, and moved into the director's chair for last year's even bigger sequel. LAURA JACOBS gets the story of Banks's Hollywood trifecta

There's something Seabiscuit about Elizabeth Banks, something of the stayer from the wrong side of the tracks, the pint-size pony with a common touch and a valiant heart. In the kind of culture we've become—a lottery culture, winner take all—the overnight success is the triumph du jour. But there's a better triumph out there: the come-from-behinder, the late bloomer, the little engine that could. In 2015, after 15 years in film and television, the stars aligned for Elizabeth Banks. Let's re-word that: the petite blonde lined them up herself.

Banks is an actress. Ask anyone if they know her work and invariably the first role mentioned is Beth in 2005's *The 40 Year-Old Virgin.* It was a comic stealth bomb of a performance, this sex-ready bubble bath of a salesgirl. A comedienne of flawless timing and laser focus, Banks is a throwback to the screwball heroines of the 30s. She goes all out for the laugh, dignity be damned, yet her tonal control is pitch-perfect, her energy super-stylized (hence, scene-stealing). Give her half a chance and she'll break your heart. When Banks moved to Los Angeles, in 2001, however, the rom-com was at low ebb and the chances were few.

No matter. Classically trained at San Francisco's American Conservatory Theater, Banks worked her magic on all kinds of material and racked up an impressive range of character and co-star roles, including Betty Brant in the *Spider-Man* trilogy, Marcela Howard in *Seabiscuit,* Janet in *Invincible,* Laura Bush in *W.,* and, more recently, Effie

HAIR PRODUCTS BY LEONOR GREYL; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY CHANEL; NAIL ENAMEL BY NAILING HOLLYWOOD; HAIR BY JOHNNIE SAPONG; MAKEUP BY PATI DUBROFF; MANICURE BY DEBBIE LEAVITT; SET DESIGN BY COLIN DONAHUE; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY BENJAMIN BONNET; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM MUNRO • STYLED BY JESSICA DIEHL



***PERFECT* TIMING**
Elizabeth Banks, photographed in Pacific Palisades, California.

BANKS WEARS CLOTHING BY CÉLINE; SHOES BY ALUMNAE; WATCH BY PATEK PHILIPPE.



RED-HOT AMERICAN STUNNER
Banks, photographed in Pacific Palisades.

BANKS WEARS A COAT BY FENDI; SHOES BY GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI DESIGN; STOCKINGS BY FOGAL; NECKLACE BY CARTIER.

Trinket, the Cracker Jack prize in the *Hunger Games* series. Add in guest work on three high-profile television series—*Scrubs, 30 Rock,* and *Modern Family*—roles that were expanded from a few episodes to many seasons because Banks was just so good, and here was the go-to gal for directors who wanted a seemingly small and underwritten role turned into something big and bold. Banks was bankable, but all along she felt stuck in the backstretch.

"There's only three things that can happen to you when you come to Hollywood," Banks says over lunch at Universal's Studio Grill. "You can break big right away. You can work, work, work, and just be consistent. Or you can flame out. So (1) didn't happen for me; (2) happened. And probably five years ago, I felt like, I'm O.K., I'm gonna work. Which gives you a lot of courage in this business. And you'd better understand that it is a business. And at a certain point you look around and you go, 'This is the only job I have, these are the only people I know, and the main thing I do is tell stories for a living. So how do I capitalize on my skill set and who I know?'"

The most important person Banks knew was her husband, Max Handelman. She met him her first day of freshman year at the University of Pennsylvania, back in 1992, when she was still "Liz" Mitchell, the scholarship girl with blue-collar roots in western Massachusetts. They have been together ever since, bouncing from coast to coast until finally settling down in Los Angeles, she with an M.F.A., he an M.B.A., and Elizabeth having changed her surname to Banks because the Screen Actors Guild already had a member named "Elizabeth Mitchell." The couple married in 2003. But how does a marriage work when the wife is acting on location for months and the husband is tied to the office? They become movie producers. "We have always made decisions that kept us together as a couple," says Banks. "We like working together. We're good at working together."

In 2007, the couple jumped into producing with a Bruce Willis film called *Surrogates,* based on a graphic novel by Robert Venditti and Brett Weldele and brought to the screen by Disney. To formalize the venture they called themselves Brownstone Productions. "The silent history that they've had together, having each other's back," says Erik Feig, the co-president of Lionsgate, who's worked with Banks as an actress and with Brownstone, "they have a little bubble of a safe zone around them. And that makes them comfortable for writers and other people who are pitching them. Which is why they're such good producers."

After *Surrogates,* Brownstone Productions was on the map but still very much a mom-and-pop organization. "We talked about producing as sort of a three-legged stool," says Banks. "You have to have taste, first. You have to have access—know writers and directors and agents. And then you have to have clout. And clout comes when you direct or produce a hit movie." Clout came in 2012, with a quirky little film about an all-female college a cappella group. The pitch for *Pitch Perfect* was developed over the Banks-Handelman dining-room table. The concept originated with Kay Cannon, a writer on *30 Rock,* who mentioned it to Banks, who loved it and ran with it. In the hope of securing the rights for Mickey Rapkin's book, *Pitch Perfect: The Quest for Collegiate A Cappella Glory,* she and Cannon wrote a treatment, and Brownstone Productions brought the baby to Universal. Deal done. Directed by Jason Moore, *Pitch Perfect* cost $17 million to make and earned $113 million worldwide.

When it was time to get rolling on the sequel, Moore was committed to direct the movie *Sisters,* and the director's chair sat empty. Donna Langley, chairman of Universal Pictures, had seen a three-minute P.S.A. for the American Heart Association that Banks directed and acted in—a mini screwball comedy called "Just a Little Heart Attack." "How Elizabeth directed this piece was so clever and smart and brilliant," recalls Langley. "The storytelling was so clear, in a short form, which is a very difficult thing to do. So that coupled with my history with her, which had been nothing but fantastic, it just seemed like a very obvious next step in her career."

Cut to 2015, the banner year in which Banks achieved a kind of Hollywood trifecta. As an actress, she won extravagant praise for her role in the Brian Wilson biopic, *Love & Mercy;* she also took Effie Trinket out for a final spin in *The Hunger Games: Mockingjay—Part 2.* As a producer, Brownstone Productions signed a two-year, first-look contract with Universal and is also working on two projects with Lionsgate—*Heist Society* and *White Girl Problems*—as well as projects with other studios. And as both a producer and the director of *Pitch Perfect 2,* Banks watched her movie, in its first weekend, not only outgross the domestic lifetime total of *Pitch Perfect* but have the highest-grossing live-action film-musical opening ever. Money talks, of course: *Pitch Perfect 2* has made $287.1 million worldwide. But more than that, the success of this sequel, which Brownstone developed from scratch, was proof that the first *Pitch Perfect* was "not a one-off," says Banks. "When you do it twice, that's meaningful. You actually knew what you were doing and there was design to what you did."

Banks is now a hot property, and already set to direct both *Pitch Perfect 3* and an adaptation of *Red Queen*, Victoria Aveyard's young-adult fantasy novel, for Universal, plus a *Charlie's Angels* reboot for Sony. She is well aware that this new hat she's wearing is not, for a woman in Hollywood, the norm and that the industry's dismal percentage of females in positions of power adds up to a big fat feminist issue.

"I have two young boys," Banks says. "And they do not like to share and they do not like change. That's humanity. As you go on in this business, especially as a woman, and you start thinking about all the opportunities and money that the men at your level are making, you definitely start to feel that it's kind of bullshit. I love acting. This all came about partially because I was frustrated in my acting career. I had nothing to lose by directing."

And she's keeping a sense of perspective. "For sure this was a great year," says Banks, "I don't deny it. But I feel still that this could be fleeting." That said, there's no false modesty. "I know what I do well. If you look at what I've made, it's all of a piece. It's all funny and it all has a sense of play. If you saw 'Just a Little Heart Attack' and *Pitch Perfect,* it's 'Yeah, I see how the same person made those things. There's a sense of light in them—they're bright.'"

Just like Elizabeth Banks. □

THIS NEW HAT BANKS IS WEARING IS NOT,
FOR A WOMAN IN
HOLLYWOOD, THE NORM.

FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

A Force of



After more than three decades producing hits such as *E.T.*, *Jurassic Park*, *Schindler's List*, and *Lincoln*, and as Lucasfilm's president since 2012, Kathleen Kennedy may be the most powerful woman in Hollywood. But now that *The Force Awakens* has been released, her low-profile days are over. SARAH ELLISON gets Kennedy talking about her mentors—Steven Spielberg, George Lucas—her sense of equality, and her vision for the *Star Wars* franchise

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Her Own



ANONYMOUS NO MORE Kathleen Kennedy, president of Lucasfilm, photographed at Pinewood Studios in Buckinghamshire, England.

KENNEDY WEARS A COAT BY VINCE.

HAIR BY NICOLA CLARKE; MAKEUP BY NAOMI DONNE; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

Kathleen Kennedy's husband, the producer Frank Marshall, told me a story. Kennedy had grown up on Lake Shasta, in Northern California, and she and her two sisters spent much of their childhood playing on the water. In 1985, when Kennedy and Marshall were co-producing the movie *The Color Purple,* shot in rural North Carolina, several of the grips working on the film found a lake nearby and decided to go water-skiing. "All the guys are showing off and falling and skiing and falling," Marshall recalled. Finally, after the boat returned to the dock, somebody asked Kennedy if she'd like to take a turn. She said, "O.K., I'll give it a try," Marshall remembered. The crew members started the engine and invited her into the boat, to take her out. Kennedy said, "No, I'll just start from the dock here." The request threw the crew members for a loop, but they obliged. The boat started up again and pulled her onto the water. Her skis skimmed the surface of the lake as she took a flawless turn around it, throwing up spray on the curves. As the boat returned to the dock, Kennedy let go of the rope and the momentum carried her right onto the shore—she finished as gracefully as she had started. "She never even got wet," Marshall said. "After that, the grips never got back in the water."

After more than three decades making some of the most successful movies of our time, Kathleen Kennedy has become something of an icon. She is perhaps the most powerful woman in Hollywood, but she does not talk much about what it is like being a female executive in a male-dominated industry. That is not her style. Nor is she self-deprecating. She prefers just to have people watch what she does. She is exceedingly uneasy about promoting her own story—unusual for Hollywood, where people rarely take less credit than they deserve.

The list of movies Kennedy has produced is impressive in both box office and prestige. It starts in 1982, with Steven Spielberg's *E.T.* Her partnership with Spielberg runs through most of the *Indiana Jones* series (which was the brainchild of George Lucas), *Jurassic Park, Schindler's List,* and straight on to *Lincoln,* which was nominated for 12 Oscars and won 2. In collaboration with her husband or others, she has produced more than 60 movies, including *Empire of the Sun, The Goonies, Alive, Young Sherlock Holmes, Cape Fear, Who Framed Roger Rabbit,* and *The Bridges of Madison County.* Together, her movies have earned more than 120 Oscar nominations. Now, with the release of *The Force Awakens,* which is already one of the most lucrative films in history, Kennedy has become the high priestess of the relaunched *Star Wars* enterprise. The new movie's position as the first feminist *Star Wars* film—with Rey, the breakout female protagonist—only adds to the impression that Kennedy is, as the *Star Wars* screenwriter Lawrence Kasdan put it, a "secret superhero in training."

"Cinephile Phase"

In November, before the release of *The Force Awakens,* I met with Kennedy in her office on the seventh floor of the main building on the Lucasfilm campus, in San Francisco's Presidio park. Kennedy has shoulder-length brown hair and bright-blue eyes that are so vivid I wondered if she wore tinted contacts. (She does not.) Her spacious quarters are decorated in dark wood, Mission-style, and she displays photos of her daughters, now teenagers, when they were in grade school, dressed up as Princess Leia and Darth Vader. She unearthed the pictures when she started as the company's new co-chair, in 2012. (The older girl is now in college and the younger one is finishing high school.) Her office is pristine, partly because she is barely there. She spends much of her time in London (where *The Force Awakens* was largely filmed, at Pinewood Studios, and where she and her husband currently live) between working trips to San Francisco (Lucasfilm's headquarters) and Los Angeles (where the parent company, Disney, is based). Shooting big movies at Pinewood dates back to the early James Bond films.

Kennedy grew up in Redding, California. Her mother was active in the local theater, her father a judge. She has described her childhood as a time when she was given tremendous freedom. She attended San Diego State University, with a major in film and telecommunications, and, after graduating, worked behind a camera for a local news program. She told me that one of her earliest influences in film was David Lean, the director of *Lawrence of Arabia* and *The Bridge on the River Kwai.* In the course of mentioning her early inspirations—Truffaut, Antonioni, Fellini, Bergman—she also referred to being influenced by "Francis," as in Francis Ford Coppola, today a close friend. Kennedy confessed to having looked down her nose at one of the biggest films of the era—Spielberg's *Jaws*—which she regarded at the time as too lowbrow. "I was in my 70s cinephile phase," she said, shaking her head. "It's so insane." Then, in 1977, she saw Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind,* which persuaded her to go into the movie business. She got a job as an assistant to John Milius, who was then working as a producer for *1941,* directed by Spielberg. Spielberg soon hired Kennedy away as his own assistant, and they worked together on *Raiders of the Lost Ark,* with George Lucas. It was a formative experience for all of them. For one thing, everyone came down with dysentery during filming in Tunisia. That's why, Harrison Ford would later say, he argued for just shooting the evil master swordsman rather than engaging in a lengthy fight scene.

Kennedy and Marshall met during the making of *Raiders of the Lost Ark,* which Marshall was producing. "Steven asked us to build a couple of models, to figure out the truck-chase scene," Marshall told me. Kennedy offered that she liked to build things. "And we spent a whole weekend making jeeps and tanks and trucks, and I thought, Huh, I think I'm in love!" The pair went on to form Amblin Entertainment with Spielberg in 1982.

The next movie Spielberg and Kennedy worked on was *E.T.* Kennedy was 29. "Steven, after *Raiders,* had said, 'You know what? I think you're ready—why don't you produce this?,' " she recalled. She said yes on the spot: "I was a kid—I had no idea what I was doing." By now, Kennedy and Marshall had started dating, but they kept their relationship secret, partly at Marshall's suggestion: he didn't want to complicate Kennedy's position as a young producer. "Don't tell anyone we're going out," Marshall told her. "They'll think that's why you got the job." Eventually, Lucas spotted them having dinner together and, according to Kennedy, "told everybody." Kennedy already had enough to deal with producing her first film. "I got into it, and I realized it was nothing I knew," she told me. "I was truly overwhelmed." She didn't

show it, keeping everything bottled up until the weekends, when "I'd just literally be physically sick, I was so nervous."

She and Marshall and Spielberg went on a tear, producing a string of successful films at Amblin, including *Gremlins, Back to the Future,* and *The Color Purple.* Kennedy and Marshall also got married; one of the few people from outside their families to attend the wedding, in Italy, was George Lucas. In 1992 they went on to form their own production company, *Kennedy/Marshall.* It has produced *The Sixth Sense, Signs, The Bourne Identity,* and *Seabiscuit.* In 2015, Marshall was a producer of *Jurassic World,* which was a box-office hit both domestically—just shy of *Titanic*—and globally. All told, Marshall and Kennedy had quite a year, helping to push worldwide box-office figures to $38 billion, the highest ever.

I asked Kennedy about an observation I've heard about her from various people, who make reference to a career surrounded by powerful men—Spielberg, Lucas, her own husband—and then note the novelty of her now being the one in charge. She looked ever so mildly annoyed, and then responded that she didn't entirely understand the question. "You know, I met all these guys when they were big, powerful guys," she said, setting the words "big, powerful" in air quotes. "The great thing is, at whatever point they decided they were powerful, they always empowered me. So I never felt like I was in the midst of something that wasn't a balanced relationship." In the words of Harrison Ford, who counts her among his close family friends, "She's tough, so she can both take it and dish it out, and I mean that in the nicest possible way."

Outside of Hollywood, Kennedy has remained a relative unknown. "I have loved being pretty anonymous, you know," Kennedy said. "There's nothing I like more than to have one of our movies run, and then I go to the ladies' room and listen to everybody talk about it. No one has any idea who I am." She acknowledged that her days of lurking unrecognized in the ladies' room are probably over.

A Call from George

Kennedy's attachment to a behind-the-scenes role may have been why, back in 2012, as she was wrapping *Lincoln,* she thought the call from her friend George Lucas was simply to catch up. It wasn't. In New York, over lunch, he told her he supposed she had heard that he was thinking of stepping aside from his role as head of Lucasfilm. "Actually, I hadn't," Kennedy told me, "so I was surprised by that. And part of me didn't really quite believe him." He said that he had been thinking of people who could replace him. She thought he was asking her for suggestions. The job carried tremendous responsibility. Not only would whoever he picked to succeed him inherit the responsibility for all things *Star Wars,* but he or she would also be running the storied special-effects shop Lucas had created, called Industrial Light & Magic, as well as the Camelot-like postproduction facility, Skywalker Ranch, in the hills of Marin County. Recalling the lunch, Kennedy continued, "I started to mention a couple of people, and he immediately said, 'No, no, no. I'm thinking about *you* doing this.'" She was taken aback but quickly came around. "You know, George, I actually might really be interested in that," she remembered telling him. To me she said, "I immediately felt this sense of responsibility. And sort of a feeling that I wanted to do this for him as well as myself, because I knew how important it was to him." I asked her why she had turned down other studio positions in the past. Had she felt daunted? She shook her head and smiled conspiratorially: "I knew enough people in those jobs to know I wouldn't be happy in those jobs."

She agreed to take the reins at Lucasfilm. A few months later, before she could fully settle in, Lucas spoke to her about a possible sale to Disney. "He started to lay out what he was thinking," Kennedy told me. "When he laid it out, he wasn't talking about doing something immediate. It was a kind of 'Down the road, this is something I've been thinking of.' And it was interesting that Disney was always his first choice." As it happened, the decision wasn't down the road at all. Within a few months, Lucas announced the sale of Lucasfilm to Disney for $4 billion.

The transition has worked. This is in part because Lucas had carefully handpicked both his successor and his buyer, and also because Bob Iger, the chairman and C.E.O. of Disney, believes in preserving the culture of the companies he acquires. In terms of personal style, the change from Lucas to Kennedy could not have been more stark. Lucas was a beloved and oddly vulnerable figure in the minds of his employees. Until he chose Kennedy to replace him, no one who worked for Lucas thought there was ever going to be another *Star Wars* movie; he was bruised and bitter after Episodes I, II,

SPIELBERG ASKED HER TO PRODUCE *E.T.*—"I THINK YOU'RE READY," HE SAID. SHE WAS 29.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID JAMES/© LUCASFILM LTD. (FORD); BY DAVID JAMES/© LUCASFILM LTD. & TM. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED (ABRAMS); FROM THE KENNEDY/MARSHALL COMPANY (JEEP, SPIELBERG)

THE PRODUCERS

Clockwise from opposite: Kennedy with Harrison Ford (left) and George Lucas on the set of *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull*, 2007; with Frank Marshall while filming *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, 1980; with Marshall (left) and Steven Spielberg on the set of *E.T.*, 1981; with J. J. Abrams while filming *Star Wars: Episode VII—The Force Awakens*, 2014.

and III, the so-called prequels, had been widely panned. Lucrative as the franchise and its merchandising continued to be, without a big *Star Wars* movie in the works, Lucasfilm lacked its primary reason for being. Nobody ever questioned Lucas—in fact, nobody made a move without him. "I think this company, for a long time, was driven by waiting to see what George wanted to do," Kennedy told me. "I don't run this company that way. People aren't sitting around waiting to see what Kathy wants to do." As she views it, her staff looks to her for guidance, but they feel more empowered to act without her explicit approval. That said, Kennedy is someone who knows how to set a goal. This is a woman who, in 1989, at the age of 36, won the U.S. nationals for her age class in the javelin, only a few months after taking up the sport. As soon as Kennedy was hired, staffers saw it as a sign that there was going to be another *Star Wars* film: Kennedy was a consummate moviemaker.

Trusting Your Characters

I asked Kennedy if she missed anything about her former life, when she was running her own production company with her husband. In addition to Spielberg's movies, she and Marshall have undertaken some especially challenging and imaginative projects: they produced *Persepolis,* a $7 million picture based on a graphic novel about a young girl's upbringing in Iran, and *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly,* an adaptation of the memoir by a former editor of French *Elle,* who had been paralyzed by a stroke and suffered from "locked-in syndrome," which allowed him to communicate only by blinking his left eye. She paused for a moment. "I suppose the thing that I think about every now and then, that I miss, is: I love writers." In particular she mentioned Tony Kushner, who wrote the play and the screen adaptation of *Angels in America.* Kushner also worked with Kennedy on *Munich* and *Lincoln.* She said, "To sit and talk ideas with Tony—to, you know, explore lots of different areas we could go—it's such a constant education. That is thrilling. And so the only thing I suppose I can do is try to get Tony Kushner to write a *Star Wars* movie." Kennedy laughed. "There are times I think about that."

Kushner told me he was "a little shocked" when Kennedy said she was going to take the Lucasfilm job. Kennedy is known for creating and nurturing complex characters in her movies—people such as the Israeli assassin in *Munich,* played by Eric Bana, and Daniel Day-Lewis's flawed and all-too-human Lincoln. What was she doing running a science-fiction empire? This past summer, his fears were allayed when he and Kennedy had a conversation about the development of some of the scripts for current and future *Star Wars* movies. "She talked about the way in which the conventional approach to these things is that a script starts from an outline, and that's what everybody focuses on before there's a word of dialogue." In Kushner's recollection, Kennedy was urging the writers to turn their focus to the characters. She kept saying to them, "Who are these people? I don't know who these people are." Kushner felt that "she was expressing an impatience about character being secondary to story line, which violated something very essential for her."

He went on: "We had an interesting conversation about how a lot of playwrights start with outlines because it gives you something to hold on to, but that you know the characters are likely to derail the outline once they start doing what they do." He and Kennedy talked about how "there's no telling what will happen once you have invented a person. They may be willing to do what the outline says to do, but they may have very different plans in mind." The sense Kushner got was that Kennedy "was pushing people to be unafraid of being lost for a while. It was good to see her holding the banner of complexity in the middle of this huge enterprise of *Star Wars.*" The machines, in other words, have not won.

Kennedy told me that, while she's excited about the future of the movie business, "a lot of these big movies are just a collection or a montage of big set pieces. And there is, in some cases, this feeling of: 'Oh, it doesn't really matter if there's a central spine to the storytelling. As long as we keep it moving—and the effects are huge and it's loud and the music's great and the locations are fantastic—it's all going to wash over the audience.'" She calls the result of such assumptions "disposable filmmaking."

Kennedy has already made directorial choices that showcase her desire for an unconventional approach. While J. J. Abrams, the director of *The Force Awakens,* had already directed two *Star Trek* movies and had created the television series *Lost,* Kennedy is looking at less established directors for future episodes of the saga. Everyone I spoke to at Lucasfilm was talking up Rian Johnson, the director of the next *Star Wars* movie, the eighth. Johnson was previously best known for directing the 2005 noir indie hit, *Brick,* starring a young Joseph Gordon-Levitt, who tries to solve his ex-girlfriend's disappearance by infiltrating a crime gang. More recently, Johnson directed several episodes of *Breaking Bad,* including perhaps the best of the entire series, in which Walter White's brother-in-law, Hank, is executed. Kennedy has also said she wants a woman to direct a *Star Wars* movie. More than half of her direct reports are women.

Referring to a notorious scene in *Return of the Jedi,* I asked Kennedy if she would ever have put Princess Leia in a golden bikini—the famous "slave Leia" costume that is embedded in the collective unconscious of legions of men who were adolescents in the 80s. "With a chain around her neck?," Kennedy asked, arching an eyebrow and laughing. "I don't think that would happen." She quickly added that she didn't think George Lucas would put her in that bikini today. Despite rumors, Disney is not banning the image from future *Star Wars* paraphernalia. Mellody Hobson, Lucas's wife, said, "George is not apologetic about that bikini," elaborating that he had said, "The one thing I know are boys." Hobson went on: "He thinks that was a very important scene. He would probably do the same thing today. He is not apologetic at all." A small statuette of the cast of *Return of the Jedi,* featuring Leia in her bikini, sits outside Kennedy's office. She hasn't taken it down.

Three Steps Ahead

Kennedy has known how to organize and manage since she was young. On a squad with boys, she was the quarterback for her middle-school football team. She and Marshall are buying and selling property all the time, at a level that would make them realtors if that was all they did. In 2010, they sold their Pacific Palisades home to Tom Hanks and Rita Wilson for $26 million. In 2013, Kennedy and Marshall bought a 1950s hacienda-style compound in Brentwood for $7.5 million, then flipped it for $8.6 million. Earlier last year they bought the late *Golden Girls* star Bea Arthur's Brentwood home for $14.9 million. Josh Lowden, the general manager of Skywalker Sound, told me he has seen Kennedy display the "jujitsu move" of getting directors and other movie executives to "shift their perspective in the direction where things need to move" without ever issuing a top-down directive. "I think she is always planning out three CONTINUED ON PAGE 207

LIZ GOLDWYN

Growing up as showbiz royalty, she made the Oscars her personal playground

My father, movie producer Samuel Goldwyn Jr., produced the Academy Awards for two years running, in 1987 and again in 1988, for which he won an Emmy. He looked every inch the "Hollywood producer" in his Savile Row suits, a blue-and-white striped Turnbull & Asser shirt, 60s aviator glasses—a silver fox. I didn't yet have his sense of style. I was an awkward 10-year-old when he started rehearsals for the '87 awards—with a bad perm and too short bangs I'd cut myself. Hollywood was my backyard, not the high-school cafeteria run by the football team I would later know it to be.

My brother Peter and I treated the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, in downtown Los Angeles, where the ceremony was held, as our personal playground; we ran rampant through the corridors and basement, up and down the lushly carpeted grand staircase, killing time while our father ran through the show. We had free rein to explore, as long as we didn't get in anyone's way or make trouble. Much of my childhood I remember like this—being in the most fabulous places with extraordinary people, more concerned with stealing sugar packets from dining tables and playing hide-and-seek.



DYNASTY
Samuel Goldwyn Jr. and daughter Liz in Los Angeles, 2002.

Dad gave Peter and me autograph books to use during rehearsals, so we could collect the names of the nominees and presenters. It was a game for us—whoever collected the most achieved superiority. I still have mine—brown leather with gilt lettering, the pages now brittle and loose. I keep it on my bookshelf, a snapshot of an in-between time in Hollywood. The auditorium was filled with blockbuster stars of the day and the last of the golden-era leading ladies and men, who showed up for my dad to present on the show, out of respect for him and their long relationships with my grandfather—Samuel Goldwyn—with whom many of them had worked and played. Audrey Hepburn, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Elizabeth Taylor . . .

Peter and I were too young to know who these legends were—or to be intimidated by their star power. We were more interested in when RoboCop and Pee-wee Herman showed up for rehearsal. I look at family photos my mother took—Robin Williams giving Peter a noogie for good luck on the steps of the stage; me posed stiffly next to Oprah Winfrey in a dressing room—and cringe at how lucky and ignorant I was, but back then it was nothing more than visiting Dad at the office.

I had never seen my father nervous before—that is, until an old lady showed up for rehearsal. She was quickly ushered backstage. Dad pulled me aside and insisted I go with him to greet her. My father and I stood outside the closed door of her dressing room. He cleared his throat and hesitated before knocking. Entering, I was practically blinded by the bright lights surrounding her makeup mirrors. She sat with her back to us with an enormous jar of Pan-Cake makeup in front of her. She chatted with my father while scooping her hand into the jar, slathering foundation over wrinkled skin. I watched, transfixed, not adding much to the conversation. My father gave me a nudge and whispered, "Go on—ask for her autograph, Lizzie." I did what I was told, eager to get back out into the theater, worrying that Peter had already collected more signatures than I.

> "Much of my childhood I remember like this—being in the most fabulous places with extraordinary people."

Almost bowing deferentially, my father and I exited, and he closed the door behind him. I could tell he was annoyed with my impatience. "Don't you realize that you were just in the presence of greatness? Show some respect." I looked down at my autograph book, at the looping Magic Marker scrawl, dumbstruck even now—"Hello to Liz, Bette Davis." □

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNE MCNALLY



Theo Spielberg and Sasha Spielberg, photographed in New York City's Washington Square Park.

THEO WEARS CLOTHING BY GUCCI. SASHA WEARS A DRESS BY GUCCI; SHOES BY JIMMY CHOO; RING BY ANNELISE MICHELSON.

STYLED BY RYAN YOUNG; HAIR/PRODUCTS BY LAYRITE (THEO) AND SHU UEMURA ART OF HAIR (SASHA); MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY NARS; HAIR BY RHEANNE WHITE; MAKEUP BY LINDA HAY. FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



It Siblings

SPIELBERG SHUFFLE

Theo and Sasha Spielberg are creating their own soundtrack

Let's get it out of the way: yes, Sasha and Theo Spielberg are children of prolific director Steven Spielberg and actress Kate Capshaw. However, lest you think proximity to Hollywood royalty was an advantage to their fledgling careers in music, Theo points out the only time their father paid attention to music was during morning car pools. "When my dad would drive us we'd play 'Name That Score.' He'd put on a movie score and we'd have to guess it within five seconds."

Sasha, 25, and Theo, 27, first combined creative efforts when they shared a childhood bedroom. "After our parents put us to bed, we'd sneak out and re-enact *The Lion King* with our stuffed animals," Theo remembers. When they were in separate bands at college—she at Brown, he at Yale—their collaborations picked up again. "I wrote a song that needed backup vocals, and I asked Sasha to do it. I was embarrassed because her voice was so much better than mine. At that point I thought, There's something to this." By 2012 they had formed a band, Wardell—an unexplained 1980s nickname for their mother, which Capshaw bestowed on Theo as a middle name—and started playing live shows.

They call their sound "shuffle pop"—a mash-up of a wide variety of musical styles. Theo is drawn to punk and indie rock, Sasha more to classic rock and R&B. "It's like we put our favorite music on shuffle and take it from there." Wardell has toured with Ryan Adams, performed at South by Southwest, and opened for Vampire Weekend, Grimes, and Haim. Last spring, they released their first album, *Love/Idleness*.

Currently the duo are recording their second album, which was written mostly on their iPhones using Voice Notes, since Sasha is based in L.A. and Theo lives in New York. "Maybe it's a sibling thing, but we work better when we're not in the same room," says Sasha. —DEREK BLASBERG



The hottest young talents on YouTube are being courted by agents, millions of followers as a potential gold mine. A few—the likes of "grown-up media" deals. Stoked by its parent company, Google, YouTube playpen. Talking to believers and skeptics, EVGENIA PERETZ

FOR CREDITS, SEE PAGE 170

Hollywo

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEWEY NICKS



WHAT BALLS! YouTuber Taryn Southern, at her home, in Los Angeles. *Opposite,* RocketJump's Ben Waller and Freddie Wong, on the roof of their Burbank headquarters.

networks, and studios, who see anyone with social-media savvy and Andrew Bachelor, Freddie Wong, and Kian Lawley—have scored could be the future of Hollywood, the new Netflix, or just a lucrative examines the intersection of two very different cultures

od@Vine

At Le Pain Quotidien in Brooklyn Heights, where many thirty- and fortysomethings come to sweat it out on their television pilot/novel/screenplay/tech start-up or other get-rich-quick scheme, 24-year-old Noam Ash and 25-year-old Austin Bening are giddily basking in their recent Hollywood glory, having just learned that they're *this* close to selling their YouTube Web series, *My Gay Roommate,* to one of the premium online networks. Like most things YouTube, the series, about a gay college student and his straight roommate, is about themselves. The show's star, Ash, an Israeli-American, is the gay one. The director, Bening, grew up in Ohio, having never known a gay person until 2009, when he met Ash, his freshman roommate, at Tufts. They have lived with each other ever since.

"Six years, domestic partnership in the making, shared bank account. It was a beautiful thing," says Ash, who speaks with rapid-fire excitement. He notices that Bening is looking at him funny. "Do I have something?"

"Yes, *bubeleh,*" says Bening as he reaches across their quinoa salads to wipe Ash's face. "You got this little *schmutz* right here."

Much to their amusement, people were puzzled by this rapport. ("People were like, 'But you've made out.' I was like, 'No, never!' " says Ash.) And thus the germ for their YouTube series was born. With zero dollars and free college equipment they started the series—each episode is actually just a five-minute installment—during their last year of college. They continued it after graduating, when they moved into Ash's aunt and uncle's attic. Zero views turned into a thousand, turned into half a million, snowballed into 4.6 million. Fall 2015 had them making the rounds in Hollywood, pitching a fully fleshed-out take. From the buyers' perspective, their built-in fan base was the key. Without it, says Ash, places like Netflix "would be like, 'Thank you so much. You're really, really cute. Like, go get a P.A. job, like, work in the industry for 10 years, and then maybe we'll let you write half a script.' " But with fans apparently in the millions, says Ash, "they [are] like, 'Come into our office.' . . . I keep thinking how fucking lucky we've been. As an actor, no one would have known who I was."

Apparently, it wasn't enough that the YouTubers stole our children. Surely you've noticed, they enjoy nothing more than sitting with their eyes glued to their gadget, watching YouTubers see if they can deep-fry a pair of glasses, earnestly muse on empowerment, "vlog" about their activities that week, or give spirited running commentary while they play Minecraft. Now they're conquering Hollywood, selling television series, making feature-length movies, and talking about "narrative." More than 200 of them are worth several million dollars. They have agents and publicists, in addition to multichannel networks (MCNs), which aggregate creators' channels and manage their careers. Disney, DreamWorks Animation, and Warner Bros. have spent nearly $1 billion getting into the game. Production companies making digital series and movies have popped up, backed by the biggest names in the Hollywood establishment, such as Peter Chernin and Brian Grazer. And they've created a generation of expert salesmen who insist this is the future. Consider the words of Brent Weinstein, 40, who heads the digital-talent division of the Hollywood talent agency UTA. "The evolution of these types of content creators has dramatically and forever changed the landscape of entertainment," he says.

Note to readers over the age of 25: this is Phase Two of the YouTube revolution, which likely requires an understanding of Phase One. Eleven years ago, when YouTube launched, no one imagined a career could be built out of it, much less an industry. "It was a playground for trying new things. It was purely a creative exercise," says Rhett McLaughlin, 38, of Rhett & Link, a juvenile yet sharp comedy duo worth a reported $7 million, who started in the first wave. "There was no money in it. No brand integration." There was something for everyone—pranks, satirical songs, makeup tips, goofy cooking, teenage activism, and lifelines for young

FOR CREDITS, SEE PAGE 170

SINK OR SWIM *Opposite, My Gay Roommate*'s Austin Bening and Noam Ash, at the Standard hotel in West Hollywood. *Below,* King Bach, in his Los Angeles apartment building.











gay people. It was a beautiful thing: a democratic platform, with a positive ethos; a grassroots Disney, created entirely by regular kids.

Then something crazy happened. Videos started going viral, getting thousands, even millions of views. Viewers wanted more, and the creators happily obliged, often doing "collabs" with each other to double or triple their fan base. Suddenly, the kids were sitting on a gold mine, and everyone wanted a piece: advertisers; Google (which in October 2006 bought YouTube); the MCNs; the studios, which gobbled up the MCNs. Meanwhile, at UTA, William Morris, and CAA, entire floors of interns and assistants were made into agents for digital talents, with the hope of turning their new clients into the next generation of movie stars. Now, they insist, those stars have arrived.

Everything's Vine!

One such hope is 27-year-old Andrew Bachelor, the most popular "viner" on the planet—with 14.8 million followers—whom his agents at UTA are calling the next Will Smith. "King Bach," as he's known, makes vines—six-second video loops—of physical, goofy scenarios that often play off black stereotypes. For example: Bach, offended by a white guy who has offered him a plate of fried chicken, then gobbles it up on the sly. Or Bach wants to "make it rain cash," like all his homeys are doing, but then reaches into his pocket and realizes he has no money, etc. Think a single-image cartoon, starring a young Eddie Murphy, coming to life for a brief moment. Traveling today by Glideboard, and wearing low-slung jeans that expose a lot of underwear, Bachelor has joined me in the lobby of his building: the W Hollywood condos, on the corner of Vine and Hollywood (an apt address for Bachelor, given the current crossroads of his life) to tell his story.

Having taken acting classes in college in Florida, Bachelor came to Los Angeles in 2010 to attend the New York Film Academy and then to make it as an actor. But he hit the same brick wall that most do. "They were giving all the roles to people who already had the names," says Bachelor, who's equal parts affable and laserlike ambitious. "You can't make a name if no one gives you a chance." So he started making YouTube videos, hoping to build a fan base and showcase his talents. Utilizing the high production skills he learned at film school, he was spending between $5,000 and $35,000 a video. For a short while, he could afford it. (Already tech-savvy as a kid, he'd invested in Apple when he was a teenager.) He soon turned to vines, videos he could make on his phone, for a fraction of the cost. A video of him doing a Denzel Washington impersonation as an irascible bus driver went viral. Three thousand viewers turned into a million. When he reached three million, the big agencies that before wouldn't answer his phone calls started phoning him. He bought himself a suit and sat down with Josh Katz and Emerson Davis, two agents at UTA. "They looked me in my eyes. I could tell they were genuine," recalls Bachelor. "They realized it's a new wave that's coming, and I'm the leader of it, and they wanted to be on board with me."

Soon, Bachelor was landing real roles on *House of Lies, The Mindy Project,* and *Black Jesus.* Now even the cool black guys think he's the cool black guy. He stars with Marlon Wayans in the movie *Fifty Shades of Black,* and with Mike Epps in *Meet the Blacks.* "When they post the links online to the *Fifty Shades* trailer, one of the top comments is 'King Bach!'" Bach reports. "Marlon gets tweets, 'Definitely going to go now that King Bach is in it.'"

He may soon be seen in his own series on network TV, based on one of his vine characters—an undercover cop. Produced by the comedy team Key and Peele, it launched a bidding war before landing at Fox, where it is in development for next season. His ultimate goal? "To be the biggest movie star ever"—said with the kind of confidence that only a 14-million-strong fan base can bring.

Not every talent-on-the-verge is as intensely focused on world domination. You'll find a shaggier type in 30-year-old filmmaker Freddie Wong. A friendly, high-octane teddy bear with a cerebral streak, Wong runs RocketJump, a quasi-studio that has the freewheeling vibe of a Silicon Valley start-up. Inside its Burbank warehouse, there's a library of strategy games, big Lego creations, a 15-foot-tall, blobby Japanese mascot doll they call ChickyBoo, and a lot of young people moving around gear. A native of Seattle, Wong attended U.S.C. film school in hopes of becoming the next Kevin Smith, Michael Bay, or John Woo. "I always felt a little out of place [there] because everyone was like, 'Ah, yes, Truffaut,'" laughs Wong, an unabashed anti-aesthete, in shapeless baggy jeans and slip-on sandals. After graduating in 2008, he could have gone the film-festival route, but, he says, "you were not hearing about the hot director getting huge deals to do stuff out of the festivals anymore." At the same time, he saw that YouTubers were building an audience. YouTube, he realized, was "maybe not the place to exhibit feature films but a place to connect people with our work." With his like-minded friends, he started a kind of collective YouTube channel, making comedy, action, and video-game-inspired shorts that caught on instantly with what Wong calls the "arrested development" quadrant. Before long they were getting four million views per video. "You just couldn't grasp what that meant," says Wong. But it meant something to Hulu, which bought the *RocketJump* series: short films, accompanied by a behind-the-scenes how-they-did-it. He's now contemplating feature-film possibilities, his ultimate dream. "I feel like we cheated . . . because you read about these other directors, just like, Damn! They paid dues for 10 years before they got to get behind the camera. We cheated because technology was in the right place at the right time, and we were alive at the right age at the right time for us to take advantage of that."

Playing with the Big Boys

Despite having millions of young fans, the A-list YouTubers still crave the prestige of traditional media (which has come to include, in their minds, the streaming services Netflix, Amazon Prime, and Hulu). And the Establishment has been only too happy to embrace them, offering them funding and its expertise in storytelling and polish, for a piece of the profit. Cross-pollinations between new and old media are popping up everywhere. The Fine Brothers (14 million subscribers), who make "React Videos," in which kids react to videos they're seeing on a computer screen, sold a "React" series to Nickelodeon. YouTube persona "Miranda Sings," a grotesque and clueless star-on-the-rise (played by Colleen Ballinger-Evans), just landed a scripted series at Netflix. YouTube itself is aiming to be a kind of Netflix for younger people with its new scripted series available through its YouTube Red subscription service. Among its first offerings is the Fine Brothers' *Sing It!,* a satire of singing-competition shows, and *Scare PewDiePie,* in which PewDiePie, 26, the most popular gamer on the planet (41 million subscribers, net worth $16 million), is dropped into unknown, terrifying scenarios.

PewDiePie had been looking to reach a broader audience. Robert Kirkman and David Alpert—the creator and executive producer of AMC's *The Walking Dead*—jumped at the chance to provide him with a concept and narrative. "There's a challenge not to become ossified," explains Alpert. "Whenever CONTINUED ON PAGE 202

PAGES 166, 167, AND 168–69 (BOTTOM): STYLED BY ZOE COSTELLO. SOUTHERN'S DRESS BY MAJE; SHOES BY ZARA. KING BACH'S JACKET BY BEAUTIFUL FÜL. HAIR PRODUCTS BY ORIBE; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY DIOR; GROOMING PRODUCTS BY DIOR HOMME; HAIR, MAKEUP, AND GROOMING BY DEBBIE GALLAGHER. SET DESIGN BY MATTHEW DAVIDSON. PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY TYLER DUURING AND CAT FARBER. PAGE 169, TOP: STYLED BY JAK; HAIR PRODUCTS BY RENÉ FURTERER; GROOMING PRODUCTS BY CHANEL; HAIR BY NIKKI PROVIDENCE; GROOMING BY JAMIE GREENBERG; SET DESIGN BY ERIC MESTMAN; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY SHAWN MERZ. FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

AMY PASCAL

For the producer, whose mentor was held to a double standard, nothing has changed

It was 1987. I suddenly got a call from Dawn Steel, who asked me to drive up to her home on Gloaming Drive, in Beverly Hills, to meet her. I didn't know Dawn, but I knew the story. She had recently been fired from her job as head of production at Paramount, while in labor at the hospital, just before giving birth to her daughter. (You can't make this stuff up.)

She had been made a producer, which studios normally do when they fire you. Dawn wanted to talk to me about my running her new production company. I knew I didn't want the job, because Scott Rudin, then president of production at Twentieth Century Fox, had recently given me an executive position there. I had no real clue what the Fox job meant, but I knew that there was no better teacher than Scott, as everyone in the industry could attest.



HEROINE FIX Dawn Steel and Pascal in Los Angeles, mid-90s.

I will never forget Dawn answering the door. She was barefoot and had on a pair of perfectly faded 501s. She was wearing a flawless white T-shirt and had a single strand of pearls around her neck. And then there was the hair. It was a helmet of strands of blond and brown and big fluffy bangs. She had a pair of elegant reading glasses perched atop this big patrician nose.

She smiled and gave me a hug and told me to tiptoe as we walked to the bedroom to see her sleeping infant, Rebecca. She asked me if I wanted children, and I said "Yes." Years later she would give me a crib just like Rebecca's.

We sat down. I don't think she offered me anything to eat or drink. She just began talking. I don't recall a single word she said, because at that moment I realized that I wanted to be Dawn Steel. The gorgeous canyon house, the beautiful baby, the loving husband, Chuck Roven, the producer. And the career. I wanted that career.

She had championed movies with female themes, such as *Flashdance, The Accused,* and *Fatal Attraction,* as well as *Footloose* and *Top Gun.* She had an intuitive sense about stories and what made them work. She knew how to market films better than anyone and came to Hollywood from New York, where she had worked at a low-level job at *Penthouse* magazine (she told her mother she was working for *Mademoiselle*), and she created, of all things, Gucci toilet paper. Years later, when I actually began working for Dawn, who at the time was running Columbia Pictures, she took out her big Rolodex, put her feet up on the desk, and told me who was smart and who was an asshole, whom I should meet and whom I should ignore. She was blunt. She had a tough humor that was mingled with extraordinary generosity.

And in an industry dominated by men she made it her mission, first and foremost, to hire women as executives, producers, and directors. Only someone like Dawn, with her outsize personality, her brassy confidence, her fierce intelligence, could have broken into the boys' club and opened the way for women like me. I have never met anyone like her. And I hope I told her enough how much she meant to me.

Dawn died of a brain tumor in 1997, at the age of 51. From the time we met, whether she was my boss or my friend, Dawn and I were in constant contact. She was not an easy friend. Demons sometimes possessed her. She had a fierce temper that sometimes scared the people who worked for her. And she was as much a victim of Hollywood's double standard as anyone I know. She was ridiculed and called bitchy, while the men who ran the other studios were called tough. She was super-aggressive. They were competitive. She was abrasive. They were tenacious. Dawn endured. She kept pushing the door open: to Lucy Fisher, Nora Ephron, Lynda Obst, Stephanie Allain, Laurie MacDonald, and others. Including me.

> "I realized that I wanted to be Dawn Steel."

I miss her. Especially when times get rough. I miss her strength, her fearlessness. I miss her giving me—and all of us—the confidence that we really need.

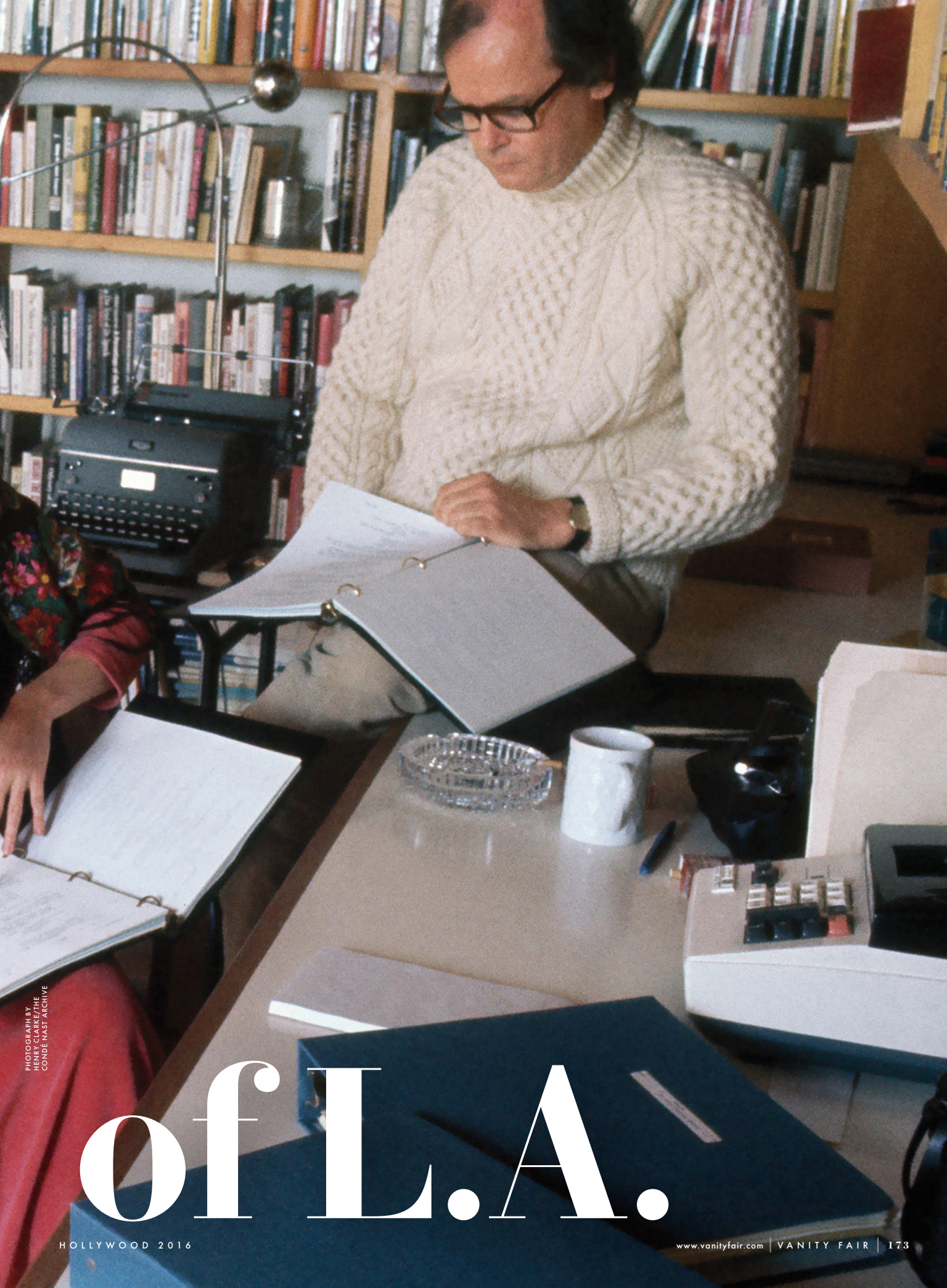
Actually, nothing much has changed in the movie business. The people who fired Dawn when she was in labor are gone and forgotten. So are the people who called her a bitch. They've all been replaced. Dawn would have laughed and appreciated the irony of that. □



STAYING ON SCRIPT Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne at work in Trancas, California, in 1972.

Joan Didion arrived in Hollywood in 1964 a promising young writer. By the early 70s, though, with the publication of *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* and *Play It as It Lays*, she was a star: among the most important writers of her generation, a cultural icon who changed L.A.'s perception of itself. And though her marriage to John Gregory Dunne was an enduring one, she's never fit the wifely or maternal archetype. Think you understand Joan Didion? asks LILI ANOLIK. Think again

Our Lady



PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY CLARKE/THE CONDÉ NAST ARCHIVE

of L.A.

In a 1969 column for *Life,* her first for the magazine, Joan Didion let drop that she and husband, John Gregory Dunne, were at the Royal Hawaiian hotel in Honolulu "in lieu of filing for divorce," surely the most famous subordinate clause in the history of New Journalism, an insubordinate clause if ever there was one. The poise of it, the violence, the cool-bitch chic—a writer who could be the heroine of a Godard movie!—takes the breath away, even after all these years. Didion goes on: "I tell you this not as aimless revelation but because I want you to know, as you read me, precisely who I am and where I am and what is on my mind. I want you to understand exactly what you are getting." I suppose I'm operating under a similar set of impulses—a mixture of candor, self-justification and self-dramatization, the dread of being misapprehended coupled with the certainty that misapprehension is inevitable (Didion's style is catching, but not so much as her habit of thought)—when I tell you I'm scared of her.

Before I get into why, I need to clarify something I said. Or, rather, something I didn't say and won't say, but which I'm anxious you're going to think I said: that Didion isn't a brilliant writer. She *is* a brilliant writer—sentence for sentence, among the best this country's ever produced. And I'm not disputing her status as cultural icon either. As large as she looms now, she'll loom larger as time passes—I'd bet money on it. In fact, I don't want to diminish or assault her in any way. What I do want to do is get her right. And over the past 11 years, since 2005, when she published the first of her two loss memoirs, one about Dunne, the other about Quintana, her daughter, she's been gotten wrong. And not just wrong, egregiously wrong, wrong to the point of blasphemy. I'm talking about the canonization of Didion, Didion as St. Joan, Didion as Our Mother of Sorrows. Didion is not, let me repeat, not a holy figure, nor is she a maternal one. She's cool-eyed and cold-blooded, and that coolness and coldness—chilling, of course, but also bracing—is the source of her fascination as much as her artistry is; the source of her glamour too, and her seductiveness, because she *is* seductive, deeply. What she is is a femme fatale, and irresistible. She's our kiss of death, yet we open our mouths, kiss back.

The subject of this piece, though, is not just a who, Didion, but a what, Hollywood. So to bring them together, which is where they belong, a natural pairing, this: I think that Didion, along with Andy Warhol, her spiritual twin as well as her artistic, created L.A.—that is, modern L.A., contemporary L.A., the L.A. that is synonymous with Hollywood. And I think that Didion alone was the vehicle—or possibly the agent—of L.A.'s destruction. I think that for the city of Los Angeles, Didion is the Ángel de la Muerte.

There. I said it. Now you know why I'm scared. Who wants to get on the Ángel de la Muerte's bad side? Not that I believe I'm going to. Because I have one last thing to add, and I don't care how weird and screw-loose it sounds: I think she wanted me to say it.

An Ingénue, Disingenuous

The Joan Didion who moved from New York to L.A. in June of 1964 was no more Joan Didion than Norma Jeane Baker was Marilyn Monroe, or Marion Morrison was John Wayne, or, for that matter, Andrew Warhola was Andy Warhol. She was a native daughter, but only sort of. The California she grew up in—the Sacramento Valley—was closer in spirit to the Old West than to the sun-kissed, pleasure-mad movie colony. Just shy of 30, she'd recently married Dunne. Both had been working as journalists, she for *Vogue,* he for *Time.* Her first book, a novel, the traditional if not quite conventional *Run River,* had been published the year before. Critics hadn't taken much notice; neither had readers. Hurt, likely a little angry too, she was ready for a new scene. Dunne was equally itchy to blow town. Plus, he had a brother in the industry, Dominick—Nick.

In his memoir *Popism,* Warhol wrote, "The Hollywood we were driving to that fall of '63 was in limbo. The Old Hollywood was finished and the New Hollywood hadn't started yet." Old Hollywood, of course, didn't *know* it was finished. Was carrying on like it was show business as usual. And it still hadn't wised up the following spring when the Didion-Dunnes arrived.

Nick, young though he was, was Old Hollywood. Professionally he hadn't made it: a second-rate producer in a second-rate medium, TV. But socially he'd hit the heights. He and wife Lenny threw lavish, stylish parties, and lots of them. A month before the Didion-Dunnes showed, they'd thrown their most lavish and stylish, a black-and-white ball inspired by the Ascot scene in *My Fair Lady.* (That the ball—a ball!—wasn't in color is a detail almost too on the nose. Soon the whole town would turn psychedelic, and such evenings would seem so old-fashioned as to have been in black and white even if they weren't.) Among the splendidly monochromatic: Ronald and Nancy Reagan, David Selznick and Jennifer Jones, Billy Wilder, Loretta Young, Natalie Wood. Also present, Truman Capote, who, in a gesture either of rip-off or homage, would stage his own black-and-white ball in New York. Nick's invitation would get lost in the mail.

In later years, Didion and Dunne would play a double game with Hollywood: they were participants who were also onlookers; supported by the industry but not owned by it; in the thick of it and above the fray. They seemed much less ambivalent in their early years. In their early years, they wanted in. A line invoked by both so often you know they must have believed it gospel is from F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Last Tycoon:* "We don't go for strangers in Hollywood." How lucky for them then that they were the brother and sister-in-law of Nick, and thus part of the Hollywood family, if poor relations. And, as poor relations, they were given castoffs: clothes, Natalie Wood's (for Didion); houses, too. They rented Sara Mankiewicz's, fully furnished, though Mankiewicz did pack up the Oscar won by her late husband, Herman, for writing *Citizen Kane.*

So Didion and Dunne wanted in and got in, but they wanted in deeper. Hollywood's appeal for writers isn't hard to figure: it's about the only place they can strike it rich. And doing it for the money seems to be how a writer stays respectable, at least in the eyes of fel-

low writers. Says writer Dan Wakefield, a friend of the couple's from New York, "They didn't give a shit about the movies except it was a way to make a lot of money. And I totally respect that." Only maybe the Didion-Dunnes weren't just tricking after all. Wrote Dunne, "The other night, after a screening, we went out to a party with Mike Nichols and Candice Bergen and Warren Beatty and Barbra Streisand. I never did that at *Time.*" They were doing it then for love, too, if not of the movies, of the glamour and celebrity that movies bring. Says writer Josh Greenfeld, a friend of the couple's from L.A., "Joan and John were star fuckers. They wouldn't miss a party. They could do four in a night—come, see what had to be seen, go." And Don Bachardy, the artist and longtime lover of Christopher Isherwood, then a reigning figure on the L.A. literary scene, recalls their ardent pursuit of Isherwood. "They were both highly ambitious, and Chris was a rung on the ladder they were climbing. I don't like to tell on Chris, but he wasn't very fond of either of them. I think he found her clammy." (Isherwood already told on himself. He makes numerous unflattering references to Didion and Dunne—"Mrs. Misery and Mr. Know-All"—in his diaries.)

The basic plan, careerwise, seems to have been that Nick would provide Didion and Dunne with introductions and they'd try their hands, collective—it would be a team effort—at scriptwriting. Their hands would remain idle for seven years, not counting an episode of *Kraft Suspense Theatre.* Well, idle and full. In 1964, Didion struck up a relationship with a magazine highly receptive to her sensibility and interests, *The Saturday Evening Post.* It would become the primary home for her work until its publisher filed for bankruptcy in 1969. And in 1966, she'd have a baby—or, have a baby without quite having had a baby. She and Dunne adopted, at birth, a girl, Quintana Roo. So Didion had plenty to keep her occupied.

Besides, she didn't need the movies to become a star.

A Star Is Born, an Immaculate Conception

In 1968, Didion published *Slouching Towards Bethlehem,* a collection of essays mostly and most strikingly about California, and, with a single exception, composed entirely while living in her new hometown. *Slouching* would become a touchstone for a decade and an era, its readers more than mere readers but followers, devotees, *fans.* The critics were just as beguiled. *The New York Times* called it "a rich display of some of the best prose written today in this country." And the writing *is* great: direct and matter-of-fact, yet lyrical and poetic and hypnotic, too—writing that casts a spell, though whether you've been enchanted or cursed isn't wholly clear. The true triumph of *Slouching,* however, is Joan Didion, or, rather, "Joan Didion," the central character in a book that famously denies that the center exists, or at least that it's capable of holding; also, as it happens, the most enduring creation of Joan Didion.

We're told at *Slouching*'s outset that it was written in a state of acute emotional distress. From the preface: "I went to San Francisco [for the title piece, about the hippie scene in the Haight] because I had not been able to work in some months, had been paralyzed by the conviction that writing was an irrelevant act, that the world as I had understood it no longer existed." And many of the stories "Didion" tells are real-life horror stories: a suburban housewife who, one night when she was out of milk, set fire to her dumb lug of a husband; High Kindergarten, where children were given LSD; Howard Hughes. And yet the tone of the telling is noticeably, conspicuously not horrified; nor is it distressed, or even emotional; it's the opposite, is composed, affectless, flat. There are, I should note, two places in the book where the tone changes, becomes tender. The first is in "John Wayne: A Love Song." (Didion admirers like, I suspect, to believe that that "Love" is ironic—it's not; she's sweet on the Duke, who in his simplicity and stoicism represents to her a masculine ideal.) The second is in "Goodbye to All That," her profile of her young self.

Like Warhol, "Didion" presents herself as an observer—no, a witness—to unspeakable acts. In fact, "Death and Disaster," Warhol's early-60s series depicting all manner of grisliness—car accidents, riots, suicides—could have been the title of *Slouching,* and maybe a better one. (The Yeats reference, in retrospect, seems a little alarmist.) "Didion" is absorbed, intensely, in what's going on around her, but is not involved; her gaze fixed, even salivating, yet also vacant. Her motto might be: See everything, hear everything, do nothing. Still, her nothing *is* something, her extreme passivity a form of extreme aggression. She takes events, people, places that inspire violent and chaotic feelings—passion, hope, terror, despair—and subdues them, controls them, counteracting their awesome power simply by looking at them in a certain way. Her look, Warhol's look, too—it's aestheticizing, providing a psychic distance, a paradoxical kind of a cool. A burned-out cool. A cool that gives off heat.

The Strange Case of Earl McGrath

So New York had missed Didion's star quality, its eye passing right over her. Not L.A., though. (Warhol, too, incidentally, would have to leave New York, go to L.A., to get discovered. It was the Ferus Gallery, on La Cienega, that gave him his big break, his first fine-arts show back in 1962, him and his soup cans.) L.A. knew how to talent-spot. But in 1968, it didn't know much else. It was in a state of flux, or maybe crisis. The culture had swung counter, and the movies hadn't swung along with it, not fully. Nineteen sixty-eight, remember, was the year of John Wayne's *The Green Berets,* about what a super-fantastic idea the Vietnam War was. Music, not movies, had captured the hearts and minds of the younger generation. Old Hollywood, though, now knew it was Old. Wrote Nick Dunne, "Everything was changing. . . . People were starting to smoke pot. . . . Hairdressers started to be invited to parties." And even if it wasn't

"JOAN MADE IT O.K. TO BE SERIOUS ABOUT L.A.," SAYS EVE BABITZ.



1



4



5



7



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY CLARKE/THE CONDÉ NAST ARCHIVE (1, 2); FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOAN DIDION (6); FROM THE EVERETT COLLECTION (7); BY DENIS PIEL (8); JULIAN WASSER (3; 4; 5, JACKET PORTRAIT)



2



3

A STAR IS BORN
(1) Joan in her Trancas kitchen in 1972. **(2)** Quintana, Joan, John, and his nephew Tony that same year. **(3)** Joan in 1968. **(4)** Joan with Quintana in 1968. **(5)** *Play It as It Lays* (1970). **(6)** Joan and John at LAX in 1966. **(7)** A lobby card for 1972's film adaptation of *Play It as It Lays*. **(8)** The couple in New York City in 1983.

6



8



clear what exactly the New was, it was clear that Didion was part of it. She and Dunne began to move in different circles, most notably Earl McGrath's.

Who is Earl McGrath? A mystery man I was never able to solve, is the short answer. Didion dedicated *The White Album,* her essay collection mainly about L.A. during the years she and Dunne and Quintana lived in a house on Franklin Avenue in Hollywood (1966–71), to him, which should give you some idea of his importance to her. He reminds me of Jay Gatsby, not for the obvious reason, though for that reason too—he threw killer parties—but because the claims made about him seem outlandish yet, somehow, plausible: "he ran Bobby Kennedy's career"; "he ran Rolling Stones Records"; "he ran an art gallery"; "he was head of production for Twentieth Century Fox"; "he married an Italian countess"; "he gave Steve Martin his I'm-a-Little-Teapot routine." All of that—some of that, none of that—though, was just a front, a cover. What he did really was get to know the ultra-hip and get them to know each other. Says artist Ron Cooper, "Earl is the Gertrude Stein of our era. He had a salon like Stein. I met Andy Warhol through him and Jack Nicholson and Dennis Hopper and Michelle Phillips and Michael Crichton and Joan and John, of course—and, oh, just an amazing roster of people." Says singer-actress Michelle Phillips, "If you went to Earl's, you were going to a party that you knew was going to be staffed and stuffed with the most interesting, fuckable people, always, always."

Drugs were a big part of the scene. Says writer Eve Babitz, "Mostly pot and acid and speed—Dexedrine, Benzedrine. I thought Joan was more in control than we were, but I reread the *The White Album.* She didn't sound in control, did she?" So was Harrison Ford. Says Babitz, "Harrison was a carpenter then, a terrible one. He built a deck for John Dunne and John was outraged it took so long. John really expected him to build it! And Earl was in love with Harrison. He let Harrison basically get away with murder as far as his carpentry was concerned. But Fred Roos [famed casting director for Francis Ford Coppola] hired Harrison and made him finish his project, and then got him in *Star Wars.*"

Didion's social life was now so vibrant, so vivid, so potent, her imaginative life became vulnerable to it. Says Babitz, "Michelle Phillips told the best stories in town. I remember her once lying down on the floor and telling that amazing story about Tamar Hodel. [Hodel, then 26, decided to kill herself after a love affair ended badly. She asked Phillips, then 17, to help. Phillips, believing it her duty as a friend, agreed. Hodel swallowed a bottle of Seconal. Phillips fell asleep beside her in bed. Fortunately, other friends came home in time to call an ambulance.] I guess Joan was listening."

The Auteur Theory

In 1969, Didion completed her third book, *Play It as It Lays.* "Joan Didion" was back, no matter that she was now called Maria Wyeth, and *Play It* a novel. Maria, a B actress fast sliding down the alphabet, has an estranged director-husband and a brain-damaged child, and is telling her story from a sanatorium. Things she does: has sex, listlessly, takes drugs, also listlessly, bleeds a lot—from a botched abortion—cries even more—from the abortion, but for other reasons, too. In the climactic scene, she cradles her friend, the homosexual producer, BZ, in bed as he overdoses on Seconal (sound familiar?).

Play It is a Hollywood book, not just because it's about Hollywood people, but because it's a book that's also a movie. Didion's the star. (I should mention here that "writer" was only ever her fallback plan; as a child she'd wanted to act.) The author photo on the jacket, taken by Julian Wasser, is an arresting one—Didion was always a shrewd subject, understood how the camera should see her, had an actress's sixth sense about lighting and mood—and shows a young woman, pretty and slight and troubled-looking. Between her fingers, a cigarette, rakishly angled, smolders. All decidedly Mariaish. And if you'd caught the shots of Didion in *Time* in '68 (Wasser again), you'd know that, like Maria, who cruises the nerve pathways of the city to soothe hers—the San Diego Freeway to the Harbor to the Hollywood, and so on—she drives a Corvette. It's a snap to picture her cracking hard-boiled eggs on her steering wheel, drinking Coca-Colas at gas stations.

Stars, though, weren't really stars in Hollywood, directors were. And in *Play It,* Didion was that kind of star, too. If there's a prose equivalent to freeze-frames and jump cuts, this book is full of them; chapters are fractured, one just 28 words long; and the amount of white on the pages makes them look like miniature movie screens. Plus, her eye is eerily close to that of a camera's: all-seeing yet uncaring, a mode of perception both alienated and alienating.

And with *Play It,* Didion was able to return a favor. L.A. discovered Didion; now she was discovering it. Because if *Play It* actually were a movie, surely its opening credits would have read AND INTRODUCING L.A. The L.A. in *Play It* wasn't the L.A. that existed in the popular imagination of the time: a sunny land of innocent, adolescent pleasures, Surfin' U.S.A., Eden before the fall. It's shadow L.A., jaded L.A., and it's hell on earth, or, L.A. being L.A., hell in paradise. It's the L.A. of plastic lemons and silver medallions and masseurs who want to be screenwriters. Didion intended, I think, to write a hate letter to L.A.; it's a love letter, though, in spite of itself. For Auden, L.A. was "The Great Wrong Place." It was for Didion, too, only her Wrong was so Wrong it was Right. She seduced even as she condemned. And there's also this: the fact that Didion, the girl New Journalist, the novelist who'd figured out how to be a female Hemingway (a contradiction in terms, yet she'd done it), chose the city as her subject was its own kind of validation and recommendation. Says Babitz, "Joan made it O.K. to be serious about L.A." Warhol made it O.K. before Didion, but only just. The profane assertion of his *Marilyn Diptych* (1962) was that movie stars had replaced religious icons as objects of worship; and, by extension, that L.A., home of Hollywood, was the country's new spiritual mecca. What's more, L.A., thanks to Warhol and Didion—maybe a handful of others—was becoming the country's new cultural mecca, too. New York? How about Old Hat.

Psycho Killer, *Qui Est-Ce Qu'il Est?*

The times were wild and weird, and getting ever wilder and weirder. Didion was almost uncannily in touch with them. Her health, mental and physical, began to break down. After an attack of vertigo and nausea, she checked herself into a psychiatric clinic. Later she'd write, "An attack of vertigo and nausea does not now seem to me an inappropriate response to the summer of 1968."

As bad as that summer was, though, it would get worse. Dark forces were gathering, gaining momentum. From *The White Album:* "I imagined that my own life was simple and sweet, and sometimes it was, but there were odd things going around town. . . . Everything was unmentionable but nothing was unimaginable." And then the disciples of an aspiring musician and ex-con named Charles Manson slaughtered Sharon Tate, eight months pregnant, and four others at the house Tate rented with husband Roman Polanski on Cielo Drive, and suddenly everything was both. Didion: "Many people I know in Los Angeles believe that the Sixties ended abruptly on August 9, 1969." Perhaps most unsettling of all: there was murder,



ONE HAPPY FAMILY Joan, John, and Quintana, photographed by Julian Wasser in their L.A. home in 1968.

but no murderer, not at first. Says Julian Wasser, "The cops didn't know shit, as usual. Roman took me and Tommy Thompson [a journalist] and a psychic to the house. He'd just gotten back from Europe. It was his first time on the scene. The carpet had a three-foot circle of jellied blood. Roman was crying. He wanted me to take pictures to give to the psychic so he could find out who did it." Says Michelle Phillips, "For a long time, nobody knew it was Manson. Everyone was a suspect. I started carrying a gun in my purse. To me, that was the end of the party."

Manson embodied so many counterculture clichés he was an almost allegorical figure: a singer-songwriter who'd come to L.A. with a guitar and hopes of stardom. You could find one of him on every corner, at least the corners by the Troubadour and the Whisky. Bogeyman as Everyman. And the Manson "Family" was like some grotesque parody of the era's peace-love-and-brotherhood ethos, the monster under the flower child's bed.

Didion and the Manson murders were linked, if only in Didion's mind. She sees occult significance in the fact that Polanski, at a party he attended with Tate, had spilled red wine on the dress she wore to her wedding, and that she and he were godparents to the same child, even if she can't figure out exactly what that significance is, even if her cool intelligence won't allow her to use the word "occult." Yet there's no question of the guilt in her tone. Is that because she felt somehow responsible for him? Did she believe he was a hallucination she'd conjured mid-migraine (her "vascular headache[s] of blinding severity")? A vision sprung to life during her psychic collapse the summer before (from the doctor's report: "In [the patient's] view she lives in a world of people moved by strange, conflicted, poorly comprehended, and, above all, devious motivations")? Her bad juju ("I remember a babysitter telling me that she saw death in my aura") made flesh?

Or maybe these are the wrong questions. Maybe this is the right one: Did Didion believe herself so harmonically—or, rather, disharmonically—in tune with the vibrations being struck around her, so imaginatively sympathetic a participant in her time and place, in the melancholy and despair lurking beneath hippiedom's blissed-out surface, in the hate that is the flip side of the Love Generation, that she became the medium of an evil spirit, the conduit through which it passed into the world, or did she believe she summoned it? In other words, was she Manson's instrument or was he hers?

Who's Afraid of John Gregory Dunne?

John Gregory Dunne was Didion's husband, the father of her child, her first editor—that "in lieu of filing for divorce" clause, written, you'll recall, in 1969, went through his red pencil before *Life*'s—and co-screenwriter. All of which gives you some idea of how essential to her he was. Not the whole idea, though. Here's how essential: without Dunne there would have been no Didion, not Didion as we know Didion. But before I talk about him, I want to talk about Didion's other mate, maybe her soulmate, if only in my imagination, Andy Warhol.

Didion is, and always has been, small, frail, quiet, recessive. As was Warhol. In so many ways, Didion was a Warhol who could

pass, her smallness and frailness registering as pretty, gamine; her quietness and recessiveness as feminine, refined. She was, too, that least threatening figure—a wife. He, in contrast, was homely—blotchy-skinned and bulbous-nosed and bewigged—and obviously sexually Other. His weirdness was unconcealable, writ large. He had no choice but to turn it into personal style. In any case, these two mice became—not just against the odds, but seemingly against nature, certainly against *their* natures—social lions. How?

Entourages. The world's rawness was too much for Warhol. A protective layer was necessary. Says Ferus co-owner Irving Blum, "Andy needed to travel with people—he used them as shields." (It could easily be argued, by the way, that Warhol summoned his evil spirit. Valerie Solanas—a flamboyant oddball, just his type—was a member of his entourage. She'd written a play she thought he was going to produce. When she realized he wasn't, she shot him. In a physical sense, she failed. Not in a metaphysical, though. Once her bullets entered his body on June 3, 1968—the summer that had Didion's head spinning, stomach churning—it was the end of much of what was daring and original in his work.) Entourages, too, were good for the mystique.

Didion's entourage was an entourage of one: Dunne. "Joan was very soft-spoken and shrinking," says Don Bachardy. "John was very talky. He was her mouthpiece." Didion, no doubt, is genuinely introverted. But she's also somebody who, by her own admission, can spend "most of a week writing and rewriting and not writing a single paragraph." She's a control freak, basically. And conversation, as opposed to writing, is interactive, improvisatory. To engage in one you have to renounce a measure of control. Dunne's garrulousness allowed her to take some of that control back, to pick and choose her spots. Says writer David Freeman, "John was the talker. I'll tell you this, though. When she started talking, he knew to shut up."

This, too: while shyness can be a symptom of insecurity, it can also be a weapon in a power play. Says Josh Greenfeld, "Joan's weakness is her strength. It got John to run interference." And run it he did. To get to Didion you had to go through Dunne. This was true socially—at parties, and on the telephone (it was he who always answered). And professionally. He did the meetings and the memos, the pushing around. The last sentence in a fax he sent to the Writers Guild when a studio was slow on payment: "[O]ur position is fuck them, let's arbitrate." He was Didion's protector. And her caretaker. Says writer-actress Jennifer Salt, a one-time neighbor, "John was a very concerned and doting husband. A big part of their life was her migraines."

So, essentially, their marriage was an endless re-enactment of a classic scenario: a damsel in distress, a big strong man coming to her rescue. (Big strong men, we know from Didion's John Wayne profile, are very much her thing.) Or was it? Dot dot dot.

Dunne wasn't Didion's match artistically. Not so much a slight as it might sound. Dunne was a fine writer; Didion just happens to be more than that. And he seemed to have accepted his second-best status. Says Greenfeld, "John told Brian [Moore, the Irish novelist] he was walking on the beach one night and he ran into Jesus and Jesus said, 'I love your wife's work!'" Very smartly, too, Dunne carved out his own literary territory, his interests running to crooked cops and crooked crooks, gangsters and studio heads, i.e., gangsters by another name. Harder for Dunne to accept: that he wasn't Didion's match psychologically either. Greenfeld again: "What you see in CONTINUED ON PAGE 206

The LONG GAME

Several years ago, while on vacation, I was talking in a pool with the actor Ed O'Neill. He was telling me another of his great show-business stories when he said, "You know who you need to meet, who has the best stories? Norman Lloyd. He's in his late 90s. He was in the Mercury Theatre with Orson Welles; he was the saboteur in Alfred Hitchcock's movie; and he was a good friend of Charlie Chaplin. You would love him. It's like he stepped out of another era." I asked Ed to set up a lunch.

Norman, who was 99 at the time, arrived dressed in a snazzy sweater and a hat that used to belong to director Jean Renoir. We talked for hours and he never seemed to tire. His well of stories—about early Hollywood, being blacklisted, working with Hitchcock, playing the headmaster in *Dead Poets Society*—was bottomless. I knew him best as Doctor Auschlander on one of my all-time favorite TV series, *St. Elsewhere*. He talked a lot about tennis; he used to play every week with Chaplin and played doubles regularly until he had to stop last year, at 100.

A few months later I was talking to *Trainwreck* producer Barry Mendel, who had also been at the lunch, and mentioned the idea of casting Norman. He said, "Ask him!" I did, and he said, "Just don't work me more than 12 hours a day." I asked him if someone would accompany him on his flight to New York and would he have anyone with him during the shoot? He told me no, he didn't need anyone. Norman flew in the next day. I asked him whom he knew in New York. He replied, "Let me think. Well, I know Keith Olbermann." Of course he did. Why not? So we had lunch with Keith.

The next day I invited Norman to lunch with Mike Nichols. They didn't know each other, but Norman remembered that they had met: before Mike directed his first film, he asked a friend if he could find a way for him to meet Jean Renoir. The friend said the only person he knew that was close to Renoir was Norman Lloyd. So Mike Nichols met Jean Renoir at Norman Lloyd's home. It was a very special lunch.

Norman was hilarious in *Trainwreck* and lit up the set every moment he was on it. One day, Method Man, who was in the film, explained to Norman what the Wu-Tang Clan was, and he seemed fascinated. Method Man suggested that Norman could replace the late Ol' Dirty Bastard. Norman replied favorably but suggested the name Ol' Dirty Gentleman.

I cherish every moment with Norman. A few months ago, I attended his 101st-birthday party. I joked about how less exciting a 101st-birthday party is than a 100th-birthday party. It's like when a Jewish kid turns 14. Recently, he told me he wasn't able to have lunch with me because he was having minor surgery on his leg. I asked him what was wrong, and he said, "That's what happens when you kick too much ass!"

—JUDD APATOW

STYLED BY JENNY RICKER; GROOMING BY CHRISTINA GUERRA; SET DESIGN BY NICK TORTORICI; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

PHOTOGRAPH BY ART STREIBER



Norman Lloyd, photographed at home in Pacific Palisades, California.

LLOYD WEARS A SWEATER AND T-SHIRT BY TOMMY HILFIGER TAILORED; PANTS BY BROOKS BROTHERS.

The Mu

Oscar-winning singer, pianist, and composer Randy Newman is now the patriarch of a clan that has helped shape movie music since the dawn of the talkies. With Randy's first album of new material in eight years due this summer (and his score for *Toy Story 4* in the works), DAVID KAMP chronicles the Newman version of the American Dream



sic Men



STYLED BY JUSTIN D. KENNEDY; GROOMING BY ADRIENNE LYNN BOOTH; SET DESIGN BY MATTHEW DAVIDSON. PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY CAROL COHEN; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

WE BELONG TOGETHER Tom, David, and Randy Newman, on the Paramount back lot, in Hollywood, with a 1956 Plymouth Sport Suburban.

PHOTOGRAPH BY **SAM JONES**

Suppose, for a moment, that teens and electric guitars hadn't won. Suppose that pop music—in the pre-modern sense of the term, as in American popular song, the kind of music once enjoyed by grown-ups and kids alike, from the time of Stephen Foster to the heydays of Scott Joplin, George M. Cohan, Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, George and Ira Gershwin, Hoagy Carmichael, Duke Ellington, Frank Loesser, and Burt Bacharach—had continued to flourish. Not in opposition to rock, but alongside it. And not in that proficient but retro-skewing Connick-Bublé way, but progressively, with new wrinkles and developments coming year after year.

It's a notion that Randy Newman has often contemplated, especially when he thinks back to his early recording career. His eponymous debut album, released in June 1968, was heavy on strings and light on drums, its songs at once tuneful and outré, describable only in odd compound terms like "movingly sarcastic" (the bum's-eye-view ballad "I Think It's Going to Rain Today") and "mordantly tender" (the album's opener, "Love Story," whose young narrator envisions his and his girl's entire future together, all the way to being sent away by their children to a retirement home, where they'll "play checkers all day, 'til we pass away").

Big arrangements came naturally to Newman; his uncle Alfred, the oldest of his father's six brothers, had from 1940 to 1960 been the musical director of Twentieth Century Fox, overseeing what was widely regarded as the best studio orchestra in Hollywood. Two other uncles, Emil and Lionel, were also composer-conductors. Why not wed that heritage to contemporary pop songs? For Randy and a few young compatriots in his native Los Angeles, including his fellow singer-songwriter Harry Nilsson and the two men who produced *Randy Newman,* Lenny Waronker and Van Dyke Parks, the late 60s were a time of open-ended pop possibility.

"There were records made that just didn't pay any attention to rock 'n' roll, almost," Newman told me at his house in Pacific Palisades, on an aptly Newman-ish day of torrential downpours in a city that otherwise seldom sees gray skies. "It was like [*naïve, dreamy voice*] 'Oh, we're going to have a new kind of music, an opportunity to do different things.'" Parks, just a few months ahead of Newman, had put out his own esoteric, richly orchestral debut, *Song Cycle,* and Nilsson, in 1969, recorded a piano-and-voice album wholly devoted to Newman's songs. He called it *Nilsson Sings Newman,* a conscious evocation of *Ella Sings Gershwin* and the other "songbook" albums that Ella Fitzgerald had made in the 50s and 60s, each devoted to a canonical 20th-century songwriter. Exciting times: the Great American Songbook, presumed bound and finished, was about to have some strange new chapters glued into it.

But the dream didn't pan out; those late-60s albums got good reviews but didn't sell. Another ambitious album of the period, also of young-composer provenance and non-rock atmosphere, the Beach Boys' *Smile,* with music by Brian Wilson and lyrics by Parks, was famously abandoned by Wilson, left incomplete. And, lo, the choogling rock hegemony prevailed. Newman described the new American music that he and his colleagues were attempting as "a branch of *Homo* that didn't become *Homo sapiens.* It was like *Homo robustus*—well, no, because *robustus* wouldn't be the right name for not having a drum. Back then, I felt it was almost like cheating to have a drum. *Homo habilis,* maybe?"

He went on: "I've often wondered if I'd have kept going in that direction, accompanying myself with an orchestra and taking things apart, what I'd have been. I think I'd have been interesting, right? But I don't know whether anyone would have subsidized me, or found me as interesting as I did."

The Family Business

As it is, things turned out O.K. for the songwriter, who turned 72 last November. He has managed, over nearly half a century, to find major record labels more than happy to subsidize him (he is currently with Nonesuch, a division of Warner Bros., where his recording career began), and, this summer, he will release his 12th, as yet untitled, studio album. In the time since he last put



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY NEWMAN (RANDY, BOTTOM); FROM PHOTOFEST (ALFRED)

A PIANO MATERIALIZED IN RANDY'S ROOM WHEN HE WAS FIVE— "IN CASE I WAS MOZART."





THE PATRIARCHS *Clockwise from above:* Randy, photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Sony Pictures Studios, 2002; Randy at the piano, circa 1970; a publicity still of Alfred Newman, 1946.

out a new album of original songs, 2008's *Harps and Angels,* he has been inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame (in 2013) and honored in Vienna with the Max Steiner Film Music Achievement Award (in 2014), named for the Austrian-born composer whose scores for such films as *King Kong* and *Gone with the Wind* helped legitimize movie music as a calling and an art.

As part of the Vienna festivities, Newman conducted a section of his score for *The Natural* and then handed the baton to his cousin David Newman, one of Alfred's sons and an eminent film composer in his own right (*Ice Age, Hoffa, Anastasia*), who led the orchestra through passages from Randy's soundtracks for such films as *Ragtime, Avalon,* and *A Bug's Life.* At the concert's end, Randy rejoined the orchestra, sitting at the piano to sing his universally known song from *Toy Story,* "You've Got a Friend in Me."

Newman won his first Oscar in 2002, for the song "If I Didn't Have You," from *Monsters, Inc.,* after losing out the initial 15 times he was nominated. ("I don't want your pity," he joked to the audience in response to their standing ovation.) He has since won a second Oscar, in 2011, for the song "We Belong Together," from *Toy Story 3,* securing his place both as a decorated practitioner of the family business, film music (Alfred won nine Academy Awards, more than anyone except Walt Disney and the production designer Cedric Gibbons), and as Alfred's heir as the wise old head of the Newman family—"kind and approachable, very patriarchal, but sort of second-generation patriarchal," as his cousin Thomas Newman, David's younger brother, put it. Tom Newman, too, is a big-deal film composer, a 13-time Oscar nominee who has collaborated regularly with Steven Soderbergh, Andrew Stanton, and Sam Mendes. The current Academy Award nominee *Bridge of Spies* and the next big Pixar release, *Finding Dory,* are among his recent credits. David and Tom's sister Maria is a composer and an in-demand violinist and violist for film-scoring sessions,

and one of Lionel's grandsons, Joey Newman, composes the music for such TV series as *The Middle* and *The Mysteries of Laura.*

Still, for all the accolades and admiration directed Randy's way, Newman, by dint of his inherent sardonic nature, can't help but regard with amused resignation the disconnect between the connoisseur's Randy Newman and the popularly known Randy Newman: between the fearlessly acerbic cult artist revered in critical quarters for such flawless albums as *Sail Away* and *Good Old Boys* and the rumpled fellow in thick eyeglasses who sings those amiably shuffling ditties in Pixar films and managed a fluke hit in 1977 with "Short People," and whose ambivalent tribute to his hometown, "I Love L.A.," is the official victory song of both the Dodgers and the Lakers.

The very first thing he brought up, unbidden, as we sat down to talk was a 2012 episode of *South Park* titled "Raising the Bar," in which he is repeatedly ridiculed. "My character was saying, 'I only know five chords!' I think they were mad at me for using a limited harmonic vocabulary in the Pixar movies," he said. "They had me down at the bottom of the sea, trying to 'lower the bar' of quality, of art. And James Cameron was going down there, in a bathysphere, to stop me from lowering the bar any lower. Because I'm such a populist hack."

I asked Newman if he was wounded by the parody. "No, not wounded," he said. "But I thought, This is an odd place for me to reside. You know, for *James Cameron* to come down—who's made more money than anyone in the history of show business, and done the most populist things in show business—keeping *me,* who's had one accidental novelty hit, from lowering the bar!"

Newman noted with bemusement that a Quebec-based Web site had recently ranked him at number 39 on its list of the world's 100 richest musicians, with a net worth of more than $100 million—a figure he described as "my income misjudged by an exponential level. It's not even remotely close. Those guys are either fans of mine or they want the government to investigate me."

Nevertheless, Newman grants that he has led something of a charmed life, even if the albums he puts out under his own name achieve only bijou sales. "I wanted people who really were into music and stuff to think I was good—and they did," he said. Elvis Costello, in a telephone interview, went further than merely affirming that Newman is good, acknowledging a significant artistic debt. "I had all his albums from day one, as quickly as they came out," he said. "Before I found the songwriting voice I became known for—this is around 1975, in the shadow of *Good Old Boys*—the songs I was writing were very much embedded in Randy's sensibility. I didn't quite have the sophistication to pull it off, but he helped me get to where I was going."

Factor in Newman's gift for genuinely affecting heartbreak songs ("just this side of maudlin," as he put it)—from "Living Without You," on his first album, to "Losing You," on *Harps and Angels*—and the reality emerges that Newman actually *has* cracked the Great American Songbook, if not in quite the way he imagined when young. "I Think It's Going to Rain Today," "Sail Away," "You Can Leave Your Hat On," "Louisiana 1927," "Feels Like Home"—these are all songs of his that behave like standards, covered by a wide range of artists and dressed up or down in all manner of musical styles.

Newman further has a knack for writing songs that, while not quite *Daily Show*–topical, are so attuned to what's going on in the U.S. that they become predictive, articulating uncomfortable thoughts that are in the air but had theretofore gone unarticulated. "Louisiana 1927," a flood song released in 1974, became New Orleans's de facto anthem post-Katrina, in 2005, its refrain of "They're tryin' to wash us away" capturing the city's feeling of helplessness in the face of governmental indifference. "Korean Parents," from 2008, made the same argument as *Battle Hymn of the Tiger Mother* (albeit with tongue in cheek) three years before that nuisance Amy Chua showed up. And "The Great Nations of Europe," from 1999, a rousingly arranged chronicle of how the 16th-century apex of the Age of Discovery wrought havoc on the lands its explorers "discovered," uncannily anticipated the current campus and Op-Ed debates over the historical figures for whom we name buildings and holidays. Christopher Columbus, in Newman's lyric, thoughtlessly spreads disease among the indigenous peoples he encounters, giving them "TB and typhoid and athlete's foot, diptheria and the flu / 'Scuse me, Great Nations comin' through!"

Newman is writing the score for Pixar's *Toy Story 4,* due in 2018. Though his two career tracks, of devilish songsmithery and innocuous movie commissions, may occasionally seem to be at cross-purposes—can the nice man telling us we've got a friend in him really be the same person who sings, in the opening lines of his 1974 album, *Good Old Boys,* "Last night I saw Lester Maddox on a TV show with some smart-assed New York Jew"?—they both speak to what Lenny Waronker, Newman's oldest friend and frequent producer, describes as "Randy's ability to make music *look like* something, where you can literally see the place he's writing about." This ability might fairly be called a family inheritance.

Escape to L.A.

As boys in the late 1940s and 50s, Newman and Waronker spent time on Stage 1 of the Twentieth Century Fox lot on Pico Boulevard, watching the great Alfred Newman conduct. Waronker's father, Simon, known as Si, was Al Newman's lieutenant, a former violinist who, realizing his limitations as a player, reinvented himself as the Fox orchestra's contractor, in charge of hiring and dismissing musicians. Si Waronker grew close to Al's brothers, in particular Randy's father, Irving, a physician. Lenny, born in 1941, was two years older than Randy, but the two boys were best buddies more or less from the nursery onward.

In those days, before Pro Tools, click tracks, and little video monitors, the sight of movie music being made was a majestic thing to behold: Al Newman on the podium, arms waving, eyes trained on a giant screen before him, watching a projection of a work print of the newest Fox movie—*All About Eve,* perhaps, or *The Robe*—while an 85-piece orchestra faced him, following his cues. (The senior Newman and his orchestra make a rare on-screen appearance at the beginning of Fox's 1953 CinemaScope confection *How to Marry a Millionaire,* performing the overture in formal concert dress.)

The boys sat right on the soundstage, in chairs some distance from the musicians. "Everything was recorded live," Waronker said. "A bell would go off, and you couldn't say a thing; you couldn't move. It screwed me up—it still does. When I listen to music, I can't stand people talking or walking around. It all had a major impact on me. And, certainly, on Randy."

"It was a hell of a sound to hear," Newman said. "I remember it as an actual something I *felt.*" For Randy, a musical career was essentially foreordained. Irving, his father, wrote songs his whole life and played the clarinet when young, but his ability didn't measure up to his composer brothers'; he was the rare Jew who felt he had let down his family by falling into medicine. There would be no such fate for Randy. When he was five a piano materialized in his room—"in case I was Mozart," he said.

The musical Newmans are as storied an Old Hollywood family as the Goldwyns, Warners, or Zanucks, if less recognized as such. As is often the case where Old Hollywood is concerned, the roots lie in the shtetl. Much as Schmuel Gelbfisz, a penniless 19th-century child of Warsaw, evolved into the Thalberg Award–winning CONTINUED ON PAGE 203

BONNIE HAMMER

It's not just a place, writes NBCUniversal's cable chief. It's a state of mind

I spend most of my time away from Hollywood—in fact, I live in Connecticut, 2,797 miles northeast of Hollywood and Vine. But because of my longtime career in the entertainment business, I live a Hollywood life; it's always part of my daily routine.

My Hollywood, in large part, is a "virtual Hollywood." I'll close my eyes, take a beat, and, with apologies to the great New York laureate Billy Joel, I'll get my head into a Hollywood state of mind.

It's a perfect escape because that's what Hollywood's all about: dreams. For as long as it's existed, it's been a destination for people who have aspired to better lives and better selves—a place of endless possibility, invention, and reinvention, of aspiration and inspiration. There's an abundance of hope in Hollywood, as if it's fueled by the sun, and maybe it is.



CABLE GAL Hammer in her Universal City office.

Hope is a key ingredient in what drives creativity—the hope of bringing to life what exists in the imagination, of transforming the ordinary into the extraordinary—so it's completely logical that Hollywood is the entertainment capital of the world. It's full of people bursting with the desire to make the world laugh, cry, think.

There are many roads to Hollywood. I was never one of those lured there by the magic it offers. I'm a Brooklyn-born, Queens-raised, Manhattan-honed New York gal, who entered college with only the vaguest ideas about what was coming next. But a passion for photography led to a job in TV production (which I loved) and that was that. It put me on a westward path that got more and more traveled over the years, but always with a return ticket back East.

> "Friendships and working relationships are blurred in a perpetual haze."

Of course, I'm only one of legions of New Yorkers who have made that trek. Many of them have put down permanent stakes and thrived. I can't help thinking their success has something to do with the fact that their native city toughened them and, thanks to a combination of sometimes harsh Mother Nature and always hectic Manhattan nurture, somehow affected their DNA. They have achieved a terrific balance in a place where their intense energy can flow freely in bright, open expanses.

I feel lucky that I can approach something like that balance, too, even in the midst of madness, by tapping into that idyllic space . . . my Hollywood state of mind.

I imagine the sun on my face and the gentle breezes and the light sweater that's all you need to face the elements—unlike the locals, who often require down jackets when the temperature dips below 70.

I picture sitting and talking and sharing ideas at meetings with creative colleagues who have the amazing power to tell compelling stories. I think of cool nights and outdoor dinners—relaxed even when you're talking business, because friendships and working relationships are blurred in a perpetual haze.

I smile at the thought of getting buffed and polished and all gussied up in dresses you can't breathe in and shoes you can't walk in to be surrounded by impossibly beautiful people who are inevitably taller or shorter or thinner than they look on-screen. Or nicer or nastier than the characters they play.

And I marvel at the crazy fact that I get to experience all this and more.

My Hollywood is a place where anything can happen, where dreams can become reality, and reality often morphs into fiction. It's a place where people's day jobs create magic. □

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN SCANLON/ARTMIX/CPI SYNDICATION

In Corleon

As a third act, Francis Ford Coppola has poured much of his energy into his wines and his resorts. But even as he summons RICH COHEN to Italy, to experience his new gem—the Palazzo Margherita, in his grandfather's birthplace, Bernalda—the filmmaker is at work on a daringly innovative project that will revisit the themes that have always obsessed him and reveal his vision for the future of film

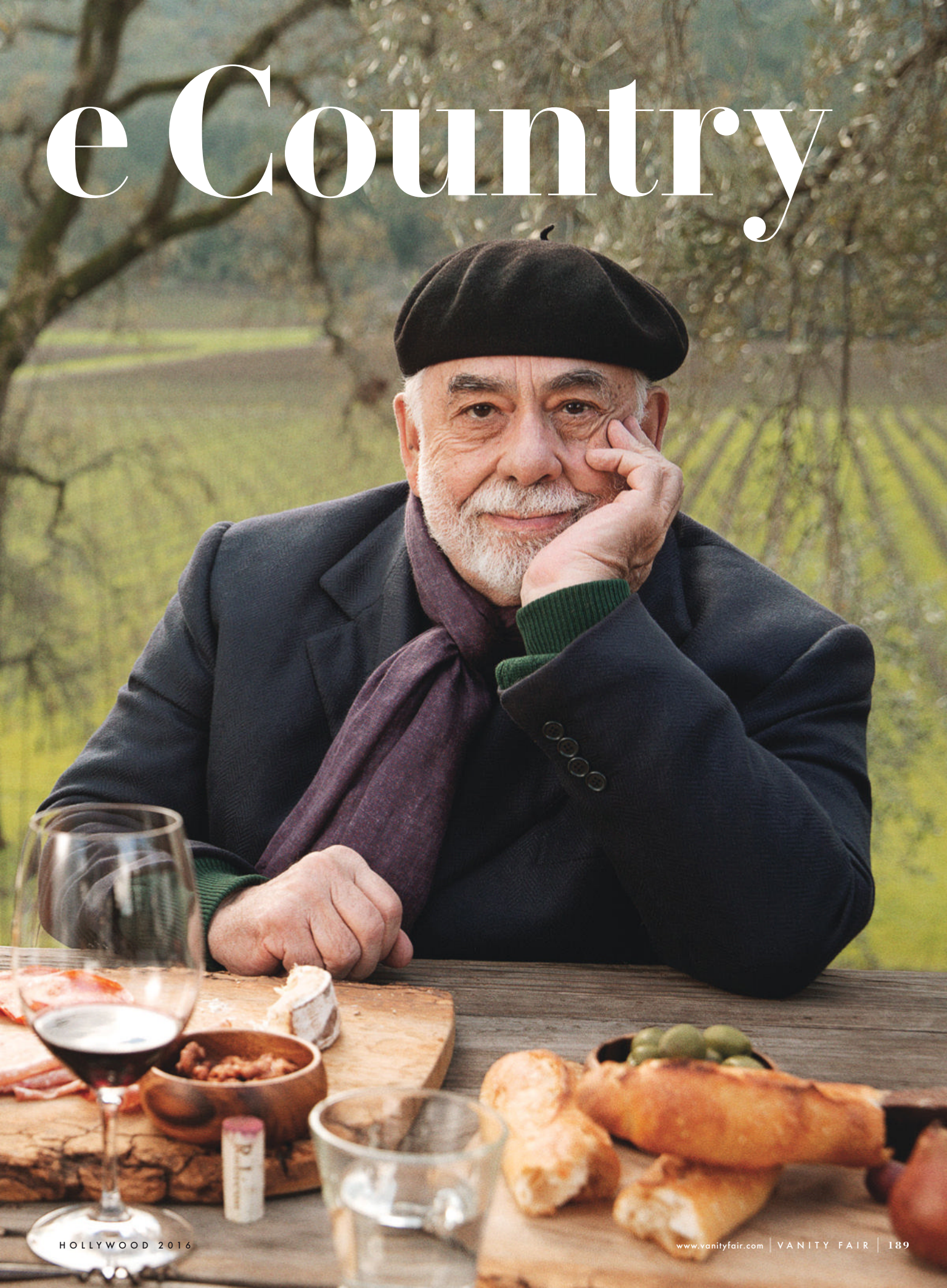


VINTAGE BLEND
Francis Ford Coppola, photographed at his Inglenook winery, in the Napa Valley, California.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES

HAIR PRODUCTS BY ORIBE; GROOMING PRODUCTS BY KIEHL'S; GROOMING BY KATIE NEUTZ. FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS.

e Country





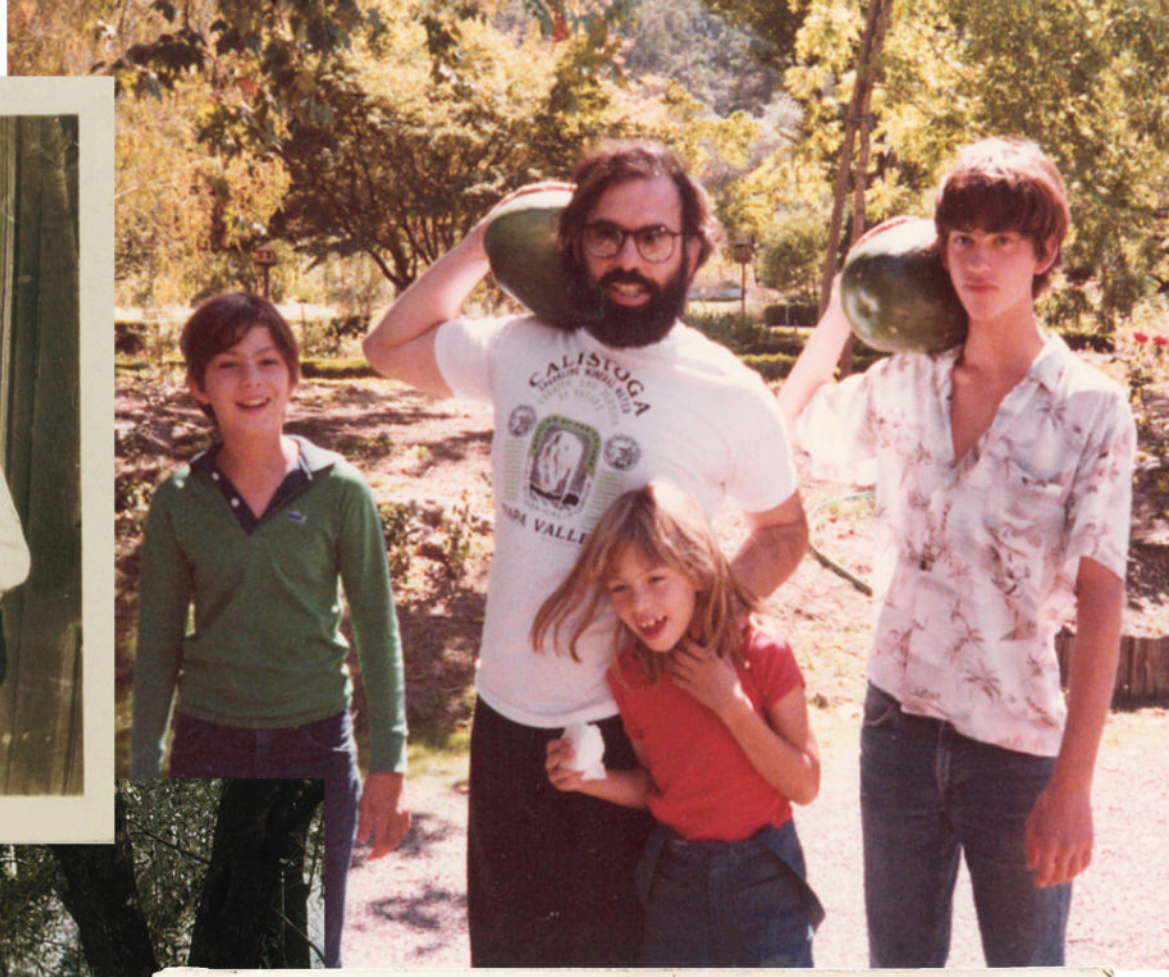
In my family, there's no distinction between *The Godfather* and theology. We are encouraged to study the movies for signs and portents and use its plot points and aphorisms as a life guide. When offering exegesis on a particular scene, we are, in the way of scholars, to refer to GF1, GF2, or the non-canonical GF3. Because of the films, we know to never let anyone outside the family in on what we're thinking, to keep our friends close but enemies closer, to control our women when they get out of hand on the dance floor. (If we don't, someone else will.) On many occasions, as I was leaving the house, my father called me back, saying, "Sit with me and watch *The Godfather* and learn something. Your brother, he's a lot like Sonny. He's a good son but emotional. A good son, but not necessarily a good don."

"What about me. Who am I like?"

This was me being weak, fishing for compliments, expecting, as the youngest brother, to be compared to Michael. "You," my father would say, eyes on the screen. "You are like Fredo. You've got a good heart."

Like millions of Americans, I've long been infatuated with Francis Ford Coppola, director of those movies. I love many of his films—*The Conversation*, *Apocalypse Now, The Outsiders*—but *The Godfather* is special. *The Godfather* is the Bible of American Life, the story of our grandparents who fled Poland and Russia and Ireland and wherever in just the way Vito Corleone fled Sicily. The particulars were different, but the violence was the same, the crossing, and hope, and promise of the New World. Meeting Coppola would be like meeting the scribe who wrote the books of Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, which tell the story of King David, a story *The Godfather*









FAMILY GUY

Clockwise from above: Francis, with his father, composer Carmine Coppola, in the early 1970s; Francis, daughter Sofia, and wife Eleanor, with Francis's 1930s Cord convertible, in the Napa Valley, 1993; Francis's grandfather Agostino Coppola (center) with brothers Michele and Emanuele, in East Harlem, 1930; Francis with children Roman, Sofia, and Gian-Carlo, in the Napa Valley, 1978.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ORETO GHI (CORD); COURTESY OF AMERICAN ZOETROPE (ALL OTHERS)

seems to mimic and elaborate on. For what is young Michael Corleone, the overlooked baby brother who suddenly finds himself battling a crooked monster cop, but young David with his slingshot and pebble? And what is old Michael Corleone, the black heart who puts a hit on his own brother, but old King David, who has sinned and must be punished. I've tried to meet Coppola time and again, but he does not talk much to reporters. A few months ago I finally got my chance. Of course, by the time I'd managed it, he was old, a lion in winter, at work on perhaps his final film. In the way of old men, he's got a keen interest in real estate, particularly his vineyards and resorts. In fact, in preparation for the interview, he wanted me to visit one of his proudest possessions, the Palazzo Margherita, in Bernalda, Italy. After I'd lingered in the rooms of the hotel and walked the streets of that tiny, sunstruck hilltop town, we'd talk.





PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF AMERICAN ZOETROPE (WINERY); FROM MILESTONE MEDIA/BAUERGRIFFINONLINE.COM (WEDDING); BY GUNDOLF PFOTENHAUER (PALAZZO MARGHERITA, SOFIA SUITE)

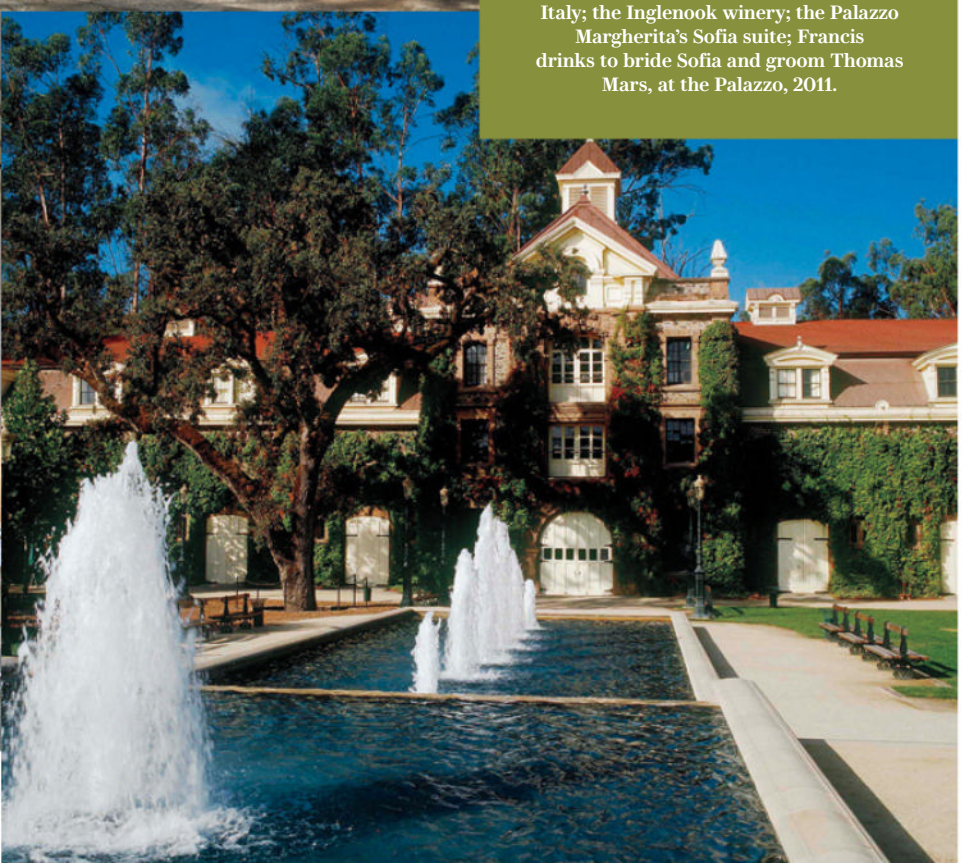
Adam and Eve and the Old Don

The Palazzo turned out to be the perfect place to prepare for my rendezvous with Coppola. In many ways, the resort and the town seem to be in dialogue with *The Godfather,* especially GF2. The shadows, the winding cobblestone lanes, the way many streets end at a cliff—immortality, death—the surprisingly blue skies; the men at sidewalk tables, beneath awnings, sitting over porcelain cups filled with coffee as black as tar and as intense as anisette, the drink Johnny Ola asks for when he sits with Michael in Nevada to discuss "the Jew in Miami"; the high-ceilinged rooms—they go for as much as $1,950 a night—the villa itself, which Coppola purchased from a pair of elderly sisters; the arches that lead to the enclosed garden where Sofia Coppola married Thomas Mars, of the band Phoenix, and which is said to be the only 19th-century Italian-style garden in Basilicata, a wild region of Southern Italy once filled with brigands—it's all straight out of the movies. Coppola's Uncle Anton, last of his generation, said he expected to see Adam and Eve in that garden, but most of us will be on the lookout for the Old Don, cutting an orange peel into fangs, chasing his grandson through the tomato plants in those last happy moments.

There's a big room on the second floor that doubles as a theater. I sat there one afternoon and watched GF2, in which Vito returns to Corleone, Sicily, to fulfill a vendetta. Watching







CINEMA PARADISO
Clockwise from above: Coppola's Palazzo Margherita hotel, in Bernalda, Italy; the Inglenook winery; the Palazzo Margherita's Sofia suite; Francis drinks to bride Sofia and groom Thomas Mars, at the Palazzo, 2011.

it in this place was strange. It was like being a Jew at the Western Wall, a Muslim making the hajj, or a Cubs fanatic at Wrigley Field. I'd reached the navel of the world, passed through the screen into the backstory. Coppola wanted me to visit partly because the Palazzo says much about him, partly because it needs publicity. These days, it's not the movies but the hotels and wines that fund the private jet and make the nut. The Palazzo is a gem, but there's no standard touristy reason to visit. Bernalda is not Fiesole, nor Como. It's an hour from any major airport, adjacent to no famous cathedral or ruin. The countryside is beautiful but poor. So, how to fill the joint? Obvious. This is *Godfather* Fantasy Camp, where the pilgrim gets closest to the holy emanation.

Fulfilling a Vendetta

I met Coppola in Rome. He was staying at the Ruspoli Palace, once the home of Napoleon III. His room was up a broad flight of marble stairs. The door to it was like I imagine the door in Kafka that leads to the Law, ornate and huge and probably made from a tree that stood in the time of Jesus. Inside, I found Coppola in a pink bathrobe—initials on the lapel—showing lots of leg and chest hair, thickly bearded and bedheaded, reeking of jet lag as he circled a silver room-service tray. He shook my hand. The thickness of his palm surprised me. He'd been an accomplished musician as a kid, but this was less the grip of an artist than of a stevedore. Of course, he was not a flutist like his father but a tuba player, which has always been a preserve of the large-boned. There is, in fact, something bearish about Coppola, messy and warm. He sat on an antique bench beneath a window. He crossed his legs at the ankle, but his knees fell apart and his robe gapped open. He'd have been a great doctor. His presence puts you immediately at ease. He smiled as he talked, looked into the distance, laughed. He's interested in immigrants, origins. Many of his films are set in far-flung places. Yet he remains a purely American character.

He wanted to know what I thought of the Palazzo.

I asked how he'd come to buy the place.

It turns out that Bernalda is the town his grandfather left early in the 20th century for America. Agostino Coppola had been a machinist and, as such, knew the Palazzo only as the home of aristocrats. He possibly had an affair with a maid in that house, thus entered not via grand front door and foyer but trellis and window. "My grandfather was very charismatic, and, although he died when I was five, I remember him vaguely," Coppola told me. "He was always talking about Bernalda *bella*. It was almost like a fairy tale to me. When I was 21, I got to go to Europe work-



ing in low-budget movies and I found myself in Yugoslavia and realized that Italy was right across the Adriatic. I put my car on a ferry and drove to Bernalda. No one in my family had gone back, not the grandfather, not the uncles. I was the first. I went to this little village and I couldn't speak Italian. I could say 10 words, you know, and I said, 'I'm Francis Coppola, grandson of Agostino Coppola—did anyone know him?' And this old lady said she was a *prima cugina,* a first cousin." She took him home, introduced him around. "Then it was getting late and I said, 'Is there a hotel somewhere?' And they said, 'No, no, you're going with the *sposi.*' *Sposi* means wedding couple; they'd just gotten married. In the bedroom there were all the gifts, and there was one bed. The husband comes out in pajamas and goes to the bed and says, 'Signore Franco.' I realized I'm going to sleep with the husband. I don't know what happened to the wife; she was probably out with the donkey."

STRUCK GOLD Francis and his father with their Academy Awards for *The Godfather Part II,* 1975.

Coppola was born in Detroit, where his father played flute on a weekly radio program. That's where he got the evocative middle name: *The Ford Sunday Evening Hour.* The family returned to New York soon after, and F.F.C. grew up in Queens and suburban Long Island. Sonny Corleone rolling up to the tollbooth marshes might as well have been F.F.C.'s father, Carmine, returning from another frustrating day of unfulfilling work. ("All he wanted was to write music and conduct," but for years he struggled, Coppola told me.) Coppola's perspective comes from that house and the politics of birth order. His is the classic middle-child sensibility: too early and too late, left out but never free. "There were the three of us," he explained. "My older brother, me, and my sister, Talia"—actress Talia Shire. "Talia was great-looking. My mother was beautiful, and my brother was like a movie star. Me? I was regular . . . " He hesitates, frowns. "That's when everything is imprinted; whatever's going to be imprinted, it's all imprinted on you before you're five.

"Since I'm getting old, am old, I am celebrated, and they make a fuss over me, and it makes me uncomfortable because as a kid I was extremely lonely," Coppola added. "I didn't realize that it's good to be alone. I wanted to have a girlfriend, to be one of the group. Then I realized, whether you're a nebbish who no one knows or the king of the world, you're an outsider. I'm uncomfortable when I'm singled out. It makes me feel like an outsider again. I like it when they say, 'Oh, there's Francis and George and Marty and Brian De Palma.' What I really wanted to be was one of the gang."

Coppola contracted polio when he was nine. He spent a year in bed, read, and watched TV. He wrote plays for his siblings. His career as an impresario begins with this simple motivation: by putting on shows, he filled his room with people. Otherwise, he was a sick kid alone.

He made a good recovery but never settled into a normal kid's life. His father moved the family from place to place, following work. By his own count, Francis went to 24 different schools, eventually graduating from Great Neck High. At Hofstra University, he gave himself over to theater. He began apprenticing for Roger Corman, the great schlock producer-director, while still a student at U.C.L.A. film school. Coppola worked on several movies with Corman, including *The Premature Burial* and *Battle Beyond the Sun.* In 1962, Corman hired Coppola to direct his own screenplay *Dementia 13.* From there, F.F.C. went on to direct a handful of distinctive films. *You're a Big Boy Now. Finian's Rainbow. The Rain People.* By the late 60s, he'd surrounded himself with young filmmakers. In search of family, company, and conversation that goes all night, he'd put together a kind of avant-garde. Lucas. Spielberg. And a little later, Scorsese. Editor and sound engineer Walter Murch. And don't forget writer-director John Milius, the gun-loving anarchist who gave us *Big Wednesday, Red Dawn, Conan the Barbarian.* Several of them moved to San Francisco, where F.F.C. started his own studio, American Zoetrope. "I remember sitting with George Lucas when we were founding the company and we were full of dreams," Coppola told me. "We talked about the amount of money we would want to have someday—enough to have a Ferrari and have everything, but not so much that people would hate you and kidnap your kids—a lot but not too much. We decided it was $20 million. Now George has $6 billion."

I asked Coppola why he became the leader of that group, the center of that wheel.

"I had theater experience, which no one else really had," he told me. "And the theater is different than cinema; theater is a little family and you go after rehearsal to have coffee and you see the girl in the chorus and wish you knew her better, and it's like *La Bohème,* whereas in cinema you are alone in a room editing. So when I started my company, I said, Let's all move to San Francisco and we'll be in a more bohemian city, we'll sit in cafés, like the Beat Generation. So I gathered George, who was the younger brother I never had, and Marty, who is from an Italian-American family similar to mine. Like Bobby De Niro is sort of Italian but didn't have that culture in the home like I did, so I feel very close to Marty.

"Marty is brilliant without a doubt, but he was troubled when he was younger," Coppola went on. "So I was interested in him, again, like a brother. There was a real family feeling amongst that group. I cooked for them, and we had our own place and facility. All we could afford was good sound equipment . . . so we developed movies with great soundtracks: *Star Wars, Apocalypse Now.* So we did make a contribution."

I asked about Scorsese, particularly about the difference between *The Godfather* and *Goodfellas. Goodfellas,* great as it is, always seemed to me a riff or comment on Coppola's trilogy. *The Godfather* is Bible. *Goodfellas* is Talmud. *The Godfather* is Opera. *Goodfellas* is Rock 'n' Roll. There is in fact a bit of dialogue in GF2, spoken by Corleone capo Frank Pentangeli, that perfectly explains the difference between the movies. "Mike, I don't understand, I don't—look—I don't have your brain—uh—for big deals—but this is a street thing." "Marty knew a lot more about those kind of people than I did because he lived right in the city, in Little Italy, on Elizabeth Street," Coppola said. "I lived on Long

"THE CREATIVE PROCESS OF MAKING WINE AND MAKING A FILM IS IDENTICAL."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL MONTFORT/MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES

Island and my family were musicians. Even Mario Puzo, who wrote the book, didn't know anything about the real guys like Marty did. Marty saw it firsthand. Mario didn't, but really did it through research. All those sayings, you know, 'I'll make him an offer he can't refuse,' were things his mother used to say." As an example of how much he and Puzo got wrong, he said, "He would never be called Don Corleone. He'd be called Don Vittone. Like if you wanted to call me Don, you would call me Don Francesco or Don Ciccio. You wouldn't call me Don Coppola. Yet because of the book and the film's impression, the world says Don Corleone even though in Italian that's the stupidest. It shows you know nothing."

The World as It Actually Works

Coppola's first great accomplishment, the thing that put him on the map, came not as a director but as a screenwriter. In 1970 he won an Oscar for his screenplay for *Patton,* co-written with Edmund H. North. That script, and the resulting movie, starring George C. Scott, captures the postwar spirit. Like *The Godfather,* it's a parable. The General in riding britches, with horsewhip—memories of cavalry days—stands before an oversize Stars and Stripes, presenting America as a new Rome, his talk as sharply aphoristic as that of the Don: "Now I want you to remember that no bastard ever won a war by dying for his country. He won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country." Or, later in the film: "Fixed fortifications are monuments to the stupidity of man. If mountain ranges and oceans can be overcome, then anything built by man can be overcome." Between these pictures, you have Pax Americana, the upper world and underworld, the official and unofficial, the immigrant and blueblood, the bravado and bluff.

Patton opened doors for Coppola, afforded opportunities, one being the chance to direct a major studio picture. *The Godfather* was not a glory assignment. The book had been a best-seller, but the project had been kicking around, considered and rejected by various directors before F.F.C. was brought on by Paramount's producing genius, Bob Evans. Coppola suspects he was hired mostly for his vowel-rich name, which would lend the production a certain authenticity. Goddammit, they wanted an Italian! What's more, the genre itself, the gangster picture, which reached operatic heights in the 30s with films like *Little Caesar* and *Angels with Dirty Faces,* seemed finished by 1971, bled out like one of its gunshot extras. It seemingly had nothing left to say. Coppola and Puzo tackled this problem the way the Pentagon tackles a war that seems too nasty, too small. They enlarged it, putting the old-time hood of Cagney or Bogart into a shadow-filled back office where he can hold court and dispense justice like a king.

What explains the success of *The Godfather,* released to rapturous reviews in 1972?

It was partly the tremendous cast of young, relatively unknown actors, a future A-list in neonatal form. Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, James Caan. Brando was the only star, and he'd reached a level of wackiness that made him almost unemployable. It was partly the mood of the movie, which hit the *Zeitgeist.* It was the era of Watergate, wiretapping, break-ins, enemies lists. Nixon and his capos—Haldeman, Ehrlichman—stood around the big desk in the Oval Office plotting the demise of their Sollozzos in the way of Sonny and Michael. *The Godfather* was telling a truth that could not otherwise be told. There is the world as it seems to work (Johnny Fontane gets the part because he's perfect), and then there's the world as it actually works (Johnny Fontane gets the part because the studio boss is too open about his love for his horse). It was also the classical dimension of the movie, the way that, in *The Godfather,* the low-down is wed to the oldest storytelling traditions, in which character is destiny and great men are doomed by their fatal flaws. Take Sonny, undone by a momentary indiscretion. In a meeting with Sollozzo, who wants Don Corleone to facilitate the sale of narcotics, Sonny talks out of turn, letting the enemy know that his thinking differs from that of his father. Sollozzo concludes that, in removing the father, he will therefore be able to cut a deal with the son, which leads directly to the shooting of Vito. Sonny thus becomes Don, in which role his temper is used to coax him into the gunsights of his foe. In this way, Sonny's initial lapse leads not merely to the shooting of his father but to his own death.

The success of *The Godfather* was double-edged, as are all windfalls. F.F.C. suddenly had money and freedom to make big films. At the same time, he'd become known for a certain set of characters, a certain sort of picture. For the rest of his career, he'd be defined by *The Godfather,* which he'd signed on to without great enthusiasm. "When you think about it, everybody needs a hit," he told me. "Steven [Spielberg] is a wonderful person and a brilliant filmmaker, at the top, but he needs a hit. You could be David Fincher, you could be whoever, but you need a hit. But everyone has a funny relationship with the hit.

"George [Lucas] is kind of a genius," Coppola continued, "but I think it's a pity he got so [absorbed in that one franchise]. I hope George isn't offended, but the truth of the matter is that *Star Wars* cost us 10 new George Lucas films that would have been wonderful."

Family

I told Coppola about my father and how he'd likened me to Fredo.

"You're sweet but stupid," said the director, nodding.

"I have a good heart," I said, "but maybe I'm not up to the task."

Coppola leaned back, put a hand on his chin: this is between you and your father, he told me, and he's in a better position to judge, but it's fascinating how everything goes right back to the family, birth order, sibling rivalry, who gets the blessing, who gets the curse. "That's what I saw when I analyzed the book," he said. "In a way, the three sons each represented a component of Don Corleone: when he had to be angry, he could do it, he could kill somebody. [Sonny.] He could also be sweet. [Fredo.] He could be cold. [Michael.] He had all the elements of a complete individual, and each of his sons got one of his characteristics. So I thought it was a story of succession."

In one way or another, all of Coppola's movies have been about succession, family, his own family, which is what gives his work such electric power. It's like eavesdropping, peeking behind the curtain. There is the patriarch, the grandfather lighting out from Bernalda. There is the father and the father's brothers fighting for recognition. There are the siblings, F.F.C.'s siblings, for his story is that of a middle child who feels, in his success, he has usurped and destroyed his brother. "My name is Francis Ford Coppola only because my brother was August Floyd Coppola and I wanted to be like him," Coppola told me. "He was the one who was brilliant and handsome, and he started to be interested in literature and began to write. So when he began to write I used to fantasize that he would be a great novelist and I would be a playwright. So I started to be Francis Ford Coppola to be like him. The irony was I was so successful so young he no longer could be August Floyd Coppola, because it would look like he was imitating me. But I was imitating him."

What's your brother doing now?

"He passed away," said Coppola. "He's Nicolas Coppola—he's Nicolas Cage's father."

How was your brother affected by your success?

"It was tricky. Even at the end it was tricky. But he always loved me. And he was proud of me and encouraged me. When I was only 13 or 14 and wanted to write plays, he made a binder for my stories with F.F.C. printed on it. But it got messy. I always tried to be of help, but it always seemed to be taken the wrong way."

"And then his son goes into your business . . . "

"Well, that had to hurt because, when you make it in the movie CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

SAMUEL L. JACKSON

When the actor moved to L.A., Sidney Poitier welcomed him. The cops? Not so much

I was a theater actor in New York in the 1970s and 80s. I used to call my agent every day, and my greeting for her was always "Did Hollywood call?" She'd say "No." But one day, in 1991, I checked in with her, and she said, "You know, funny thing—Hollywood *did* call today." Spike Lee had gone to Cannes with *Jungle Fever.* Not with me, just two of the stars, Wesley Snipes and Anthony Quinn. But it seems that the Cannes Film Festival had created some special supporting-actor award for me, and my agent said, "These people were there, and they want you to do this movie called *White Sands,* so fly to California."



ABOVE PAR Don Cheadle and Jackson in Burbank, 2014.

But I didn't actually move until the following year, when I rented a house in Encino while I was doing *National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon 1* and my wife, LaTanya, got a job on a television show with Miriam Margolyes called *Frannie's Turn.* She was a regular, so she had to go to work every day. So we brought our daughter out and put her in a school here. We still thought we were hard-core New Yorkers, but all of a sudden we went, "Damn, we live in L.A. now."

In L.A., I got a new agent, Toni Howard, and she started inviting me to things at her house. At one of the first parties I went to at Toni's, I was walking past the sofa in her living room, and I saw the back of someone's head. As I went by, this voice said, "Hey, you, come here." It was Sidney Poitier. He patted the seat next to him and said "Sit." Then he started telling me how amazing I was. I couldn't believe he knew my work! And he said, "I hear that you play golf." I'm like, "Yeah." He said, "O.K., we're going to play tomorrow."

We went to the course he belongs to, Hillcrest Country Club. Naturally, he belonged to Hillcrest, because he couldn't go to the Los Angeles Country Club when he became a movie star; they didn't have any black members. They didn't even allow actors. I think the one exception was Randolph Scott. Anyway, Sidney and I started hanging out, playing golf. I beat him, took some of his money. My wife was upset. She said, "*You took Sidney Poitier's money?* You're supposed to let him win!" But he was fine with it, and we had great conversations, me telling him that as a child I sat amazed in movie theaters watching him in *Edge of the City, The Long Ships, To Sir, with Love,* and all that stuff. Sidney told me about making choices and navigating through what Hollywood was for him. We're still great friends.

I now belong to the MountainGate Country Club, which is kind of an Everyman's place, not a big famous-person golf course; we can wear our hats backward and our shirttails out if we want to. I have a specific group of guys that I play with almost every day. A couple of them are famous; a couple aren't. Don Cheadle's one of them. Sometimes Anthony Anderson shows up. We meet at around six, or whenever it's getting light out.

When I was shooting *Pulp Fiction,* we shot the diner stuff first, and then I was off for six weeks because they had to shoot Bruce's and Uma's sections. In the interim, I did a play at the Coast Playhouse, on Santa Monica Boulevard, an old, 99-seat theater. One night, after the play, I went with some friends to a restaurant down the street, Hugo's. When we were done, we walked outside and stood on the corner for a while, just talking. All of a sudden, five sheriff's cars screeched up. The policemen surrounded us, guns pointed, lights in our face: "Get on the ground!"

There we were, lying facedown in the middle of Santa Monica Boulevard. I finally said to the cops, "Why are you doing this?" One of them said, "Oh, we got a report of five black guys standing on the corner with guns and bats." I said, "So when you pulled up and didn't see a bat—I mean, maybe we could've had a gun concealed on us, but you didn't see anything that looked like a bat. What-*ever.*"

> "All of a sudden we went, 'Damn, we live in L.A. now.'"

I was thinking to myself, *I'm in Hollywood now, on the verge of breaking through, and this is still going on.* It kind of put my feet back on the ground in terms of "O.K., you're still just another nigger working in town, so you still got to walk softly." And I still do. Just an object lesson for life in L.A. □

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL BUCKNER/GETTY IMAGES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 196 business, everybody wants that, and so he saw his own son . . . that's why his son changed his name from Coppola to Cage. He didn't want to be mooching off of me, but I basically started his career."

"With *Rumble Fish*?"

"Yeah, he was still Nicolas Coppola then. So my brother, as he got older, show business was just odious to him. He hated that all his relatives were in movies and theater. My father had been a failed—but brilliant—flute player, a prodigy, but he hated it because he wanted to be a composer and conductor and his younger brother was a successful Broadway conductor. So when I became successful, my father had a son who could give him his opportunity. He started to identify with me, and I'm sure that hurt my brother."

The director began collaborating with his father, Carmine, who'd studied at Juilliard and played under Arturo Toscanini for the NBC Symphony Orchestra, in the 1940s. Carmine composed music for all three *Godfather* films and *Apocalypse Now,* among others. His work on GF2 won him an Academy Award. He famously composed the score for F.F.C.'s production of Abel Gance's silent-screen masterpiece, *Napoleon,* dazzlingly performed by a live orchestra at Radio City Music Hall in New York in 1981.

"My father ultimately had a success thanks to me," the director continued. "I'm sure that hurt my brother because my father felt my brother was a failure. . . . I got to see my father be successful. I got to see my father win an Oscar. I got to see my daughter [Sofia] win an Oscar. It's pretty powerful, especially when all my life all I wanted was [for] my father to have his break."

Coppola had three children—that past tense is painful. Because there had been Gian-Carlo, who worked with his father (F.F.C. still refers to him as "my big boy"); Roman, a successful filmmaker in his own right; and Sofia, who is probably better known among millennials than the old man. But Gian-Carlo died in 1986, off Annapolis, Maryland, during the making of *Gardens of Stone,* which included, in its cast, Ryan O'Neal's son Griffin. One day, Gian-Carlo went boating with Griffin, who zipped between two larger vessels, which, unbeknownst to him, were attached by a towline. O'Neal ducked but Coppola took the full force of the cable. It killed him instantly. Many of us would respond to such a tragedy by going into ourselves and never coming out. Coppola has seemingly done the opposite, though you can never really know. He's filled with appreciation, love, grateful for life, while never forgetting what he lost, which is everything. At the Toronto International Film Festival in 2011, Coppola teared up as he spoke of his son, whose death he long blamed on himself. Which makes no sense, until you hear him explain why—because we blame ourselves for everything that happens to our kids.

The Coppola film that best captures his interior landscape is probably *Apocalypse Now.* Not the film so much as the story of the film, the insane ambition, the budget that got out of hand, happiness and misery in the jungle, cost overruns, dancing on the edge of defeat—Martin Sheen had a heart attack; Brando had not read the book—snatching this valuable thing out of chaos. All or nothing. Life or Death. Art. "That's my favorite kind of movie, because it is what it's about," he told me. "It's about a man who has gone insane in the wilderness made by a man who was going insane in the wilderness."

As much as anything, the trajectory of Coppola's career has been determined by failure. I won't go too deeply into his 1982 film, *One from the Heart,* other than to say it was a musical released in the age of punk, a love story released in the age of cynicism. In it, Coppola tried to capture the magic of theater, his first love. It's not reality you expect from theater. It's something else, something better. Another world. Artificial. Houses of marzipan. Colors too bright, lines too sharp. You look into it as you look into a jewel box. But people did not want lyricism in the early 1980s. They wanted grit. What's more, Coppola had seemingly learned the wrong lessons from his experience. As the producer of *American Graffiti,* he had wanted to fund the thing and own it outright but was dissuaded. It went on to become one of the great moneymakers. Then *Apocalypse Now,* which had been written off by critics, was a great success. Which is partly why F.F.C. put his own money up for *One from the Heart* and then persisted through all the criticism from industry types. He was over-extended by the time it flopped, having borrowed millions from Chase Manhattan Bank. "It was this dismal failure and I was on the hook for all of it," he told me. "I was going into bankruptcy, and everyone took such glee because they're always predicting this profound failure, which was supposed to be *Apocalypse. Apocalypse* dodged the bullet somehow, so, when I made *One from the Heart,* it was like giving your opponent in Ping-Pong the perfect ball to smash. I was wiped out and only able to hang on by making a deal with Chase to pay off $22 million in 10 years. That meant I had to do a movie every year, and it changed my life. All those movies, *Peggy Sue Got Married, The Outsiders, Dracula,* and ultimately *Godfather III,* was me paying off the Chase Manhattan Bank."

A Distant Vision

He stood, looked out the window. Red roofs, chimneys, sky. He's come to the third act of his life, the September of his years, as he told me one way or another again and again. He is currently at work on what may be his final film, a last great opus. He compared it to *Buddenbrooks,* the Thomas Mann novel. "*Buddenbrooks* is about three generations of a mercantile family in Germany and the changes in Germany during the grandfather's time, the father's time, and the time of the author," Coppola said. "I've taken stories of my grandfather's time, my father's time, and then my generation. I asked myself, 'What is the most important thing that's happened since World War II?' I decided it was television, because everything we saw, whether it was the death of President Kennedy, the civil-rights movement, Vietnam, we saw through television. So I wanted to do a piece about three generations set against the birth, growth, and ultimate resolution of television into the Information Age."

Coppola got excited as he talked, as jazzed by the medium as by the message. In making his movie, he plans to address what he sees as a great failing of the movie industry—the dearth of innovation. "When [moving pictures] were invented, it was a thrill to see a train come into the station and it wasn't a real train," he said, describing a time when film felt like a variety of magic, witchcraft. "But we've been looking at canned art now for 200 years . . . "

The next move, he suggests, is a film performed live and streamed into theaters, with all the energy and risks of real-time performance.

"Aren't the people getting tired of canned art?" he asked me.

I hesitated.

"Why are sports so successful? Because you don't know what's going to happen. What if there was a new movie by Marty Scorsese and you go into the theater and it's being performed live. It looks like a movie—it doesn't look like *Peter Pan* on TV. It's cinema, true cinema"—defined less by the story than the shot, which is as basic to film as the sentence is to the novel—"and everyone is using every ounce of their ability to make this two-hour experience extraordinary. Imagine witnessing that . . . so there is an opportunity for a kind of cinema that is cinema, which means shot-based, but performed live."

Last year, Coppola directed 30 pages of his script—called *Distant Vision,* the literal meaning of "television"—on a stage in Oklahoma and streamed it to handpicked audiences in theaters in New York, L.A., San Francisco, and Paris. This summer, he'll direct 70 more. "Halfway through I realized, This is not movies, this is not television, this is not theater, ergo, it's something else.

"Art only exists because of technology," he added. "What's the first art in human history? Cave drawings. What's the technology? Fire. They couldn't do that without fire and the burnt stick. There is no art without technology. Art and technology are symbiotic. But the technology gives you certain limitations. . . . Why didn't Goethe make movies? He was a poet, a dramatist, ran a theater company, knew about acting—he should have been the first filmmaker. Why



On the Cover

Jane Fonda wears a top by Dior; pants by Halston Heritage; shoes by Christian Louboutin. **Cate Blanchett** wears a gown by Giorgio Armani; shoes by Gianvito Rossi. **Viola Davis** wears clothing by Oscar de la Renta; shoes by Sergio Rossi; ring by Chopard. **Jennifer Lawrence** wears a gown by Dior. **Charlotte Rampling** wears a gown by Yves Saint Laurent Couture by Hedi Slimane; tights by Fogal. **Brie Larson** wears a gown by Calvin Klein Collection; ring by David Yurman. **Rachel Weisz** wears a gown by Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci; ring by Harry Winston. **Lupita Nyong'o** wears a dress by Boss; earrings by Harry Winston. **Alicia Vikander** wears a gown by Louis Vuitton. **Gugu Mbatha-Raw** wears a gown by Dior Haute Couture. **Helen Mirren** wears a corset by François Tamarin; skirt by Carolina Herrera; necklace by Chopard. **Saoirse Ronan** wears a dress by Prada; earrings by Chopard. **Diane Keaton** wears a coat by Paul Harnden; hat by Baron Hats; scarf and pocket-square by Ralph Lauren. Hair products by Bumble and Bumble (Larson, Mbatha-Raw), Leonor Greyl (Blanchett), L'Oréal Paris (Keaton, Mirren), Oribe (Vikander, Weisz), Sally Hershberger 24K (Fonda, Rampling, Ronan), Schwarzkopf (Nyong'o), SheaMoisture (Davis), and Suave Professionals (Lawrence). Makeup products by Chanel (Rampling, Weisz), Dior (Lawrence, Vikander), Giorgio Armani (Blanchett), Lancôme (Larson, Mbatha-Raw, Nyong'o), Laura Mercier (Ronan), and L'Oréal Paris (all others). Nail enamel by Dior (Lawrence), Giorgio Armani (Blanchett), Lancôme (Nyong'o), L'Oréal Paris (Fonda, Keaton, Mirren), and Deborah Lippmann (all others). Hair by Jenny Cho (Lawrence), Jill Crosby (Keaton), Vernon François (Nyong'o), Sally Hershberger (Fonda, Rampling, Ronan), Robert Vetica (Blanchett), Jamika Wilson (Davis), and Ben Skervin (all others). Makeup by Nick Barose (Nyong'o, Weisz), Elan Bongiorno (Fonda), Jillian Dempsey (Lawrence), Pati Dubroff (Rampling, Ronan), Jeanine Lobell (Blanchett), Sir John (Davis), Collier Strong (Keaton), and Tyron Machhausen (all others). Manicures by Deborah Lippmann. Set design by Jack Flanagan. Produced on location by Portfolio One. Special thanks to Milk Studios, Los Angeles. Styled by Jessica Diehl. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz. For details, go to VF.com/credits.

wasn't he? Because the technology didn't exist. Technology is not just a means, it is part of art."

A More Convenient Jungle

"But you've got to ask about the Palazzo Margherita," Coppola said. "That's what makes the money. They're going to kill me if we just talk about movies."

I promised I would write about the Palazzo.

But what are you going to write? he asked. "That you hate the place, the coffee was bad, the bed was bad? . . . Did you have a good meal?"

"I had several great meals."

"The young chef, he's very talented."

"I took a cooking class."

"Can you make pasta for your kids?"

"I learned. I'm not very good at it, but I can make bad pasta."

"There is no bad pasta. Just don't overcook it."

"I can make misshapen pasta."

"If it tastes good, what's the difference?"

I asked if his creative impulse was served by working on the wines and resorts in the way it's served by working on movies.

"Very much so," he said. "In fact, I believe the creative process of making wine and making a film is identical. It has the same phases. You have the gathering. Grow grapes and gather them. With movies, you gather the days of shots. You have the refining. In wine, it's the selection. In movies, that's editing. Then you have the finishing phase."

Drink the wine, watch the movie.

"How did you start in the wine business?"

"I can't say I did it because I knew it would be a brilliant move," he said. "It was really because as a child I never saw a dinner table that didn't have wine. During Prohibition, Italian families, all families that had wine on the table like food, were allowed to make two barrels of wine—they were allowed to do it in their home if they didn't sell it. So all the Italians were making wine in the basement. My grandfather had seven sons, who were always telling stories about eating the grapes their pop needed for the wine. So after *The Godfather,* the first time I had any money, I said to my wife, 'Let's buy a summer house where there's some trees and water to swim in and maybe an acre of grapes and we'll make wine and give it to the family at Christmas.' We had a real-estate agent show us houses, and the agent said, 'This isn't for you, but they're auctioning the Niebaum estate, which was a big part of the Inglenook estate, a great Napa Valley winery.' Of course, we went to see it. When we drove in, it was like that scene in *A Place in the Sun* when Montgomery Clift drives up to the house of the rich people. So beautiful. We put in a bid, didn't get it. Later, as I was getting ready to make *Apocalypse,* the people who lived in that area passed an agricultural-preserve law which said nothing could happen there except agriculture. It turns out the people who'd bought this estate were financed by backers who were going to put homes on that mountain and now they couldn't. So I bought it. There were 100 acres of grapes that used to be part of the legendary Inglenook [winery] and everybody was coming to put a contract on the grapes. My wife thought it was great, because we never had enough money. But I said, 'If these grapes are so good, maybe we should keep them and be in the wine business.' She said, 'What do you

Francis Ford Coppola

know about the wine business?' I said, 'What do I know about the movie business?' Ten years later, everyone started drinking wine. It was spurred by a series of articles saying wine was good for your health. Suddenly wine drinking went like *that* and I was in on the ground floor. So in answer to your question: it was sort of like *The Godfather.* I got lucky."

"What about the resorts?" I asked. "How did that happen?"

"Oh, my life is so crazy. When I was in the Philippines, shooting *Apocalypse Now*—I could fly a helicopter in those days—I took all my boys, I had wonderful boys and this little girl and my wife, to an island, and we slept on the beach. In the morning the fisherman gave us raw fish, and it was so beautiful, so I said to my wife, 'I'm going to buy this island.' I loved the jungle. And she said, 'Francis, you just bought a winery and this is a billion miles away. Why don't you find a jungle closer to home . . . "

"A more convenient jungle?"

"Yes, because now we were making wine and didn't know how to sell it. So I went home, and one day I read in the paper that British Honduras was becoming Belize, and it sounded exciting—a new nation means it can be Utopia. So I took my big boy, Gio, to Belize, and in the course of looking for an island we found a beautiful spot where there wasn't a road, no electricity, this forlorn place that had once been a resort. It was abandoned but had an airstrip. So I said something that has gotten me in more trouble than I can relate: 'Oh, I could write here.' I bought it for around $40,000 and fixed it up. My boys loved it. They would get Mohawk haircuts and we became the Swiss Family Robinson. Then, right nearby, there was an archaeological discovery. So mine ended up being the closest lodge to a Mayan ruin everyone wanted to visit. That's how it began."

Because he seemed to have so much luck, good and bad, I asked Coppola if he could tell me the secret of life. It's a question I often ask older people in case they know. Most of them wave me off, but the director took me seriously. "The secret of life is to say yes all the time," he said, "because when you're old, you don't want to say, 'I wish I'd done this, I wish I had done that.' When I die I'm going to say, 'I got to be in the movie business. I got to see my kids go into the movie business. I got to be in the wine business. I got to be in the hotel business. I got to see my father win an Oscar.' I'm going to be saying all that and when I die I'm not even going to notice." □

Maltese Falcon



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150 he earned some publicity for selling one of the pianos played in *Casablanca.* He did manage to obtain a letter from a Warner Bros. archivist authenticating the bird, and saying it was used in the 1941 film. Milan had lent it to Warner, in fact, which displayed it in a company museum for years.

The case for the Milan Falcon rests on documents found in the Warner Bros. archives. One says the Maltese Falcon was made of lead and weighed 47 pounds, just about the same as Milan's; however, the memo may be talking about the fictional Falcon—the one described by Dashiell Hammett in the novel upon which the movie is based, not necessarily the prop being carried around on the movie set. A Warner Bros. press release mentions an accident during filming when the Falcon was dropped on Humphrey Bogart's foot, bruising two of his toenails. The incident apparently bent one of the Falcon's tail feathers. That damage, Milan says, can be clearly seen on the Falcon he sold to Steve Wynn.

Milan insists there is no evidence any plaster Falcons were made for use in the 1941 film. He makes the same charge about Risan's Falcons that Risan makes about his: they were made for the 1975 movie. "The Hank Risans out there will never stop," Milan harrumphs. "But any four-year-old can see the one in the film matches mine, and the others do not."

Risan fires right back, saying of the Milan Falcon, "It's one of the worst fakes I've ever seen. A seven-year-old could see this is a fake. Just look at the photos."

In fact the visual evidence in the movie seems to support Milan's case in that the Falcon's recessed breast feathers seen in close-up match his Falcon's, not those of Risan's, which are raised and quite different. (Risan argues that this is due to lighting and 1940s photographic techniques.) On the other hand, the actors seem to be holding and moving an object far lighter than 47 pounds.

Risan didn't care what Gary Milan thought, and he had no intention of going public or initiating any dispute. He wasn't interested in displaying or selling his Falcons; he just wanted them insured. "It was Q.E.D.," he says today. "This was over for me."

The Birds and the Fees

The plot, in fact, was only beginning to thicken. Because just as Risan and his two Maltese Falcons stepped off the stage, another Falcon stepped on—actually two. The first surfaced that same year, 1991, at the Golden Nugget flea market, in Lambertville, New Jersey, where it was spotted by a documentary-film maker named Ara Chekmayan. Chekmayan had earned an Oscar nomination for his 1983 film, *Children of Darkness,* and was a three-time Emmy winner. He found the little statue—a foot-tall black Falcon made of resin—among several rusted tools. On the bottom of it he found a serial number, 90456 WB. He immediately suspected that the Falcon might have been used in the 1941 film, and he bought it for $8. Much like Risan had done, Chekmayan launched his own quest to authenticate his Falcon. His brother interviewed Meta Wilde; she thought it could be another of the three or four 1941 Falcons. Confident he had a genuine item, Chekmayan put it up for auction at Christie's East. But Christie's pulled the item weeks before the auction after Warner threatened to sue if Christie's claimed the Falcon was tied in any way to the movie.

In fact, there were indications the studio wasn't entirely sure of the provenance of either the Milan or Chekmayan birds. In a 1997 *New York Times* article about Chekmayan's Falcon, the newspaper quoted a Warner executive, who preferred to remain anonymous, saying there was no way to tell which, if either, of the two Falcons had been used in the movie. Prop records had long since been lost. "Basically," the executive told the *Times,* "it goes on faith."

Chekmayan gave in. Risan, for one, believes the Chekmayan bird was made for the 1975 movie. It is made of cold-cured polyester resin, he says, which was invented only in 1946 and, along with the serial number, seems to conform to Baer's description of the one he made for the later film. Even so, Chekmayan's story eventually had a happy ending. He did manage to have his Falcon authenticated by a reputable Los Angeles gallery; in 2000, it was sold at auction for $92,000 to an unidentified bidder. Ten years later it was sold again, this time for more than $300,000, to a group that included Leonardo DiCaprio.

The second new Falcon appeared in 1994, and this one's authenticity couldn't be dismissed. A heavy lead statuette with a bronze patina, it was found in the California home of the actor William Conrad, star of the *Cannon* television series, after his death. Warner Bros. confirmed that it had been given to the actor as a gift by studio chief Jack Warner during the 1960s and it had sat for years on a

shelf in Conrad's den. In fact, legend around the Warner lot has it that Jack Warner kept the 1941 Falcon mold and from time to time would have a lead Falcon cast from it as a special gift (although no others of this kind have yet surfaced). Weighing 45 pounds and made of lead, the "Conrad Falcon" closely resembled the Milan Falcon, including the recessed breast feathers. In addition, it had what appeared to be slash marks, which may have been made during the movie's filming in a scene in which the statuette is attacked with a pocket knife.

Reversing its earlier position, Warner now confirmed that there was not just one Falcon but at least two.

The Conrad Falcon had a notable fate. Christie's put it up for auction in December 1994, and it sold to the New York jeweler Ronald Winston, son of the famed Harry Winston, for $398,500, then a record price for a movie prop. The Falcon so captured Winston's imagination that he wrote a short play about what might have happened to the fictional Falcon after the story told in the 1941 film. He hired a well-known Bogart look-alike, Tony Heller, to play Sam Spade and staged the play as a private event for a select group of invited guests.

Afterward, Winston used the Conrad Falcon as the model for a new Falcon made of 10 pounds of gold. Its eyes were two Burma-ruby cabochons. From its beak Winston hung a 42-carat diamond. All told, the Winston Falcon took two years and $8 million to make. It was displayed at the Academy Awards in 1997.

After creating his bejeweled gold replica, Winston sold the Conrad Falcon to an unidentified buyer, for a price he claimed was far above what he had paid. Where that Falcon resides today is anyone's guess.

On a Wing and a Prayer

For 20 years after insuring his two Falcons, Hank Risan paid them only intermittent attention. In 1999 a friend at Christie's urged him to sell them at auction. Risan agreed to a meeting or two but dropped the matter when he heard Gary Milan was threatening to sue. "I said, 'The hell with it,'" he says. "'It's not worth the trouble.'"

But the trouble never went away. In 2005, Risan and his Falcons were featured in an online article, the first public mention of their existence. The article quoted a 1991 letter from Vivian Sobchack to the effect she believed they were genuine. Several days later, Sobchack says, Milan called the chancellor of U.C.L.A., claiming she was involved in an unethical appraisal business. Nothing came of it.

The mystery of Risan's Falcons began to clear up only in 2012, when he decided to sell off a quarter of his guitars and his Falcons. To have a chance of doing so, he needed to update their authentication. It had been more than 20 years, after all, since he had done his initial research. He asked his public-relations consultant, Mark Marinovich, to help out.

Marinovich began Googling, something Risan hadn't been able to do in 1991 and hadn't been interested in doing since. What he discovered stunned everyone who had ever been involved in Risan's inquiry. It was a book, a best-seller in fact: *Black Dahlia Avenger,* published in 2003, written by Steve Hodel, a retired police detective. The Black Dahlia was a nickname the Los Angeles press had given to a gruesomely murdered woman named Elizabeth Short, whose mutilated body, cut in half at the waist, was found in the city's Leimert Park neighborhood in January 1947. Hodel had uncovered evidence suggesting that his late father, a doctor named George Hodel, killed Short. To this day, the Black Dahlia case remains one of L.A.'s most notorious unsolved murders. Many believe Steve Hodel is right. Others are skeptical.

To Risan and his circle, two assertions burst from the pages of Hodel's book. During the 1940s, Dr. Hodel had run in a circle of celebrated artists and filmmakers that included director John Huston and the noted Surrealist Man Ray. According to the book, one of Hodel's closest friends was Fred Sexton, an artist who was also a friend of Huston's. In a single aside, the book made the claim that Huston had Sexton sculpt the original Maltese Falcon.

It was the first time Risan had seen any artist's name associated with the Falcon's creation. But that wasn't the only thing the book had to say about Fred Sexton. It was Steve Hodel's theory not only that his father had killed Elizabeth Short but that his accomplice in a series of other unsolved murders during the 1940s had been none other than Fred Sexton.

Risan began searching for information about Sexton. There wasn't much. He was born in 1907, and from the age of 22, when a *Los Angeles Times* critic saw one of his paintings and began championing him, he was a prominent if not exactly famous local artist. Though seldom able to make a living from his art—he drove a taxi during the 1930s and 40s—Sexton displayed his work in Los Angeles galleries for 20 years, until moving to Mexico in the 1950s. He died there in 1995.

Risan was skeptical about Hodel's murder theory—the evidence seemed circumstantial to him—but he didn't really care whether Sexton was a murderer or not. All he wanted to know was whether Sexton had made the original Maltese Falcons, and whether that knowledge could somehow help authenticate his birds. He searched the Internet in vain for images of paintings or sculptures Sexton had made. What he found instead were paintings by a different Frederick Sexton, a Connecticut landscape artist who died in 1975. A Southern California gallery had a Frederick Sexton still life for sale. On a hunch that it may have been misattributed to the Connecticut Fred Sexton, as in fact it turned out to have been, Risan bought it and had it shipped to Santa Cruz.

When it arrived, Risan tore off the wrapping and studied the painting. That's when he saw it: The signature. It was "F. Sexton." He recognized the writing immediately, especially the first letters, the *F* and the *S.* On the painting they were block letters with a crossbar through the reverse *F*—an exact match for the unexplained markings near the base of his Falcons. The strange "numbers," he realized, weren't a "7.5." They were the block letters "F.S."

The Feathers Fly

A whole new aspect of the story came tumbling out once they tracked down Sexton's daughter, Michele Fortier. In August 2013, Risan brought Vivian Sobchack and a film crew to Fortier's home in Los Angeles. Inside, they found dozens of Fred Sexton's paintings and sculptures, which Fortier had gathered from friends and family for the interview.

Her father and John Huston, Fortier said, had been friends since high school. As a nine-year-old in 1941, she had seen her father's sketch designs for the Falcon on a manila envelope. In the ensuing weeks she saw his sculpted clay model, which was later cast in plaster for the movie. She knew nothing about a lead Falcon; her father never worked with lead. Fortier remembered being on the set when Bogart delivered the Falcon to actor Sydney Greenstreet, playing Kasper Gutman; she recalled Bogart telling her to be quiet, then saying "Boo" as a little joke. She identified the "F.S." on one of Risan's Falcons as her father's signature, then signed a letter of authenticity making it official.

More research filled in some of the blanks. In all, there appear to have been at least six plaster Falcons created for the 1941 movie, an assertion first made in a little-noticed 1983 memoir by a onetime Warner employee named Stuart Jerome. One is thought to have been damaged, then destroyed, during filming in 1941. By this count, Risan owns Falcons two and three; he sold four, to a buyer who declines to be identified. According to an article in a U.S. Copyright Office newsletter, Warner Bros. gave a fifth Falcon to the Copyright Office for an exhibition in 1984. The article says one more plaster Falcon, the sixth by this count, was still in the Warner warehouse at the time. During the course of research for this article, I spoke to a credible individual who said he had recently seen this Falcon—of unpainted plaster—in the warehouse.

Not that this evidence convinced potential buyers. In 2013, both Risan and Gary Milan put their Falcons up for sale. At the Guernsey's auction house in New York, Risan set a minimum price of $1.8 million. No one bid that high. Instead, just three weeks later, Bonhams sold Milan's lead Falcon for $4 million.

What happened? Risan sighs. "Guernsey's

Maltese Falcon

did a shitty job," he says with a shrug. "Bonhams had a big marketing department. We didn't. They didn't market it properly. There was very little interest in our sale. Everyone was interested in the Bonhams auction." (A Guernsey's executive declined to respond to a request for comment.)

The fact is the auction of Risan's Falcon seemed to come out of nowhere. Its back story was too complex, too new, for buyers to easily digest. The Milan Falcon had been recognized as the "official" Falcon for 20 years, and had the studio's backing. What made things worse was that Guernsey's decided to make its case for authenticity in part by attacking the authenticity of Milan's. "They really shit the bed on that one," says Laura Woolley, a leading appraiser of Hollywood memorabilia. "You just don't do that. They pissed everybody off, and now no one really wants to hear anything more about it."

When Risan's Falcon failed to sell, Gary Milan's lead Falcon was left to rule the roost.

Bird's-Eye View

Near the end of my research, I called Warner Bros. A studio spokesman won't say anything on the record, but there are some at the studio who will talk privately. According to these people, old-timers at the studio remain 99 percent certain the Milan Falcon was used in the 1941 film. The bent tail feather, they say, proves it.

When I showed these same people the results of Risan's investigation, they acknowledged his case is compelling, and agree that plaster birds were also made for the film. The plaster Falcons, they say, may have appeared in the movie when the lead ones were deemed too heavy; perhaps the latter were used mostly for close-ups and publicity photos. Seventy-five years later, it's hard to know. "It's impossible to prove or disprove any of these theories at this point," I was told. "We just don't know. But it is a great mystery story."

Maybe the keenest neutral observer of all this is Laura Woolley, the Hollywood appraiser. A professional skeptic, she has issues with both the Risan and the Milan Falcons. "I don't understand why anyone would make a lead bird," she says. "You don't cast in lead. But Warner's believes in it. Gary believes in it. So it's kind of become the official bird." She goes on. "[Lead] only makes sense if you wanted something that appears very heavy. If it's supposedly something that contains treasure inside, you should be holding it as something quite weighty, and that's the only reason you could ever do it in lead. Maybe they dropped it on Bogart's toe and went to plaster instead. Who knows?"

Woolley is persuaded that plaster Falcons were made for the 1941 film, but she says there is no way to know whether Risan's were among them. "Once you have a mold, you can crank those things out all you want," she says. "So, you tell me which one was used on the screen. There's no way to know. I've heard people in both camps make good arguments. I think it's one of those things that may never be known."

It's a shame to end this story on an ambiguous note, but it's much the same ending that Hammett wrote for his novel and John Huston shot for his movie. Sam Spade remained in foggy San Francisco, Kasper Gutman headed to Istanbul, and the mystery of the Maltese Falcon lived on, unsolved. □

From YouTube to Hollywood



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170 there's a new form of media that's especially embraced by the young, the entrenched media tend to resent or belittle it. When rock 'n' roll came out, people said, That's not music. It's noise."

Some of the biggest names of Hollywood's Old Guard are getting in on the game on that same principle. In 2014, Imagine partners Ron Howard and Brian Grazer founded New Form Digital, a mini-studio aimed at making shows around YouTube talents; it has already sold 18 series to digital platforms. Grazer says he sees his company "as the digital extension of what I've done in TV and film." On the movie side, media mogul Peter Chernin and Van Toffler, former head of Viacom Media Network's music group, funded Supergravity, which is making movies with YouTube stars at a low cost and selling them directly to the consumer through iTunes and video on demand. Their latest was *The Chosen,* starring 20-year-old YouTube dreamboat Kian Lawley (3.1 million subscribers), about a child-stealing demon. Taryn Southern, a buoyant, 30-year-old veteran of YouTube, who's a sharp observer of the entire digital culture, puts it this way: "They're all making these digital movies, not because these people are like Meryl Streep but because these people can sell movies."

Change the Channel

For aspiring performers in the traditional realm, a built-in fan base is now deemed as critical to future success as possessing talent. According to UTA's Weinstein, "One of the questions we get asked now [by studios, networks, and advertisers] is 'How many Twitter followers do they have? How engaged are they on Facebook?' … All things being equal—if the digital star is as good an actor as the more traditional performers up for the role or endorsement—the artist who's got a massive, engaged audience … is going to have a real advantage in landing the job." When producer Kathleen Grace, who runs New Form Digital, meets young aspiring actors, the first thing she tells them is to cultivate their social-media presence. "If you want to come up high in search results, you best have a YouTube channel," says Grace. "Show that you have skin in the game. Make a Web series. Show that you're interested in this world."

Alas, not every aspiring actor is a natural social-media butterfly; some might even find the whole *Look at me!* culture off-putting. These skeptics now face an uphill battle. Southern sees her struggling-actor friends who never jumped on the social-media bandwagon now suffering the consequences. "They're terrified by this," she says.

Still, it remains to be seen whether these digital creators can actually succeed on Hollywood terms. So far, the biggest star to emerge from YouTube is Rachel Bloom, 28, whose videos led to landing the show *Crazy Ex-Girlfriend,* for which she recently received a Golden Globe. But, it should be noted, she had also been a television writer and comedian. Others haven't been as lucky. Grace Helbig, the 30-year-old Queen Bee of YouTube, with 2.8 million subscribers, was given her own show to host on E!, but the fans didn't go there, nor did many other people. YouTube sensation Shane Dawson, 27, who bills himself as an actor, singer, and director (7.1 million subscribers), was given a chance to prove his directing chops on *The Chair,* a contest show on Starz in which two aspiring movie directors compete to direct a movie based on the same script. Dawson was confident he had what it took—after all, he'd been making videos daily for six years. But critics concluded that his movie, which cost $850,000 to make, was excruciating. Even one of the show's producers, actor Zachary Quinto, said it was "egregiously offensive" due to its homophobia, misogyny, racism, and unfunny potty humor.

Some of the more important voices from this arena doubt that the digital stars will ever do something significant in the culture at large. Dana Brunetti, a producer of *House of Cards,* the first show to prove that an Internet service could provide stellar content, says that YouTube "missed their moment" to become like Netflix or Amazon Prime, precisely *be-*

cause of their longtime association with frothy juveniles and focus on clicks. "They could have been big a few years ago. Now no one in my business is taking them seriously."

That hasn't stopped the YouTube business from exploding. The field is increasingly crowded, competitive, and frenetic. Four hundred hours of video are uploaded to YouTube every minute. Google is stoking the frenzy with its ever expanding number of YouTube spaces across the globe—in Los Angeles, New York, London, Tokyo, Paris, Berlin, São Paulo, Mumbai, with plans for Rio and Toronto. Here, young people who've made it to 10,000 subscribers can use their soundstages at no cost and get free lessons in top-of-the-line gear, such as Red digital cameras and 360-degree cameras. Its flagship studio, in the Playa Vista area of L.A., is a 41,000-square-foot converted airport hangar, with seven soundstages and elaborate sets. It feels like an old Hollywood studio that's been handed over to kids—a temple to millennial privilege. At the W Hollywood condos, where Andrew Bachelor lives, a dozen or so viners have moved in, hoping to do "collabs" with him so they can follow in his footsteps.

One can't help but feel that the innocence and freshness from a decade ago is on the wane. "Now people are doing YouTube as a career move to build an audience, even if they're only eight," says Rhett McLaughlin. For all the talk about "authenticity," social media's favorite buzzword, it's all about the views, and popularity can be easily manipulated. "You've now got a million and one kids that are all trying to be YouTube stars that know the system, know how to game it," says Southern. "They understand how to optimize their S.E.O. [search-engine optimization], so they'll title their videos these salacious titles with the crazy thumbnails to get the clicks. They're 13, and they know how to tag their videos with all the right stuff!" According to Jocelyn Johnson, who runs VideoInk, a kind of *Variety* for the digital-star space, only 20 percent of a YouTuber's subscribers are active: "Just like any system," she says, "views on YouTube can be 'gamed' by buying them or running what is called a TrueView campaign, where videos run like ads across YouTube. If the viewer doesn't 'skip' the video (like they can many regular ads), then it counts as a view." The most accurate reflection of a fan base, therefore, is the number of likes one gets. According to Southern, it's often a crushing blow to social-media stars when a photo they post gets 15,000 fewer likes than the last one. In this competitive environment, it's no wonder that YouTubers today jump at any opportunity to be a virtual sandwich board for brands. They can get paid in six figures to "unbox" merchandise on their channels, and several thousand a month by Amazon to "shout out" recent items they've bought on the site.

Down the Tube

It's enough to make a veteran like Southern question whether she has the stomach to continue—even though she has a number of digital projects happening, including a movie musical she's producing with YouTube stars and a new online talk show that's being funded by Maker, an MCN bought by Disney for $500 million. "There's this pressure amongst the older crowd that's been around for a while: How do we keep up with this? I feel like it's just an insane world. Five years from now, I don't want to be turning out videos and I don't want to be feeling like I have to keep up with my fan base and stay young," says Southern. Gaby Dunn, who has a channel, "Just Between Us," about friendships, which has half a million subscribers, recently hit a similar mid-career crisis when she realized that her job may not be financially sustainable. She might have shared her doubts on her site, but, as she recently wrote in an article on Fusion.net, "authenticity is valued, but in small doses: YouTubers are allowed to have struggled in the past tense, because overcoming makes us brave and relatable. But we can't be struggling now or we're labeled 'whiners.'"

Perhaps Southern and her ilk will be able to muster the energy to push through if one of these stars breaks out in a big way and emerges as a model: if King Bach *does* become the next Will Smith, if Freddie Wong *does* emerge as the next John Woo, if *My Gay Roommate* becomes the next *Will & Grace.* Until that happens, Southern seems to be warding off a psychic crisis. "YouTube is the perfect example of how democracy is not always better," she says. "The populist opinion is not always the best one. You can chart algorithms all day long. YouTube can give boosts to people who have longer watch times and more frequent video uploads. That doesn't make the content better." And then there is a larger, more existential question: between the loss of conversation and real family time, and the elevation of narcissism as a personality trait, one wonders whether social media have done more harm in this world than good. Southern sits back, sighs, and ponders what she's going to do that day and for the rest of her life: "It's such a chaotic world right now. Do I really need to be adding to the noise?" □

Musical Newmans



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 186 Samuel Goldwyn, and as Harry and Jack Warner, a Polish cobbler's boys, willed themselves into the men who delivered to the masses everything from *Casablanca* to Bugs Bunny, so did Alfred Alan Newman—born in 1901, the eldest of the seven sons and three daughters of the fruit peddler Michael Newman (né Nemorofsky) and Luba Newman (née Koskoff), immigrants from pogrom-ravaged Yelisavetgrad (now Kirovograd, Ukraine)—scrap his way to the pinnacle of his field: music for films.

Michael and Luba, who actually met in the U.S. and married when he was 23 and she not quite 14, made their home in New Haven, Connecticut, in what was then a Jewish ghetto and is now the campus of Yale University's School of Medicine. Alfred, born to Luba when she was 17, was recognized early on as a piano prodigy. Before he could even shave, flyers were distributed in New Haven that advertised "Master Alfred Newman, Pianist, Open for Engagements for Concerts, Musicales and Entertainments." The boy in the photo had his thick dark hair in a pompadour and wore a high stiff collar with a string tie.

Alfred's musical precocity propelled him to New York, where, still in his teens, he worked as an accompanist to Grace La Rue, a vaudeville star, and Lina Abarbanell, a popular light-opera singer. By the 1920s, he was an in-demand pit conductor on Broadway, where he got to know George Gershwin, Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, and Richard Rodgers. Along the way, he became the primary supporter of the large Newman brood, which followed him to New York—with the conspicuous exception of his father, Michael, a ne'er-do-well who had fallen out of the picture sometime in the previous decade. "Some people said he was a drunk," Randy said of his grandfather, whom he never met. "But, to be fair, in those days, when a Jew had two drinks a week, they'd think he was a drunk."

California beckoned in 1930, when Alfred was summoned to work as the conductor on two early Hollywood musicals, Irving Berlin's *Reaching for the Moon* and Eddie Cantor's *Whoopee!* "My father used to say it was just *there,* the opportunity," said Tom Newman, Alfred's youngest son. "It was all teed up for him. The talkies were starting, and here was Hollywood waiting for people to come from New York who had the training, who could do music with a sense of dramatic context."

As the 30s progressed, Alfred's stock only

climbed higher—he worked with Charlie Chaplin on *Modern Times* and composed the rousing "searchlight" fanfare that, to this day, opens most Twentieth Century Fox films. The fanfare has since been re-recorded several times—twice under the baton of his son David Newman.

Alfred was devoted to his mother, Luba, frequently sending her affectionate letters in his peripatetic early years, addressing her as "sweetheart." "If I get set beyond the Cantor picture," he wrote to her in his first months out West, "we can begin to talk about a house here for you." This was an auspicious moment in Newman-family history, with major implications for the future: he loved L.A.

Stolen Time

By the time of Randy's birth, in 1943, the extended Newman clan was a Los Angeles family, its members settled near one another in Pacific Palisades. Emil and Lionel followed Alfred into movie music, while another brother, Marc, became an agent specializing in the representation of film composers, and still another, Robert, known as Bobby, was a film-production executive, working for Goldwyn and Howard Hughes, among others.

Though he stood only about five feet five, Al cut an authoritative figure, "a reverential fog around him, though not of his own making," Randy said. Known in the industry as "Pappy," Al, in his capacity as the musical director of Twentieth Century Fox, scored and conducted the music for more than 200 films, among them the best-picture Oscar winners *How Green Was My Valley, Gentleman's Agreement,* and *All About Eve.* David Newman, trying to explain the transcendent expressiveness of his father's orchestral work, comes back to the word *rubato.* "It literally means 'stolen time,'" he said. "You steal time and you make it up. Basically, you slow down, speed up; slow down, speed up—in an expressive way. The Fox Orchestra was all about this vocal playing, like they were singing all the time. There's a certain sound, and I don't know what other word to use except this cliché word, but there's this *love* in it. It's so beautiful, it's almost uncomfortable. That shimmering, crazy sound under those movies: that's Fox."

In the late 1940s, shortly after marrying his third wife, a comely blond shiksa and former Goldwyn Girl named Martha Montgomery (the mother of David, Tom, and Maria), Al Newman commissioned Lloyd Wright, the son of Frank Lloyd Wright, to build him a dream home out among the avocado groves of the still-wide-open Palisades. Wright took the task and his client tremendously seriously, writing in a rambling, discursive letter to Newman, "I can best parallel our desires starting with music. I am of the neoclassical school, which prefers the logical dissonances of Rachmaninoff to the brilliant creations of Arnold Schoenberg."

The result was a sprawling, right-angle-free house with a sunken performance space in the living room ideal for chamber music. The Newmans didn't do von Trapp–style sing-alongs, but Randy remembers seeing extraordinary musicians give recitals in the house, among them the Fox Orchestra's concertmaster, Felix Slatkin, and his wife, the cellist Eleanor Aller, who, together, founded the Hollywood String Quartet, the first U.S.-based chamber group to achieve international recognition in the classical world.

To this day, most of the musical Newmans live west of Interstate 405 in Los Angeles, with Randy and Tom in the Palisades and many of the others clustered in Malibu, where Alfred and Bobby Newman had the foresight to buy land when it was cheap. Randy lives just a couple of miles from where he grew up, in an airy but unflashy stucco modernist house whose most eccentric feature is that it was designed, at the behest of his second and current wife, Gretchen, by the then new husband of his first wife, Roswitha. Newman has two children in their 20s with Gretchen, and three older children with Roswitha, the eldest of whom, Amos Newman, works as an agent for William Morris Endeavor—representing, like his great-uncle Marc before him, film composers.

Idiosyncrasy

Irving Newman, Randy's father, was an internist with a practice in Beverly Hills. He was the most handsome and book-smart Newman brother, beloved by his nephews and nieces as "Uncle Doc," but notorious for his temper. Family lore has him constantly getting into fistfights and contretemps, including, it is said, a cursing match with Nancy Reagan in the parking lot of the Brentwood Country Mart. Randy remembers his father tangling with a restaurant's parking valet—"He tosses the keys to the kid and says, 'Thanks, sonny,' the kid says, 'I'm not your son!,' and *whammo!*"—and springing out of his car on the Pacific Coast Highway to take on a man who had evidently called him a "dirty Jew."

Anti-Semitism was often the triggering mechanism for Irving's fights, or at least the stories of Irving's fights as he later embroidered them. Some of this anger was rooted in authentic experiences of bigotry. Because medical schools still set quotas on Jewish students in the 1930s, he was compelled to transfer as an undergraduate from New York University to the University of Alabama, whose School of Medicine promised him a spot if he spent his senior year in Tuscaloosa. The plan worked out, and he was accepted into the med school, but he was expelled after slugging a dean who, so the story goes, called him a "Hebe." Fortunately, Irving's brother Bobby, politically well connected in Democratic circles, used his influence to get Irving into another medical school, at Louisiana State University. It was during his time at L.S.U. that Irving met and fell in love with a Jewish girl from New Orleans named Adele Fuchs. They were married in 1939.

Adele didn't take easily to Los Angeles at first, and because Irving was serving in World War II at the beginning of Randy's life, as a flight surgeon in North Africa and Italy, she went home to live in New Orleans, new child in tow. Even after the war, Randy and his mother, along with his kid brother, Alan, born in 1947, continued to spend their summers down South. Randy witnessed the Jim Crow laws in action—"the COLORED and WHITE on ice-cream wagons and drinking fountains," he said—but, back home in L.A., he also experienced the coastal elite's reflexive denigration of southerners as ignorant and backward.

All of these ingredients conspired to make Newman the idiosyncratic songwriter he became. His mother's ongoing fealty to Louisiana gave him a nuanced, often sympathetic view of the South and its people. His father's anger, some of which he says he inherited, channeled itself into songs that, in certain cases, railed against injustice, and, in others, sent up the very foul-tempered behavior he had both practiced and witnessed. "I'm very good at being wrongheaded in my songs," Newman told me. "I've seen wrongheaded really close-up."

Going Pro

Lenny Waronker recognized Randy's songwriting and arranging talent before Randy did, when they were still teenagers. One of the young Newman's tricks, a thing he did for his own amusement, was to take a pop standard—say, "When I Fall in Love," first popularized by Doris Day—and re-arrange it as an R&B song, "taking it to a completely contemporary place without it being cheesy," Waronker said. When Randy started writing original songs, Waronker nudged him into going pro. Si Waronker, Lenny's father, had by then become a rich man, having left Fox to start up Liberty Records, the label behind Eddie Cochran, Julie London, and, most crucial to its early success, Alvin and the Chipmunks. Before Lenny and Randy were even out of college (the former at U.S.C., the latter at U.C.L.A., from which he never actually took a degree), Lenny, working part-time at Metric Music, Liberty's publishing arm, was hustling his friend's work to artists and labels. "Lenny was really my courage for a lot of years, when I'd write something and didn't think it was good," Newman said. "I just didn't have any confidence at all, but if I played a song for him and he liked it, I'd feel better about it."

Curiously, the clutch of songs that Newman wrote in the early to mid-60s proved

more popular with British artists than American ones, with such U.K. acts as Cilla Black, Manfred Mann, and Alan Price giving, respectively, "I've Been Wrong Before," "So Long Dad," and "Simon Smith and His Amazing Dancing Bear" their first airings. Dusty Springfield chose two Newman originals for her landmark *Dusty in Memphis* album, "I Don't Want to Hear It Anymore" and "Just One Smile."

By the late 1960s, Waronker was an A&R man at the Reprise division of Warner Bros. Records, then at the dawn of its glorious run, under its charismatic chief, Mo Ostin, as the most artist-friendly company in music. (Later, in the 1980s, Waronker was promoted by Ostin to the position of president of Warner Bros.) At the time, Ostin and Waronker were placing bets on such unconventional performers as Van Dyke Parks, to whose *Song Cycle* Newman contributed its opening number, the wonderfully kaleidoscopic "Vine Street."

"Mo said to me, 'What about Randy Newman?,' knowing that we were best friends," Waronker said, "and I said, 'Yeah, it'd be great!' " Thus was Newman signed up as a recording artist. Parks, enlisted as Waronker's co-producer on Newman's debut album for his arranging and studio prowess, remembers the 24-year-old Newman as shy and hesitant, someone who needed to be coaxed out of his shell. "A total recluse and social anomaly," Parks said. "I enjoy thinking that I had to talk Randy out of his reluctance. That makes me feel very important."

Also present at the earliest sessions for the album, which took place late in 1967, was none other than Alfred Newman. He had left Twentieth Century Fox in 1960, when the advance of television had begun to cut into budgets for film orchestration. His youngest brother, Lionel, who had been in charge of Fox's TV-music division, effectively stepped into Alfred's musical-director job, albeit no longer with the benefit of an in-house orchestra. (Lionel did just fine, winning an Oscar for the score of *Hello, Dolly!,* and playing a large role in advancing the career of his friend John Williams, whose *Star Wars* opening theme was deliberately composed in the same key, B-flat major, as Alfred's Fox fanfare.)

Al, a heavy smoker, was in failing health due to emphysema. But he kept on working to the very end, scoring the movie *Airport,* released two weeks after his death, in 1970. Randy recalls his uncle's being enthusiastic about the nephew's songwriting, since, for all of his accomplishments, Al attached no glory to his own work—in Randy's words, "writing great bloody hunks of music to order."

Until his first album, which has 75 credited musicians, Randy had never written an arrangement for orchestra. Among the first he attempted was the one for the album's closer, "Davy the Fat Boy," a bizarre, asymmetrical suite-song whose narrator exploits an orphaned, obese friend (the titular Davy) as a sideshow freak. Al Newman, undaunted by his nephew's flight of fancy, dutifully ran the orchestra through rehearsals of Randy's woozy, Italian-circus-like arrangement. But he left it to Randy to conduct the live recording. The reason the song, eccentric to begin with, sounds especially warped and melted, its author says, is that, in his greenness as a conductor, he followed his musicians rather than the other way around, resulting in "a weight to the orch"—a lurching heaviness to the music's movement.

Still, this strangeness jibed both with the psychedelic times and Waronker and Ostin's vision of an audacious new American music. "I was very much into the Gershwin idea," Waronker said, "of a singer-songwriter who had those kinds of chops, and songs that were sort of timeless. I thought there was a lane for that. But in terms of being commercial, it was a nail-biter—and Van Dyke and Randy's albums weren't commercial."

Newman's next album, *12 Songs,* came out in April 1970 and used more conventional rock-band instrumentation. Parks tipped off Danny Hutton of Three Dog Night to one of its songs, "Mama Told Me Not to Come" (actually written for Eric Burdon, of the Animals, four years earlier), and Three Dog Night's goofy, swampy cover went to No. 1 in the U.S. that summer. Thus was cemented Newman's enduring reputation as someone whose songs sell better in other people's voices than in his own.

Deep Dig

About that voice—that distinctive, divisive, conversational singing voice that the rock critic Robert Christgau has characterized as an "indolent drawl" . . .

"Well, Ray Charles is what I sound like to myself," Newman told me. "It's never been conscious. But I'll tell you, doing what southerners do, the vowels just sound better to me. I think that my interest in the South is an attempt to justify the accent I have when I sing."

Considering this further, he said, "No—it's about Jews digging into America really hard. Digging into America a little harder than someone else might."

When I asked him to elaborate, Newman cited a passage from Philip Roth's novel *Operation Shylock* in which the protagonist pays twisted tribute to Irving Berlin. "God gave Moses the Ten Commandments," Roth's narrator says, "and then He gave to Irving Berlin 'Easter Parade' and 'White Christmas.' The two holidays that celebrate the divinity of Christ—the divinity that's the very heart of the Jewish rejection of Christianity—and what does Irving Berlin brilliantly do? He de-Christs them both! Easter he turns into a fashion show and Christmas into a holiday about snow . . . *He turns their religion into schlock.* But nicely! Nicely! So nicely the goyim don't even know what hit 'em."

Surely the straight-shooting Berlin didn't remotely possess Newman's capacity for mischief, but the point is made: Newman has spent his adulthood engaging in the meaning of Americanness, and doing so as only someone who feels slightly on the outside, not fully assured of his place, can. His third studio album, 1972's *Sail Away,* is where his authorial voice fully crystallized, and its title song is arguably his greatest—and one of the saddest songs in the American canon. On paper, it sounds like a sick joke: a slave trader pitching America to Africans like an infomercial huckster pitching dubious time-shares: "In America, you get food to eat / Won't have to run through the jungle and scuff up your feet."

But the melody Newman puts this sales pitch to, underpinned by a string arrangement worthy of his uncle Al, is hymnally gorgeous, and the chorus, when it kicks in—"Sail away, sail away / We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay"—has the stirring, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" tug of a song sung fervently at assemblies by schoolchildren. It's as mixed-up a song as the United States is a mixed-up country. Ray Charles, to Newman's everlasting delight, covered it. With a gospel choir.

Another deep dig into America comes in a new song, which may or may not make this year's album, that has Jack and Bobby Kennedy conversing in the Oval Office during the first weeks of the New Frontier: "an older-brother-teasing-a-younger-brother song," Newman said. He played me a bit of it on the Steinway concert grand he keeps in his book-lined music room: Jack pointing out that the whiskey they are drinking came from George Preston Marshall, the notoriously anti-integration owner of the Washington Redskins; Bobby declaring that he shall see to it that the Redskins are integrated; Jack razzing Bobby for his earnestness, saying, "Bobby, when you talk like that, it gives me chills."

Lifting his hands from the keyboard, Newman was unable to suppress a chuckle at the uncommercial places his instincts sometimes take him. "Sounds like a hit!," he said. "Like a Taylor Swift song, huh?"

Yet Newman's songs *do* connect, if not in a conventional rock- or pop-star way; he wouldn't have lasted this long otherwise. It's just that Randy, like the other musical Newmans, was destined to connect in subtler fashion. "I love rock 'n' roll all right, but I never saw the way to fill that god-like role," he said. "Springsteen is almost mythological, right? And Tom Petty, such a good guy, but in his songs, he's always treating women rough. There's something outsized there."

He resumed noodling on the piano. "I don't feel it. I never got any of that outsized stuff," he said. "In my family, a B-flat was a fuckin' B-flat." □

Didion and Dunne



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 180 John, you get in Joan. He came on blustering and tough, but he was softhearted."

That Didion could wipe the floor with Dunne anytime she chose must've been disturbing for him. And confusing. The girl he'd married, a slip of a thing, bookish and wallflowerish, turned out to be this spooky genius, a poet of paranoia or possibly a clairvoyant of paranoia fulfilled. And those were boozy days. From Isherwood's *Diaries:* "[Joan] drinks quite a lot. So does [John]." Dunne was a rager too. In that *Life* piece, Didion mentions "kicked-down doors." Says Babitz, "Joan had migraines because she was married to John. He'd give anyone a migraine. He was an alcoholic and he broke down doors." Often, though, when a man gets violent with a woman physically, it's because he feels beat-up emotionally. Scratch a bully find a victim.

There's a scene, very revealing, I think, in *Vegas* (1974), carefully described by Dunne as "a memoir" and "a fiction which recalls a time both real and imagined," though in a letter to writer Jane Howard he admitted that the "real and imagined" was a fakeout, an attempt to throw his mother—"the Mum"—off the autobiographical scent. *Vegas* is about a writer who leaves his wife—also a writer—and child—a little girl, adopted—to live in Las Vegas, precisely what Dunne did for six months in the early 70s. (In lieu of divorce coming perilously close to divorce divorce.) The scene is a phone call between the protagonist and his wife:

"What's new with you?" she said.

"Jackie's got me a date with a nineteen-year-old tonight. She's supposed to suck me and fuck me."

"It's research . . . You're missing the story if you don't meet her."

"But I don't *want* to fuck her."

There was a long silence at the other end of the telephone. "Well, that can be part of the story, too," she said.

There seemed nothing more to say. I was the one who was supposed to be detached.

This isn't a conversation. It's warfare. And the wife defeats the husband. A no-contest contest. How she does it: by not doing anything. She exhibits neither shock nor rage nor sadness at the prospect of his getting together with a teenager. In fact, she encourages him to, all but dares him. Which is the exact moment he turns meek and little-boy, backs down and off. Plainly, he's terrified of his wife. Well, why not? She's a dangerous character. (The answer to the section's opening question, by the way: Not Joan Didion.)

Interestingly, Quintana, at around this time, seems to have been driven to equal extremes to attract Didion's attention. In her memoir *Blue Nights,* Didion tells a story of a five-year-old Quintana calling Camarillo, the state mental hospital, to ask what she should do if she was going crazy. Didion tells another story of Quintana, at the same age, calling Twentieth Century Fox to ask what she should do to become a movie star. Quintana was clearly desperate to turn herself into one of her mother's characters—an insane person or a famous person, preferably both, like Maria Wyeth.

But back to Dunne: once this period—the publication of *Play It,* the book's major-cultural-eventness—passed, he mellowed or was tamed, depending on your viewpoint. Either way, the marriage settled down. And by the 80s, Didion would be telling *The New York Times* that she and Dunne were "terrifically, terribly dependent on one another," a statement that warms the heart or chills the blood, again depending on your viewpoint.

Kiss Me Deadly

In 1971, the Didion-Dunnes would move out of the house on Franklin Avenue to a house in Trancas, just north of Malibu. The couple's careers as screenwriters would begin in earnest, starting with that year's *The Panic in Needle Park,* and lasting until Dunne's death in 2003. The moment they leave Hollywood to go Hollywood, though, is the moment I lose interest in them as Hollywood figures.

There is one movie of theirs, however, I do want to discuss: *Play It as It Lays* (1972). As I already said, the book is both book and movie. Didion's temperament is a director's in that her controlling intelligence is so, well, controlling. The world Maria inhabits is a contrived one—an artifice. Not for an instant do you believe that the story can end other than in calamity, that life's random energies have a shot against tragedy's classic structure. If a character burped or cracked a joke, you feel the whole thing would collapse. Which is why *Play It,* taken on its own terms, is profound, high art; and, not taken on its own terms, profoundly silly, high camp. Pauline Kael's assessment of the book (she slammed it en route to slamming the movie) was so devastating because she laughed at it—"I found the . . . novel ridiculously swank, and I read it between bouts of disbelieving giggles"—and once you start laughing, you can't stop.

A movie, by definition, is not taking the book on its own terms, since a movie is made by many people, even if one of them is a "Didion freak" (Frank Perry, the director, a self-description) and two others are Didion and Dunne (they wrote the script). The movie exposed the book. Showed how weak the central concept was, how purest-corn and junk-Hollywood: the glamour of desolation, the romance of despair, how low-life are those living the high life, etc. Only, unlike the junk-Hollywood product, *Play It* took itself seriously. The movie also showed that for *Play It* to work—and the book, whether you like it or not, does work—it needed the magic of Didion's prose. Otherwise it's just a bummer version of *The Bad and the Beautiful.*

It didn't have to be. Didion's first pick for director was Sam Peckinpah. Didion in a letter to Peckinpah: "I want you to [do the movie]—you are the only person . . . I can see taking it beyond where it is and bringing back a picture of the very edge." Peckinpah seems, on the face of it, a counter-intuitive choice. The material was contemporary, urban, feminine. He was a director of Westerns, often set in the past, and extremely violent. Yet his violence was beautiful—sensuous and painterly—and he was a fatalist, and thus close to Didion in sensibility. Her hope, too, was that he would not just film the book—what Perry ended up doing—but reimagine it, and "[bring] back a picture of the very edge." Or, maybe, over the edge. It always struck me as false that Maria was so tranquil behind the wheel. How much more joy would she have gotten from her rides if she'd left devastation in her wake? Is there a better way for one of the most alienated characters in modern literature to connect than inside her metal shell, her barest touch resulting in blood and guts and severed limbs? (Didion: "Actually, I don't drive on the freeway. I'm afraid to.") Peckinpah, I think, would have said what Didion couldn't quite: that Maria—that Didion—was a victim who was also a victimizer. He'd have turned *Play It* into Warhol's *Orange Car Crash Fourteen Times* at 24 frames per second.

That version, of course, never happened. The studio balked at Peckinpah. Missed opportunities are always a shame. This one, though, was especially shameful because it was also Didion and Dunne's best opportunity to catch the American New Wave.

In 1969, the summer of Manson, *Easy Rider* roared onto screens trailing clouds of motorcycle exhaust and marijuana smoke. A new era in movies had begun. This new era, New Hollywood, was really an end-of-an-era era. Its decade was the 70s, and the 70s were less the 70s than the post-60s, the 60s once the light had been snuffed out. Its movies were, unsurprisingly, dark: innocence was lost or violated, promise unfulfilled, effort futile. Forget it, Jake, it's Chinatown. And while Didion and Dunne were in New Hollywood, literally (their house in Trancas was a stone's throw from New Hollywood Central, the houses of Julia and Michael Phillips, producers of *Taxi Driver,* and actresses Jennifer Salt and Margot Kidder, where every weekend people like Martin Scorsese, Steven Spielberg, and Paul Schrader—all unknowns

then—could be found drinking wine, smoking grass, and talking movies), they were never of it, even if they'd occasionally attend its parties. I don't think they quite knew what "it" was.

"A few decades hence, these years may appear to be the closest our movies have come to the tangled, bitter flowering of American letters in the 1850s." Pauline Kael wrote those words in her introduction to *Reeling,* her collection of reviews, 1972–75, including that humdinger of *Play It.* In the 70s, movie culture would become central to American culture. Kael was its voice, which meant she was American culture's voice, which meant Didion no longer was. Didion didn't take the usurpation lying down. She went after Kael, writing in 1973, "The review of pictures has been . . . a traditional diversion for writers whose actual work is somewhere else." No serious writer takes movies seriously, is, essentially, what she's saying. And yet movies were, at that moment, it, *the* hot art form. So Didion, who missed nothing, had missed a major cultural shift. And just like that, the sharpest point on the cutting edge was dull, out of it, passé. That the movie she and Dunne are best known for is *A Star Is Born* (1976), a remake of a remake of a remake of a remake, tells, I think, the story of their Hollywood career.

So after 1969, Didion's special extra intuition was gone. (Kael, incidentally, wouldn't outlast her decade either. Her moment ended in 1979, when Warren Beatty, that skilled seducer, sweet-talked her into leaving *The New Yorker* for Paramount.) Didion would continue to be a great writer, but would cease to be a visionary one. While a number of her later books hit the best-seller list, they failed, with the exception of *The White Album,* published in 1979 though about the earlier period, to truly resonate. Her days as a cultural phenomenon were over.

Until the passing of Dunne and Quintana. In their deaths, Didion was resurrected professionally. *The Year of Magical Thinking* (2005) was a critical sensation—winner of the National Book Award—and a commercial one, selling a million-plus copies, far more than any other book in her career. And its sequel, *Blue Nights* (2011), was another smash. Why?

In this piece's opening I called Didion a femme fatale. I said it to startle and I said it because it's true. I suspect she's one in life. I know she's one in art. Her method, which is also her genius, has been to attenuate nature, strip it of its force and vitality. And then nature did that to her. Did it by aging her, taking away her youth and beauty. Did it again, and more violently, by taking away those she loved most. With just about anybody else, it would have ended there—heartbreak of that magnitude breaking the spirit and the will, as well. Not with Didion, though. She did it right back to nature. *Magical Thinking* and *Blue Nights* are loss and grief and pain transformed into meditations on loss and grief and pain; they're loss and grief and pain aestheticized. Death has always been Didion's great subject and theme, as it was Warhol's. And in these memoirs, she's confronting it directly, more than confronting it, besting it. Art won out over life, another way of saying the artist won out over the human being. It's her triumph. It's also her tragedy. □

Kathleen Kennedy



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162 steps ahead," Lowden added. "Kathy could run a bank or the U.N. or be president if she wanted." Cate Blanchett likened Kennedy to a water diviner: "She knows instinctively where to put her energies." Blanchett told me about the support Kennedy offered her on the set of *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull.* "She's the most acute listener I've ever met. I'd sometimes catch her eye after a take, and she'd nod, almost imperceptibly. Her quiet vote of confidence spurred me on." When, during the filming of *The Force Awakens* at Pinewood Studios, a mock-up of the spaceship *Millennium Falcon* fell on Harrison Ford and broke a bone in his left leg, Ford was initially transferred to the nearest trauma hospital, in Oxford. He told me he had a good experience there, but that he was anxious to get closer to London and also to a hospital room that had an *en suite* bathroom instead of one down the hall. He credits Kennedy with transferring him to the King Edward VII Hospital, in London, which serves the royal family. "It not only had a bathroom *en suite,* but it also had a wine list," Ford told me. "That's my kind of hospital."

I asked Kennedy if she ever got as nervous these days as she had when she was making *E.T.* In addition to the first new *Star Wars* film, she has two others on the burner—and a rabid and judgmental fan base. "No, no, no," she insisted. It's not that she doesn't care about the outcome. She knows the stakes. During the filming of *The Force Awakens,* Bob Iger asked to review the daily reels from the set. "My phone would ring in London, and he'd be giving me his notes on the dailies he just looked at." She acknowledged that he was interested in the movie for all kinds of typical business reasons. He has often referred, somewhat pointedly, to *The Force Awakens* as a $4 billion movie, the value of it being as much as the entire purchase price of Lucasfilm. "My involvement in this film is unusual," Iger said, "but it's unusual for a very obvious reason." But there's actually another reason for his close attention: he's a fan. "What I love about this film," Iger told me, "is that J.J. and Kathy hit a perfect balance between legacy and innovation." Although Lucas has shown ambivalence about loss of control over the *Star Wars* characters he created, Kennedy told me that "he also couldn't be more thrilled with the directors we've hired and the direction we're headed."

If there's one thing that Kennedy seems to be constitutionally incapable of experiencing, it's angst. After more than 30 years in the business, Kennedy has learned what she needs to be worried about and what she can let go. She brought up a line in Spielberg's recent movie, *Bridge of Spies,* in which Tom Hanks, playing a lawyer, asks the accused foreign agent, played by Mark Rylance, "Are you worried?" And Rylance replies, "Would it help?" Kennedy added, "It's like my mantra." □

VANITY FAIR IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC. IN BOTH THE U.S. AND THE U.K.
THE U.K. EDITION IS PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS LTD. UNDER LICENSE.
COPYRIGHT © 2016 BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS LTD., VOGUE HOUSE, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON W1S 1JU. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

Vanity Fair No. 667 The magazine is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Ltd., Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W1S 1JU (telephone: 020 7499 9080; fax: 020 7493 1345). The full subscription rate to *Vanity Fair* is £57.60 for one year (12 issues) in the UK. Overseas Airmail per year: €99 to the EU, £90 to the rest of Europe, $99 to the US and £99 to the rest of the World. Enquiries, changes of address and orders payable to *Vanity Fair,* Subscriptions Department, Lathkill Street, Market Harborough, Leics LE16 9EF. To subscribe on the Internet, visit www.magazineboutique.co.uk/vanityfair or e-mail vanityfair@subscription.co.uk, quoting code 7223. Subscription hotline +44 (0)844-848-5202 open Monday to Friday 8 A.M. to 9:30 P.M. Saturday 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. Manage your subscription online 24 hours a day by logging on to www.magazineboutique.co.uk/youraccount.

VANITY FAIR is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including, but not limited to, drawings, photographs, or transparencies), or any other unsolicited materials. Those submitting manuscripts, photographs, artwork, or other materials for consideration should not send originals, unless specifically requested to do so by *Vanity Fair* in writing. Manuscripts, photographs, and other materials submitted must be accompanied by a self-addressed overnight-delivery return envelope, postage prepaid. The paper used for this publication is based on renewable wood fibre. The wood these fibres are derived from is sourced from sustainably managed forests and controlled sources. The producing mills are EMAS registered and operate according to highest environmental and health and safety standards. This magazine is fully recyclable—please log on to www.recyclenow.com for your local recycling options for paper and board.

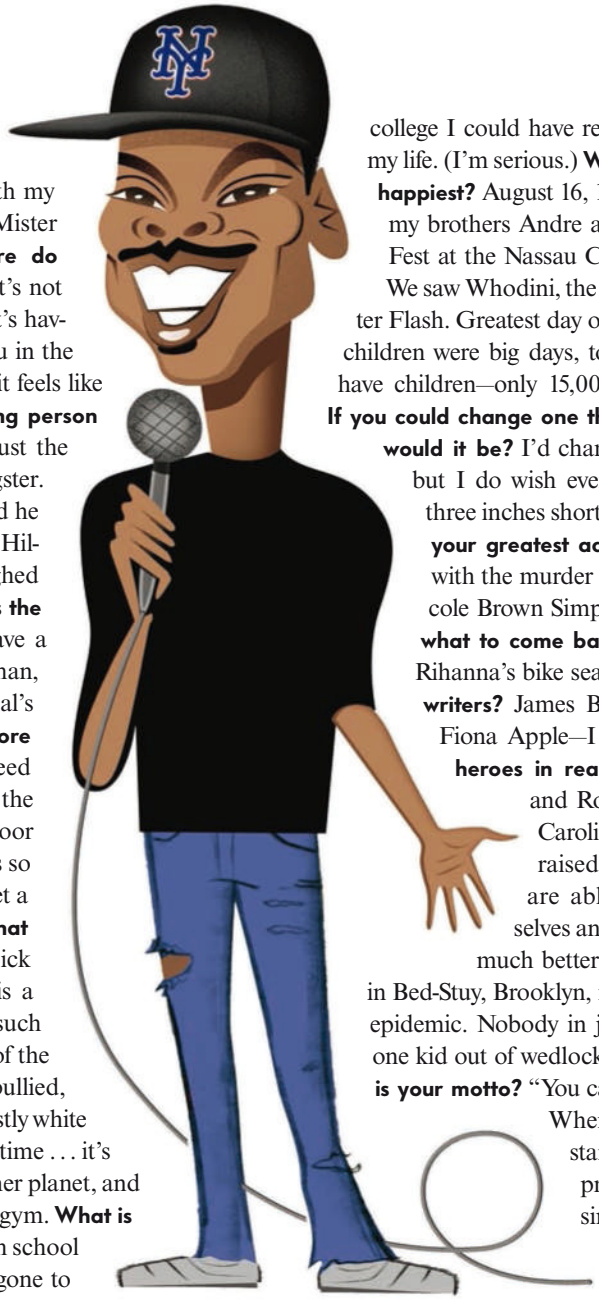
TO FIND CONDÉ NAST MAGAZINES ONLINE, VISIT www.condenet.co.uk; TO FIND *VANITY FAIR,* VISIT www.vanityfair.co.uk.

PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE



Chris ROCK

The acclaimed comedian, actor, writer, director, and producer—who this year is hosting the Academy Awards ceremony for the second time—reminisces about the greatest day of his life, and why he's still afraid of the principal's office



What is your idea of perfect happiness? Just a lazy day roaming New York with my daughters—La Esquina for lunch and Mister Softee for dessert. **Which historical figure do you most identify with?** Mrs. Ray Rice—it's not the punch in the face that eats your soul; it's having to defend the person that punched you in the face that eats. Oddly enough, this is what it feels like to be a black man in America. **Which living person do you most admire?** Barack Obama—just the balls to think he could be president is gangster. People forget that, when he first announced he was running, most black people were for Hillary Clinton. The only person that was laughed at more for a crazy idea was Noah. **What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?** I have a child-like fear of being late. I'm a grown man, and I'm scared I'm going to the principal's office. **What is the trait you most deplore in others?** I hate rich people that feel a need to tell you how hard they had it ("We had the smallest pool on the block"). And I hate poor people that feel a need to puff up their bios so they can better fit in with the rich—you meet a lot of Talented Mr. Ripleys in showbiz. **What is your favorite journey?** The journey to pick up my kids from school. Three o'clock is a perfect time, not early and not late. I had such a horrible school experience (bussed, one of the only black kids, called "nigger" every day, bullied, etc.) that picking my kids up from their mostly white school, where they're having such a great time . . . it's almost like I'm picking them up from another planet, and I am. **On what occasion do you lie?** At the gym. **What is your greatest regret?** Dropping out of high school and not going to college. I think if I had gone to college I could have really done something with my life. (I'm serious.) **When and where were you happiest?** August 16, 1985. My dad took me and my brothers Andre and Tony to see the Fresh Fest at the Nassau Coliseum, on Long Island. We saw Whodini, the Fat Boys, and Grandmaster Flash. Greatest day of my life. The births of my children were big days, too, but billions of people have children—only 15,000 people saw that show. **If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?** I'd change nothing about myself, but I do wish everyone else on earth were three inches shorter. **What do you consider your greatest achievement?** Getting away with the murder of Ron Goldman and Nicole Brown Simpson. **If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?** Rihanna's bike seat. **Who are your favorite writers?** James Baldwin, Junot Díaz, and Fiona Apple—I love her. **Who are your heroes in real life?** My parents, Julius and Rose. Two kids from South Carolina that came to New York, raised a family, and their kids are able to take care of themselves and their kids—it doesn't get much better. Six boys, one girl raised in Bed-Stuy, Brooklyn, in the middle of the crack epidemic. Nobody in jail, nobody in rehab, not one kid out of wedlock. Best parents ever. **What is your motto?** "You can't be great on the side." Whenever one of my friends starts telling me about the 12 projects they're working on simultaneously, I always say, "Slow down. You can't be great on the side."

ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO


CHATILA
JEWELLERS SINCE 1860
29 RUE DU RHÔNE
1204 GENÈVE
+41 22 319 7100
22 OLD BOND STREET
LONDON W1S 4PY
+44 20 7493 9833
CHATILA.COM



BOTTEGAVENETA.COM

BOTTEGA VENETA

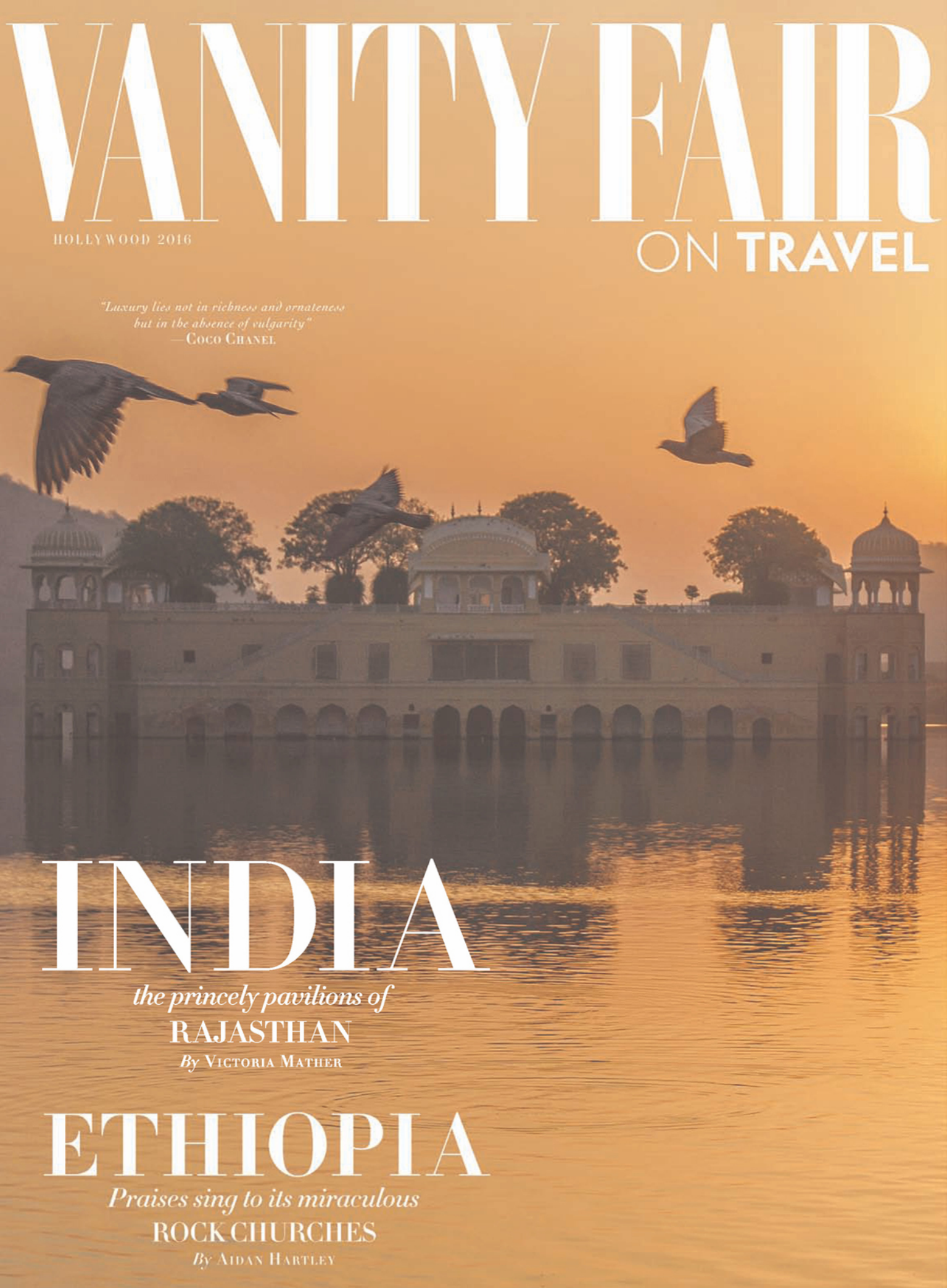
Please turn the page to view Supplement

VANITY FAIR

HOLLYWOOD 2016

ON TRAVEL

"Luxury lies not in richness and ornateness but in the absence of vulgarity"
—Coco Chanel



INDIA

the princely pavilions of
RAJASTHAN
By Victoria Mather

ETHIOPIA

Praises sing to its miraculous
ROCK CHURCHES
By Aidan Hartley



The HOTEL GAME CHANGERS

the most directional names for 2016

By Victoria Mather

KENYA

KEEPING *the* FAITH

By Victoria Mather

THIS TIME IT'S WAR

a magical history tour of

NORWAY

By Nicholas Shakespeare

Plus

MARIELLA FROSTRUP *on why PAXOS packs a punch;*
LUCY CAVENDISH *on MOZAMBIQUE;* RACHEL JOHNSON *on hiking the LYCIAN WAY;*
BREAKFASTS, ARCHIPELAGOS and the STARRIEST FOUR-STARS IN THE KNOWN GALAXY



PENINSULA MOMENTS


OLYMPUS
PHILIPS
HYUNDAI
HITACHI
CHINA MOBILE



THE PENINSULA

HOTELS

Hong Kong • Shanghai • Beijing • Tokyo • New York • Chicago • Beverly Hills • Paris • Bangkok • Manila • ***peninsula.com***

CARRIER COLLECTION 2016/17

Carrier specialises in luxury tailor-made holidays worldwide. Service is personal, flexible and haute couture.



ABTA
ABTA No.V0391
BRITISH AIRWAYS
Preferred Partner


CARRIER
www.carrier.co.uk/vanity


One&Only
RESORTS
BAHAMAS
BAHRAIN
CAPE TOWN
DUBAI
GREAT BARRIER REEF
WOLGAN VALLEY
LOS CABOS
MALDIVES
MAURITIUS
MONTENEGRO
SANYA
Coming soon
two new resorts in Mexico
oneandonlyresorts.com



VANITY FAIR

On Travel

2016



BIG COUNTRY | 82

FUNFAIR

WHITHER SHALL I WANDER? | FROM 15
Archipelagos, medi-spas, travel beauty, contacts, airport hotel gems, bucket-list trips, breakfast and tea (they're the new supper, btw), stately homes, cars, holiday garb, luggage, travel bookshops, literary cafés, expert guides, black ski runs, ski chalets, and timeless classic hotels. Plus Paxos, colonial Williamsburg, and walking in Turkey. Never say we don't spoil you. . .

FEATURES

DESTINATION: ART | 58
AOIFE O'RIORDAIN leads a guided tour of the best new museum openings

RUNAWAY SUCCESS | 60
How Annabel Brooks, with her impeccable form (and address book), took the luxury vacation-rentals market by storm. By ALICE B-B

RAY OF LIGHT | 64
ALICE B-B travelled to the Maldives to fulfil her lifelong dream of sighting the elusive—and now endangered—manta ray

CAPRICORN RISING | 70
With its years of war well behind it, Mozambique's star is in the ascendant. LUCY CAVENDISH travelled to tropical Benguerra island

FJORD ESCORT | 76
Norway changed the course of the Second World War. Let NICHOLAS SHAKESPEARE be your guide

AFRICA, MY AFRICA | 82
A paean to Kenya, its blissful super-lodges, and the unique variety of happiness it engenders. By VICTORIA MATHER

ROCK OF AGES | 90
AIDAN HARTLEY had a very personal reason for his pilgrimage to the ancient rock-cut churches of northern Ethiopia, as he recounts

INDIA FILES | 98
VICTORIA MATHER meets the Indian families running the regal residences-turned-hotels of princely Rajasthan: still the jewel in India's own crown

THE GAME CHANGERS OF 2016 | 106
The visionaries putting the hot into hotelier now. By VICTORIA MATHER

FLYING HIGH | 120
The sky's the limit for these up-and-coming airlines. By VICTORIA MATHER

SECRET SUCCESSES | 122
Small, luxurious, unexpected, hidden: these bolt holes are beyond boutique. By VICTORIA MATHER

ETC

EDITOR'S LETTER | 8
CONTRIBUTORS | 12
AND FINALLY: HOTEL COUTURE | 124

ON THE COVER: birds flying over Jal Mahal Palace at sunrise, Jaipur, Rajasthan, India © zanariahsalam/Getty Images

TRIBESMAN AT SEGERA, KENYA BY GREG FUNNELL

HOLLYWOOD 2016

Africa / Arabian Gulf / Asia / Australasia / The Americas (Canada, South America, USA) / Caribbean & Mexico
Europe / Indian Ocean / Luxury Villas, Yachts & Private Islands / Luxury Cruise / Luxury Ski / Space Travel

Elegant Resorts

Exclusively Elegant Travel since 1988



With the majestic Pitons for a backdrop, Sugar Beach, A Viceroy Resort, is located within one of St Lucia's most idyllic locations. Pamper yourself in a Luxury Beachfront Bungalow, elegant Luxury Villa or exquisite Residence, all offering pure escapism with breathtaking views. Nestled amidst lush vegetation and fringed by a white-sand beach with a crystal-clear shoreline, the resort offers true exotic perfection.

01244 897 537 *elegantresources.co.uk*

Elegant Resorts Ltd, registered office: Elegant House, Sandpiper Way, Chester CH4 9QE. ATOL protected 2885, ABTA V1712

Sugar Beach, A Viceroy Resort, St Lucia

The World Still Travelled



We live in a parallel universe. These are difficult, even frightening, political times, yet despite the threat of terrorism it is impossible to put the travel genie back in the bottle. Filled with hope, we still travel and expect to arrive somewhere fabulous, a Xanadu in which to recharge our souls and enrich ourselves with a unique experience. The curiosity of the human spirit remains undaunted. More people are flying than ever before, and the British company Reaction Engines has now received government funding for its rocket science, developing the SABRE engine—a hybrid of jet and rocket technology that will take us to infinity and beyond (well, Australia at any rate, in four and a half hours, at five times the speed of sound). Our spirit of adventure is indomitable.

This resilience is a keynote throughout *Vanity Fair On Travel* 2016. I travelled to Kenya (page 82), and I was enthralled by the new initiatives and sheer entrepreneurial *joie de vivre* of the country. It is economically vibrant, powering the East African miracle, along with Ethiopia, which Aidan Hartley visited (page 90) to fulfil a longstanding vow to give thanks at the ancient rock churches of Lalibela. His lyrical piece, with photographs by the great Frédéric Lagrange, reveals exactly why Ethiopia is now on the radar of global travellers. Lucy Cavendish explored the new coastal destination of Mozambique (page 70) for perfect beach after the bush. Alice B-B also went deep blue, diving in the Maldives in her lifelong quest to see manta rays.

India (page 98) has been a second home to me since my honeymoon some 30 years ago. I'm a great believer in slow travel, so it was pure joy to meander through Rajasthan, seeing friends I have come to know and staying with them in family properties—camps, forts, hunting lodges and palaces—that they have restored or built as stylish, imaginative explosions of luxury, which I am thrilled to share with you. Each is different, with spectacular charm, and India is hot in such a cool way. While I was there, Hugh Bonneville and Gillian Anderson were filming *Viceroy's House* in Jodhpur; the gilded youth of Britain were racing tuk-tuks to the late Mark Shand's elephant sanctuary; and the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge are going this spring.

When wandering the world, nothing is more rewarding than coming across an unsung little gem hotel (page 122) like Cape View Clifton in Cape Town or Kahanda Kanda in Sri Lanka. Equally, old favourites (page 20) are the comfort zones in which nothing bad can ever happen to you. It is a phenomenon of the modern age that museums can make a destination—think what Frank Gehry's Guggenheim has done for Bilbao—so Aoife O'Riordain gives us a guide to the best of the rest. The distinguished architectural historian Marcus Binney reveals the colonial delights of Williamsburg, Virginia; and Mariella Frostrup explains why Paxos is suddenly the hottest Greek island. Now that breakfast is the new lunch, Tom Parker Bowles is eggs-up on how to kickstart the day around the world; and our Portfolio (page 106) is dedicated to the game-changers in hotels who've reinvented travel excitement.

Vanity Fair On Travel always supports a charity, and this year it is the Sparkes Home in Sri Lanka (sparkeshome.co.uk), established as a memorial to tea planter Michael Sparkes, and Jonny Sparkes, who died prematurely of an incurable lung disease. Built after the tsunami, it provides a warm, loving educational environment for 40 girls who were orphaned by the tragedy, or in the civil war, or whose families are destitute. The aim is to enable the girls to earn their own living. Extra English, maths and IT lessons are provided, together with computers and sewing machines. Volunteers may go and help the house mothers and teach English. The Sparkes Home is administered by UK trustees, three of whom had happy childhoods in Sri Lanka. It costs just £1 a day to support a child.

When travelling, it is not enough to take away experience. One must also give back.

—VICTORIA MATHER

VANITY FAIR ON TRAVEL
Editor VICTORIA MATHER
Creative Director JAMES SLOCUM **Managing Editor** HOLLY ROSS
Chief Sub-editor ANNA BLOMEFIELD **Acting Picture Editor** TANJYA HOLLAND PARKIN **Art Director** SCOTT MOORE
Associate Editor BRIDGET ARSENAULT **Assistant Editor** CHARLOTTE OWEN
Fashion Director EMMA MARSH **Advertising Director** ANNA SCOTT
Corporate Business Director CLAIRE SINGER **Promotions Manager** LAURA PATERSON
Senior Production Controller HELEN CROUCH **Production Co-ordinator** SAPPHO BARKLA
Associate Publisher TIA GRAHAM
Publishing Director ANNIE HOLCROFT

COPYRIGHT © 2016 THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS LTD, VOGUE HOUSE, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON W1S 1JU. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED. NOT TO BE SOLD SEPARATELY. THE PUBLISHER HAS ENDEAVOURED TO ENSURE THAT ALL INFORMATION IS CORRECT AT THE TIME OF GOING TO PRESS, BUT DOES NOT ACCEPT ANY RESPONSIBILITY FOR ERRORS AND OMISSIONS.

JESSICA DOBBS



She's a fan.

MANDARIN ORIENTAL
THE HOTEL GROUP

To find out why Lucy Liu is a fan visit mandarinoriental.com ATLANTA • BANGKOK • BARCELONA • BODRUM • BOSTON • GENEVA • GUANGZHOU • HONG KONG • JAKARTA • KUALA LUMPUR • LAS VEGAS
LONDON • MACAU • MARRAKECH • MIAMI • MILAN • MUNICH • NEW YORK • PARIS • PRAGUE • SANYA • SHANGHAI • SINGAPORE • TAIPEI • TOKYO • WASHINGTON D.C.



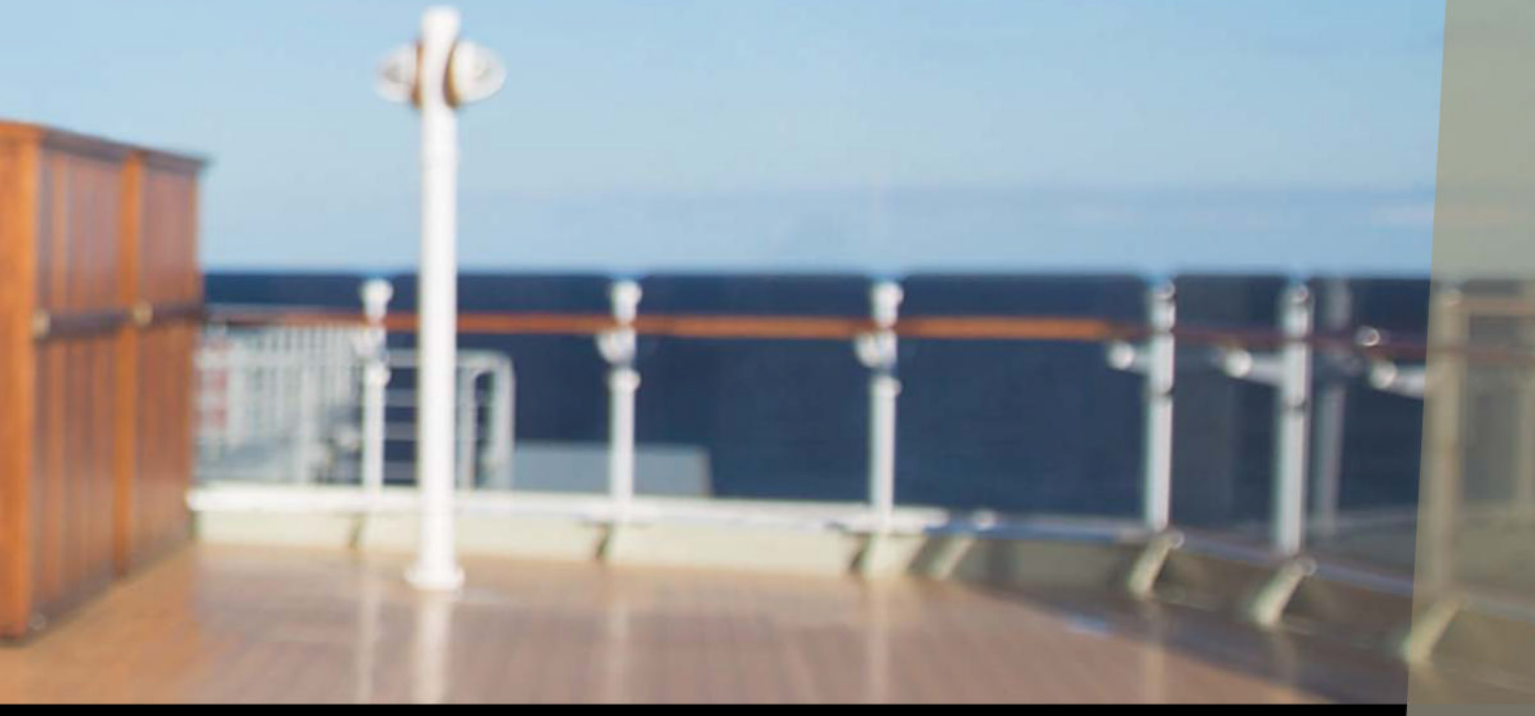
CUNARD

The Grills Experience.

The ultimate Cunard holiday.

The Cunard Grills suites are the apex of luxury in ocean travel. After priority boarding, chocolates and champagne or sparkling wine await you in your suite – one of the most spacious at sea. All feature separate living and sleeping areas, walk-in wardrobes, marble bathrooms and generous private balconies.

You'll also enjoy exclusive access to private decks, plus the attention of the Grill concierge – while dedicated butlers look after all our Queens Grill guests. Your table is reserved at whatever time you choose in our world-famous Princess and Queens Grill restaurants.



QUEEN ELIZABETH QUEEN MARY 2 QUEEN VICTORIA

To discover more visit cunard.co.uk, contact your travel agent or call 0843 373 4090.

ABTA



AIDAN HARTLEY

These days, former foreign correspondent Aidan Hartley spends his time cattle ranching in northern Kenya, having worked as a journalist in Africa in the 1990s covering the war in Rwanda and the Somalian genocide, as well as making documentaries for Channel 4. Currently working on his second book, he also writes the Wild Life column for *The Spectator*. For *Vanity Fair On Travel*, Aidan returns to Ethiopia: the country where, in 1991, he was one of the first *Reuters* correspondents to gain entry to the stormed palace of the now-exiled communist strongman Mengistu Haile Mariam.

LUCY CAVENDISH



ADRIAN LOUW

Writing about travel comes naturally to Lucy Cavendish, who lived in New York, Kenya, Argentina and Zimbabwe before settling in her current Oxfordshire home. A mother of four, she has written a number of novels about family and childhood, as well as a regular column on her experiences raising children in the countryside in *The Telegraph*'s weekend *Stella* magazine. Lucy has interviews with Hillary Clinton, Sir Paul McCartney and Dame Helen Mirren to her name in *The Times*, *The Telegraph*, the *Daily Mail* and *The Guardian*, among others; her article "Capricorn Rising" for this issue of *Vanity Fair On Travel* explores the newfound peace of tropical Mozambique.



BEMNET GIZACHEW

FREDERIC LAGRANGE

Over his 14-year career, the award-winning photographer Frédéric Lagrange has seen his work published in *Vogue*, *The New Yorker, GQ*, *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vanity Fair*, as well as being featured in the American Photography Annual, the Society of Publication Designers' Annual and the PDN Photo Annual. A skilled portraitist as well as a landscape, fashion and lifestyle photographer, Frédéric has journeyed to more than 80 countries in pursuit of the remotest spots on Earth. For *Vanity Fair On Travel*, he combines his skills to turn his attention to the people and places of Ethiopia, attempting, in his own words, "to pick up through my lens as many subtle nuances as I can".

AOIFE O'RIORDAIN

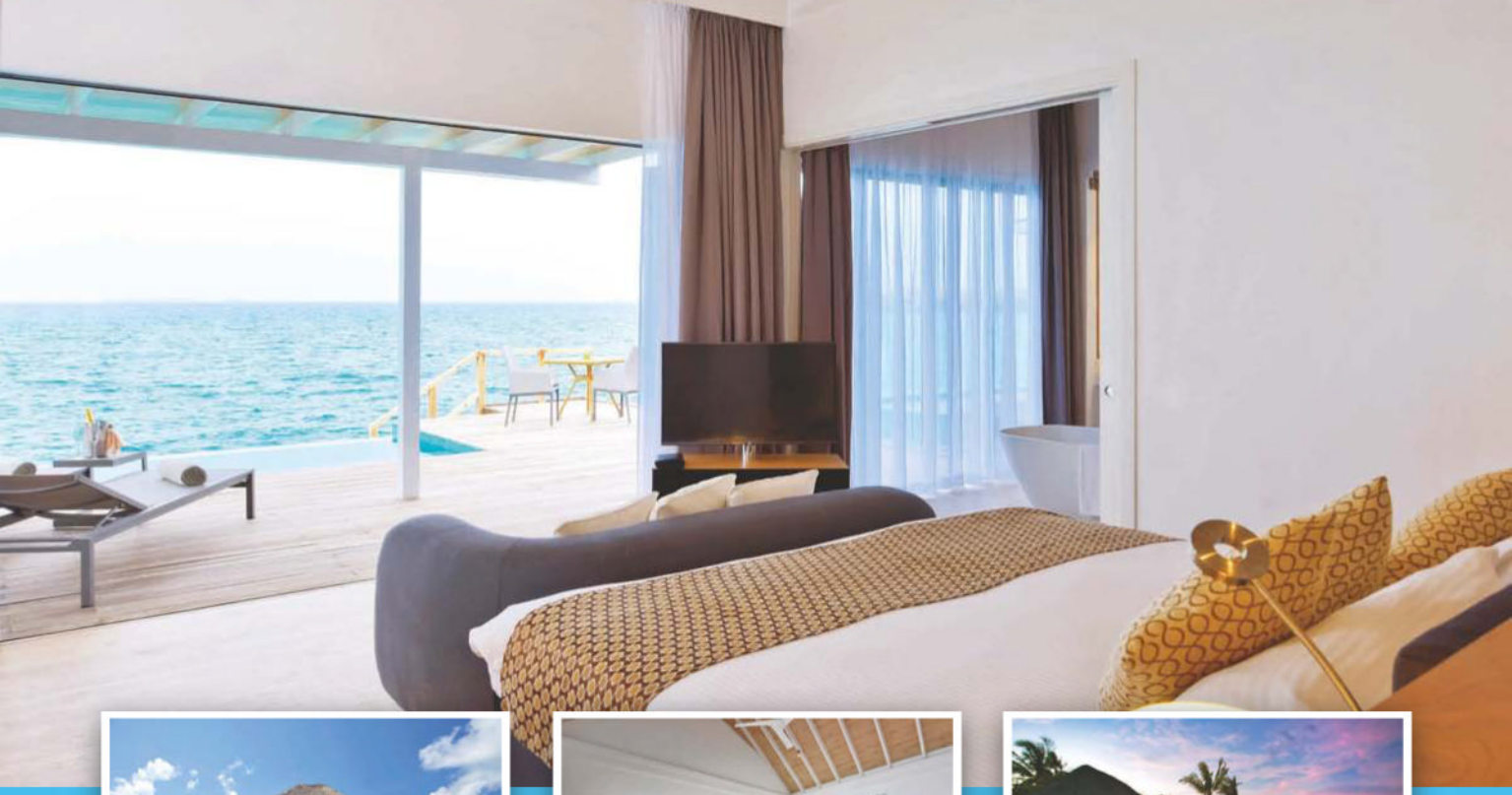


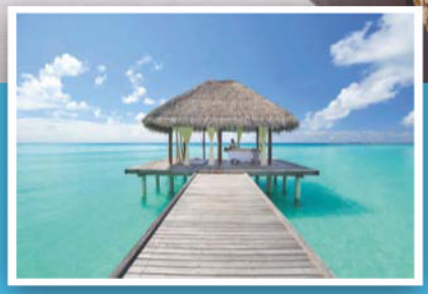
Dublin-born freelance travel writer Aoife O'Riordain's interest in roaming the globe was sparked by a childhood spent discovering the world's treasures in museums and galleries, thanks to her archaeologist father. Having worked on the travel section of the *Independent* for 10 years, she is now a regular contributor to its travel pages, and those of the *Evening Standard* and *Condé Nast Traveller*. As well as journeying from Thailand to Chile and everywhere in between for her "Ask the Experts" piece, Aoife has let *Vanity Fair On Travel* in on her pick of the new galleries and museums that are the talk of the art world.

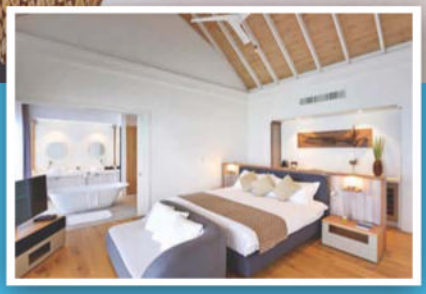


NICHOLAS SHAKESPEARE

Since being named as one of *Granta*'s Best Young British Novelists in 1993, Nicholas Shakespeare has seen his books translated into over 20 languages. His novel *The Dancer Upstairs*, based on the Shining Path organization of Maoist guerrillas in Peru, was adapted into a film directed by John Malkovich and starring Javier Bardem. Not restricting himself to fiction, Nicholas is the author of an acclaimed biography of Bruce Chatwin and is currently working on a book about the Norway Debate of May 1940 and its role in how Winston Churchill became Prime Minister—a subject that drew him back to the country of mountains and fjords for the present issue.









An emerald jewel in the turquoise Maldivian waters. Acres of luxuriant vegetation. Spectacular beaches tapering into an endless sandbank.

Kuramathi combines the best of both worlds to provide an authentic essence with the spectrum of villas on offer. Our newest additions include plush villas with pools sited at scenic locations over the island. Overwater villas, villas set on the beach, or hidden in luxuriant gardens, we offer something for everyone.

Kuramathi Island Resort – a retreat that offers unique experiences for all in a natural setting.

KURAMATHI ISLAND RESORT
Universal Resorts, Maldives

www.kuramathi.com

For more information and to book, go to www.kuoni.co.uk or call 0800 294 9737

KUONI

SILVERSEA EXPEDITIONS®

TAKE A CLOSER LOOK



For more information or to book please call 0845 835 0064,
visit Silversea.com/expeditions or contact your travel agent.

FUNFAIR

ALL THE BEST *from p.16* TRAVEL KIT *p.34* GRAND LITERARY CAFES *p.37* ASK THE EXPERTS *p.38* BLACK RUNS & SKI CHALETS *p.48*



PHOTOGRAPH BY **PIXELEYES**

JOIN THE DOTS

Want to taste paradise? Charter a yacht or board a seaplane to an idyllic, secluded island. Archipelago-go, says VICTORIA MATHER



Hvar, Croatia

A dynamic of modern travel is the search for an experience, and preferably one not shared with hordes of other people. We seek privacy and the illusion that we are the only ones in on an enchanting secret. Accessed by the boom in yacht charter (no longer reserved for billionaires), archipelagos provide these perfect paradises. Just when we feared we might have run out of world, many of the most glittering archipelagos have opened up, due to recent geo-political change. We are sailing. . .

CROATIA

Where: The Adriatic is at its translucent best on the Dalmatian Coast, where the 1,246 islands of the Croatian archipelago have opened up since the War of Independence. Only 50 are actually inhabited; some just have a rustic hut that's a summer restaurant—ring up to order, and a lamb can be roasting on a spit as you moor alongside. (Mobile telephones have done wonders for archipelagoing.) Do dive in for a swim first—the water here is clearer and cleaner than anywhere on the Côte d'Azur. Dubrovnik, a UNESCO heritage site, firmly controls cruise-ship entries, so the town is not wrecked.

Why: The Med without the crowds. New marinas like D-Marin Mandalina at Sibenik and the Riva in Split are expert (the old boat-building skills survive), friendly, well equipped and good value. Immensely refreshing after the rip-off ports of the French and Italian rivieras. At Split there's a new de Havilland Twin Otter seaplane service. Take one to Lastovo, a mystical island of Renaissance houses and churches. A sea-limo can speed you to the Martinis Marchi Heritage Hotel, originally an 18th-century castle on Solta. It's the party island, with music from classical to Adele. Beach bars buzz beneath the old fortress and the air is scented with lavender from the inland fields. Odysseus liked the island of Mljet so much, he stayed seven years. Tito hid on the island of Vis during the war, and the most exciting expedition there is to a cave tunnelled by communists into the rock. The food is delicious fish, the vegetables and wine organic.



Mergui archipelago, Burma

How: BA has new flights to Split, the departure point for the less-explored western Dalmatian archipelago. The low-cost airline Volotea also operates flights from its new base at Southampton Airport; easyJet goes from Gatwick. Split now has the five-star Hotel Park; stay a night and see the beautiful Diocletian's Palace. Dalmatian Destinations is the go-to for fully crewed yacht charters.

BURMA

Where: The Andaman Sea, in the far south of Burma (Myanmar). Some 800 jungle islands that are described by our hero pilot in *Biggles Delivers The Goods* as "green beads dropped carelessly on blue velvet". There is one hotel, no beach bars, no connectivity, no hospitals. It is you, the boat and a snorkel. Go now.

Why: The snorkelling and diving are tremendous: the Black Rock for silvertip, whitetip and blacktip sharks; Little Torres Island for astounding coral; Pui Lar island for whizzy coloured reef fish. The sweet-fleshed tiger prawns are the size of hamsters, mussels ditto. There is dynamite fishing, damaging for the marine environment, and the dream of paradise found can be punctuated by plastic and glass on some beaches, washed over from Phuket. Yet the clue is in the 800: there are enough islands with white-white beaches of pristine sifted flour, crab-eating macaque monkeys, white kites, emerald doves and kingfishers. And pythons. And stilt-houses in villages that smell of woodsmoke.

How: Fly into Rangoon or Bangkok and then get to Kawthaung port (uncharming). There is fuss about visas and permits, so best to use a travel specialist. Both Abercrombie & Kent and Audley Travel organize itineraries; and there is Burma Boating. All yachts will have a skipper and crew.

SWEDEN



Where: The Stockholm archipelago is a marvel of a city suburb: every Stockholmer has a stake in the 30,000 islands and islets, or *Skärgården* (Garden of Skerries,

ALEXEY STIOP/SHUTTERSTOCK.COM (HVAR); ISTOCK.COM/JACKF (MONKEY); BURMA BOATING (MERGUI ARCHIPELAGO); SUPER PRIN/SHUTTERSTOCK.COM (BIRD)



Going places together

Experience the skies like never before. Our state-of-the-art fleet, premium on-board lounges and award-winning crew will ensure you arrive relaxed and ready at any of the more than 150 places we fly to worldwide. Together, there's no limit to what we can achieve.

qatarairways.com

oneworld

QATAR AIRWAYS القطرية

GOING PLACES TOGETHER



Sunrise in the Stockholm archipelago. *Below:* the Sandhamn Yacht Hotel



which means "rocks sticking up from the sea"). It's the second-largest archipelago in the Baltic. There is a law, *allemänstratten*, which allows the public right of access to private land for recreational purposes in the brief but glorious Swedish summer (July to mid-August). Beautiful yachts, but also access by ferry to many of the lovely islands that, with painted wooden houses and picket fences, are Nantucket to the power of 100.

Why: This is fresh, outdoor living. Before embarking, visit the splendid Vasa Museum, devoted to King Gustavus Adolphus's warship, which sank in Stockholm harbour on its maiden voyage in full view of an admiring crowd. Not that that should put you off sailing. Vasa is Sweden's Mary Rose, stunningly restored. Then: off to the islands. Sandhamn is the most glam—not that the Swedes do overtly glam. Adorable wooden houses, a fun seafood restaurant, Sandhamns Värdshus, and The Sandhamn Yacht Hotel, if you are a ferry-boat person—but you'd feel left-out without your own boat on which to party and explore the uninhabited islands with quiet moorings and sunsets that belong to you alone. Kymmendö is where August Strindberg wrote, in a hut he built himself. Unfortunately, he was banned in 1887 for his portrayal of the locals in his novel *The People of Hemso*. Oto has shops and restaurants (a top bakery with cinnamon and cardamom buns filled with vanilla cream; buttered trout at the Utö Värdshus); Finnhamn is car-less; walk to the Café Krog and have food from the family's organic farm, and cheese from a local artisan maker; on Ljustero, stay at Rastaborg Country House. Abba owned houses on Viggsö and wrote their songs there. Just sailing past islands with old family houses, private jetties and boats is to see a nation content with itself.

How: The ferry companies Cinderella Batarna and Waxholmsbolaget are organized, and one can have a sea-going version of an Oyster card, so even a non-sailing visit to Stockholm can island-hop. Sailmarine do bareboat and skippered yacht charters in Sweden and Finland.

BERMUDA

Where: In the Atlantic, although popularly thought to be in the Caribbean. Also thought to be an island; but Bermuda is actually an archipelago of 181 islets, the eight largest of which are linked by causeways. Bermuda fell off the go-to square in the rush to Dubai and the Indian Ocean. Americans think it is British, the British think it is a bit American, but now it's in the spotlight, as the America's Cup Challenge—the oldest international sporting event in the world—will be raced there next year: hurrah for Ben Ainslie and the British team. The qualifying America's Cup World Series was held there in October 2015, and created excitement unseen for decades: superyachts in the beautiful harbour and singing and dancing in the streets.

Why: Bermuda is elegant and lush (there is rain). The sands on the mostly deserted beaches are a delicate pink from the crushed coral and fossils of tiny animals called foraminifera. The houses are ice-cream coloured. Go to the town of St George's, and the wiggly streets are olde-worlde and would possibly still be recognizable to the first settlers, who came to find the New World aboard the Sea Venture, but were shipwrecked in 1609 (it was said to have inspired Shakespeare's *The Tempest*—although how could he have known about it in Stratford?) October's races were held in the Great Sound, an ideal auditorium, but the Challenge will take place off the Naval Dockyard. It's magnificent, now containing an historical museum tracing the strategic significance of Bermuda to both Britain and America. In the Second World War it was the Royal Navy's base for patrolling the North Atlantic for German U-boats. There are grand hotels, like Rosewood Tucker's Point and the Hamilton Princess & Beach Club, and although Trimingham's, home of Bermuda shorts, has closed, all the old colonial signatures are still here. Private clubs like the Mid Ocean Club and the Coral Beach & Tennis Club have proper dress codes. And Bermuda shorts *are* proper dress with long socks and black shoes.

How: BA flies daily from the UK, and it is also a short hop from New York. Hidden Gems can organize cave swimming and cliff jumping; and for the America's Cup, the top yacht brokers, like Cecil Wright and Edmiston, will provide the best boats for charter. □

ISTOCK.COM/PHOTOMICK (STOCKHOLM ARCHIPELAGO); MAGNUS NILSSON (SEGLARRESTAURANGEN); GÜNTER GRÄFENHAIN/4CORNERS (COVE); ISLAND IMAGES/ALAMY (ST GEORGE'S)

St George's and, *right*, Jobson's Cove, both on Bermuda





Imagine a home at the edge of the world
a home designed by artists
commanders of paintbrush and plate

Imagine a home between mountain and ocean







Now imagine this home is yours...

ELLERMAN HOUSE

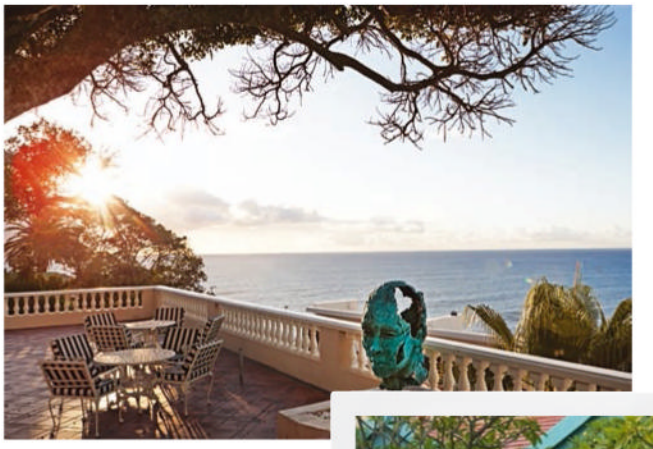
HOTEL & PRIVATE VILLAS
WWW.ELLERMAN.CO.ZA

...you'll never want to leave



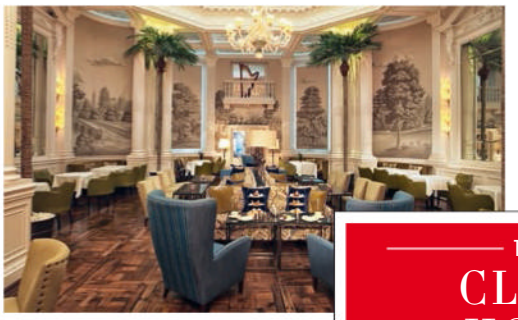
← VILLA FELTRINELLI, LAKE GARDA

A baby-grand wonder. Stonkingly expensive, but Feltrinelli achieves the impossible by giving you the fuzzy feeling that you've been treated generously. Laundry is all done (drop something on the floor and it will be washed, ironed and back in your cupboard in the blink of an eye). A car to a fun restaurant in the village? Absolutely—enjoy. No disapproving sniff of Why Aren't You Eating Here? Divine decadence on the water. *villafeltrinelli.com*



↓ THE BALMORAL, EDINBURGH

A classic railway hotel with a dash of Miss Jean Brodie. The Balmoral is location-location: floating above Waverley station, with a view of the Castle, within spitting distance of Jenners and Harvey Nicks. Delicious food, both posh (Number One) and brasserie (Hadrian's). Nothing could possibly go wrong. *roccofortehotels.com*



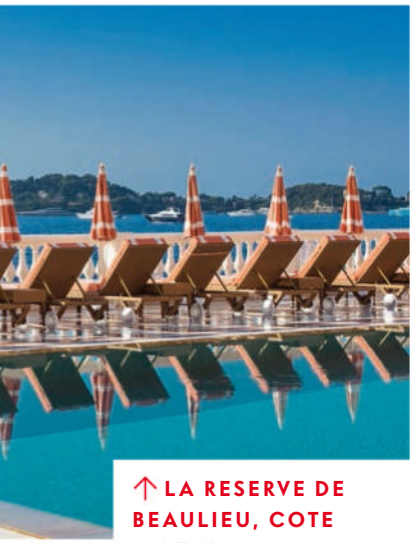
ELLERMAN HOUSE, CAPE TOWN ↑

Owner Paul Harris houses his huge collection of South African paintings here, and it is glorious. From the early 1900s to contemporary installations, it is an art oasis with divine bedrooms, superb views and restful gardens, replete with a spa and 24/7 chefs. *ellerman.co.za*



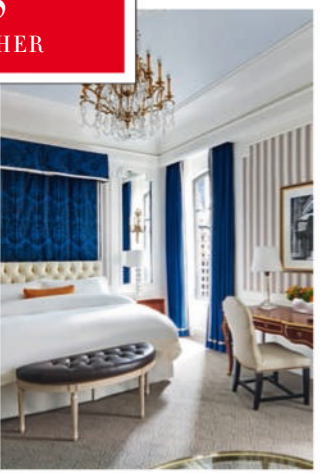
THE BEST CLASSIC HOTELS

By VICTORIA MATHER



→ ST REGIS, NEW YORK

John Jacob Astor IV originally built the St Regis to be "the finest hotel in the world". The richest passenger on the Titanic, he perished, but his legacy is vibrant. Salvador Dalí lived there with his pet ocelot; in 1934 the American Bloody Mary was invented in the King Cole Bar. Cocktails and jazz live on. *stregisnewyork.com*

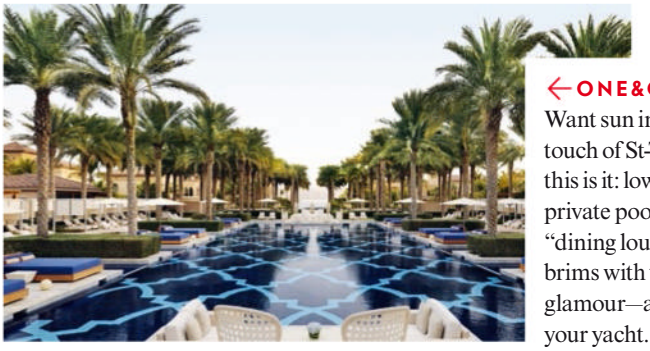


↑ TAJ WEST END, BANGALORE

Bangalore is one of the fastest-growing cities in India, changing so rapidly you may not recognize it from one visit to the next. The Taj West End evokes a gentler India. Beautiful gardens, colonial design and the bliss of finding a pillow on your four-poster bed embroidered with your name. *tajhotels.com*

↑ LA RESERVE DE BEAULIEU, COTE D'AZUR

A serious Grace Kelly alert with a swimming pool virtually floating on the Riviera. The courteous professionalism of superior French staff makes a woman on her own feel like the princess of Monaco. *reservebeaulieu.com*



← ONE&ONLY THE PALM, DUBAI

Want sun in January? A brilliant spa? A touch of St-Tropez in the moonlight? Then this is it: low-rise gorgeous suites with private pools and beaches. And 101, a "dining lounge" on the private marina, brims with tapas, grilled fish and glamour—and does bespoke hampers for your yacht. *thepalm.oneandonlyresorts.com*

GRAND HOTEL VILLA FELTRINELLI: ROCCO FORTE HOTELS (THE BALMORAL); J.M. SORDELLO (LA RESERVE DE BEAULIEU); ELLERMAN HOUSE; TAJ HOTELS, RESORTS AND PALACES (TAJ WEST END); THE ST REGIS NEW YORK; ONE & ONLY (PALM DUBAI)

*LIGHTER. BRIGHTER.



Rush

The Team Members of LUX* help people to celebrate life with the most simple, fresh and sensory hospitality in the world.

LUX*
RESORTS & HOTELS

MAURITIUS REUNION MALDIVES CHINA U.A.E (2016) | LUXRESORTS.COM



THE BEST

MEDI-SPAS

By VICTORIA MATHER

This is the spa dynamic: you are a pampered wife who needs to get away from a dreary husband who is, less drearily, paying the bill; you're on a girlfriends' jaunt with several divorcées who want to get match-fit for dating; you are a normal person who's a bit knackered and would just like something restorative and credible (and to lose weight). Everyone needs a medi-spa.

Time was when any hotel with a prison cell in the basement and a masseuse who was a girl from the village patting guests down with Johnson's Baby Oil called itself a spa. One of the most significant deluxe developments of the last 20 years has been the spa explosion. Massages and facials have spiralled into ever-more bizarre treatments: vinotherapy (being scrubbed with grapes, not, sadly, drinking wine), chocolate wraps, caviar eye masks and diamond peels. The excellent **Chiva-Som** threatened guests (or are they patients?) with wheatgrass shots long before the Nutribullet fad. Susan Harmsworth became spa queen with her super-professional **Espa** brand. The **Mayr Clinic** bullied the great and the good into chewing stale bread 100 times. America invented bootcamps and de-stressing by stroking a horse's fetlocks. (**Miraval** in Arizona, if you must know.) In their wake have come the irritating Holy Grails of wellness, mindfulness and detox. And yoga. You're no-one unless you can tie yourself in a knot.

The medi-spa should be properly medical and properly spa. **Villa Stéphanie** at Brenners Park in Baden-Baden is ideal. Baden-Baden was spa-central when spas were for "taking the waters" and very Jane Austen. The villa is more the private house of a rich host than a medical facility with a gleaming white hospital and dental unit. The lovely Farrow & Ball-ed bedrooms are five-star, impressively ergonomic and have a bedside button for switching off all Wi-Fi at night (the transmission disturbs sleep). One is treated as a name, not a number, starting with a weigh-in: computerized assessment of body mass index and then, when the instant results reveal how much weight needs to be lost and where from, individual menus are prepared by seven nutritionists who liaise with the in-house doctor. The food is delicious, served in the Brenners Park-Hotel's smart restaurant. I'd quite like there to be a spa restaurant. It's a trek from the villa through to the hotel, but an incentive to get fully clothed. One cannot spend the entire time between aqua aerobics, shiatsu (amazing) and superb physiotherapy swanning around in a dressing gown.

THE BEST OF THE REST

Lanserhof, Austria

The modern Mayr. An architectural marvel, where the flowing design is supposed to release you into relaxation, reflection and vitality. Concentration is on digestive cleansing: an excellent USP (a painless colonoscopy). The chewy spelt bread is served warm. Popular with Russians.

SHA Wellness Clinic, Spain

Be the Best You: detox, de-stress, anti-age, get a new life. Macrobiotic (Vladimir Putin allegedly existed on beans, grains and miso soup when he visited). Sunny, blindingly white and Zen.

Grand Resort Bad Ragaz, Switzerland

A grande dame, and a bit Grand Budapest Hotel, with 36.5-degree thermal waters pumped into all rooms. A health centre since 1957, it has one of the few surgeons to deal with sleep apnoea; a four-day top-to-toe check-up that's eerily accurate, and reverse facelifts (no knife).

Switzerland Espace Henri Chenot, Palace Merano, Italy

Harmony between mind and body. Excellent diagnostics; bone density testing is standard. Regeneration is the watchword. Hydro-biontology anyone?

And Hot News...

The fabled **Mayo Clinic** from the USA intends to skip across the pond to the Mandarin Oriental resort in Bodrum. Mayo developed the MRI scan; they are the ultimate in medical healing, with 3,300 physicians, scientists and researchers. □

All the above medi-spas can be booked through knowledgeable experts Healing Holidays (healingholidays.co.uk)

GEORGE HOYNINGEN-HUENE/CONDÉ NAST ARCHIVE (VOGUE, JULY 06, 1929)

PLANE AND SIMPLE

Jetting off? Take the opportunity to send your skincare stratospheric. HOLLY ROSS rounds up the most coveted beauty products to pack this season



1. BAMFORD *Geranium bath salts, body lotion and wash* **2. SODASHI** *Jet lag recovery kit* **3. ILA** *day cream, face oil, mask and toner* **4. AESOP** *Cleanser, toner, mouthwash, face cream and shampoo* **5. CAROL JOY** *Cleansing cream, lifting mask and moisturizer* **6. CHANEL** *UV Essential SPF 30* **7. CLARINS** *UV Plus 50 Day Screen* **8. ESTEE LAUDER** *Micro Essence Infusion Mask* **9. LIZ EARLE** *Cleanser, skin tonic spritzers and moisturizer* **10. BRAMLEY** *Body travel gift set* **11. CREME DE LA MER** *Mist, mask and eye gel* **12. DIPTYQUE** *Exfoliant, lotion and hand balm* **13. BULL DOG** *Moisturizer and shave gel* **14. THIS WORKS** *In Transit Short Haul set* **15. AROMATHERAPY ASSOCIATES** *Support, revive and relax bath and shower oil* **16. KIEHL'S** *Face wash, hand salve and eye cream* **17. DIOR** *La Collection Privée Christian Dior Travel Set*

PLYELEYES

THE BEST ADDRESS BOOKS

By VICTORIA MATHER



A villa on Syros, Greece

GREECE

Ileana von Hirsch is the woman to matchmake you with the perfect Greek villa. She comes from an old Greek shipping family, but lives in London. After a consultation, she'll draw up a list of 10 password-protected links to perfect properties and yachts (from a classic schooner to a caïque); she's very hot on Syros and Paxos this year. Ileana is now also involved with UltraVilla—the Bond Street of the global villa world. *ileana@fivestargreece.com*



ETHIOPIA

Will Jones is an environmental scientist and the must-go-to person for Ethiopia, where he's worked as a force for high-end ecotourism for many years. He and his small team at Journeys By Design only take 200 clients a year and he hosts one trip himself (the last was for Ralph Lauren). *will@journeysbydesign.com*

FRANCE

Personal shopper Riad Kneife is a truffle hound in the maze of vintage design and antique markets. He photographs everything clients like, creates a web page for them to show their decorators, and organizes shipping—and even dinner with real French people in their houses. *riad@kneife.com*



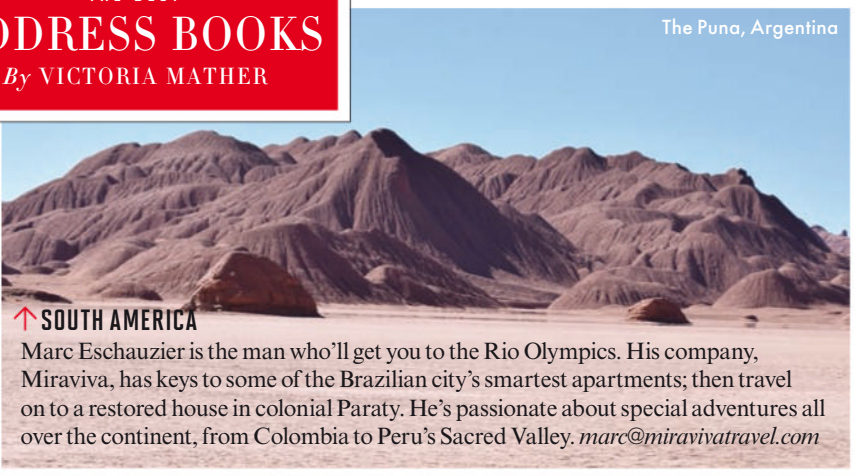
Un Singe en Hiver, Paris



Palazzo Pisani Moretta, Venice

ITALY

Lady Emily FitzRoy's Bellini Travel has specialist access throughout Italy. She provides comprehensive notes to darling trattorias, churches, *gelati* sellers. You're met off the plane, whether private jet or easyJet, and her tips—such as Gammarelli, the Popes' tailors (their socks are a dream)—are excellent. *emily@bellinitravel.com*



The Puna, Argentina

SOUTH AMERICA

Marc Eschauzier is the man who'll get you to the Rio Olympics. His company, Miraviva, has keys to some of the Brazilian city's smartest apartments; then travel on to a restored house in colonial Paraty. He's passionate about special adventures all over the continent, from Colombia to Peru's Sacred Valley. *marc@miravivatravel.com*



Amanwella, Tangalle, Sri Lanka

SRI LANKA

James Jayasundera, son of a Sri Lankan diplomat and an English mother, is passionate about Sri Lanka, India and, now, Burma. As a child, he swam with crocodiles and was charged by elephants; he started Ampersand Travel after spells at The Savoy and in the City. He has impeccable taste. Trust him. *james@ampersandtravel.com*

INDIA

Tanya Dalton is gradually taking the reins of her family business, Greaves—long outstanding on India. Nothing rattles her. Her outstanding judgement and genuine ability to make nothing seem too much trouble are invaluable. *tdalton@greavesuk.com*





La Clé Des Montagnes, Franschhoek

SOUTH AFRICA

Lew Rood knows everyone and has seen everything during 40 years in travel, including working for Singita and Sol Kerzner. He's the guardian of the inside track, knows *the* hot restaurant, can mind-read the shop you'll absolutely love, and, most importantly, tells you what *not* to do and see. *lew@lewrood.com*

EXOTICA.IM/UIG VIA GETTY IMAGES (CAMEL); ROBERTHARDING/ALAMY (ETHIOPIA)



Somewhere in the world there is a place where two people can be alone, and the only clock-watchers are the sun and stars. No schedules. No distractions. No interruptions. Nothing but time.

Welcome to Rendezvous. Like its name, it is designed for couples. An intimate boutique resort on the island of Saint Lucia in the Caribbean Sea, secluded, tranquil and tailor-made for stolen moments. A corner of paradise reserved for two, it is a private oasis and – quite simply – the perfect setting for reconnecting, rediscovering and celebrating life's pleasures together.



With two miles of white sand beach and exotic tropical gardens - by - the - sea, the only outside influence here is entirely at your discretion – impeccable service, exceptional food, and a wealth of amenities and activities.

Discover Rendezvous. And find the time and place to steal away together. To learn more call 0203 096 1609 or visit www.theromanticholiday.com.

Rendezvous
The Boutique Hotel for Couples St. Lucia, West Indies



The Fairmont Vancouver Airport

THE BEST

AIRPORT HOTELS

By VICTORIA MATHER

Airports are the eighth circle of hell, at best shopping malls with aeroplanes attached. And the chances are that we are going to be spending a lot more time in them, due to increased security and "Events, dear boy, events". If you're stuck at the airport due to the unforeseen (remember the ash cloud?) or having to get a punishingly early flight on a low-cost airline, the trick is to know the best, nearest airport hotel. These are no longer utilitarian concrete boxes, smelling of carpet cleaner: they have spas, free Wi-Fi, swanky restaurants and swimming pools. At San Francisco airport you'll find **Aloft**, a boutique diffusion line of Starwood's W Hotel—there's a DJ and live music; **Element** in Miami has a funky firepit by the pool. Element is a new concept from Westin, environmentally friendly with multi-purpose spaces and healthy deli food, all specifically designed to soothe the savage breast of the delayed traveller.

The **Crowne Plaza** at Changi, Singapore, sounds awful but is a reassuringly slick operation that provides guests with yoga programmes in their rooms. Thoughtful, modern and more dignified than doing downward dog in the airport lounge. **CitizenM**, another new, affordable (from £76) boutique brand, is a good deed in the naughty world of Schiphol airport, Amsterdam, where you seriously do not want to be stranded without a back-up plan; it's one of the most hectic hubs in the world. CitizenM provides extra-large beds swathed in fluffiness, free movies and Wi-Fi. **The Oberoi Gurgaon**, Delhi, is a haven of luxury 15 minutes from the airport with a spa that is open 24/7, a wonderful informal restaurant, a vast Gucci (go on, why not?), and the sort of super-service that vaporizes all care and woe. You need this Oberoi: the traffic from Lutyens's Delhi is impossible. Actually, city traffic from Moscow to Mumbai is becoming increasingly anxious-making. Terrified of the M25 to Gatport Airwick? Then start your hols early at 16th-century **Gravetye Manor**: reassuringly near, with a glorious garden, a new Michelin star and bedrooms that would blow a duchess away. **Cliveden**, just re-done, is a luxury launch-pad for Heathrow.

Want to get that last ski run in? Check-in to the **Kameha Grand Zürich** late that evening: your "lifestyle" hotel. I'm unsure about being told what my lifestyle should be, but the Kameha is a hoot: cutting-edge, rooftop spa, fun brasserie with classy Italian food and 10 minutes to the airport in the hotel car. Flights are on an LCD board in the lobby. When in India, always look out for **Trident Hotels**, a diffusion of Oberoi (a lifesaver in Chennai) and **Vivanta by Taj**—near the airports, boutique-deluxe, and totally used to 2am arrivals and departures. In a new buzzy district, **Trident Bandra Kurla** has an excellent spa and club floor with a lounge. Light is key to trumping jet lag, and trumping stress is the key to a hotel bedroom. High on natural light is the excellent **Fairmont Vancouver Airport**. Remember it need not be expensive: **Yotel** has sleep pods in Heathrow and Gatwick, all smart and comfortable with telly, unlimited Wi-Fi, multiple power points and monsoon showers. From £32 for four hours. What more do you want? □

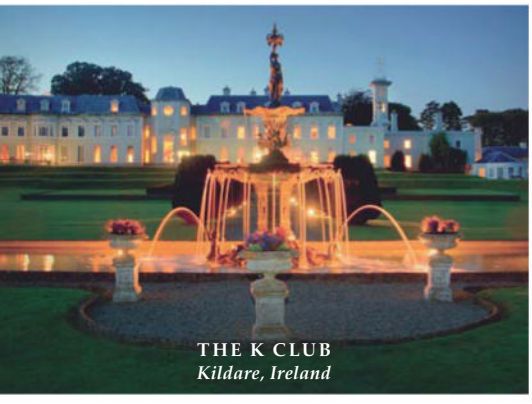
FAIRMONT HOTELS

Preferred℠
HOTELS & RESORTS

It's a big world. *What do you Prefer?*



THE DHARA DHEVI CHIANG MAI
Chiang Mai, Thailand



THE K CLUB
Kildare, Ireland



PALAZZO AVINO
Amalfi Coast/Ravello, Italy



PETER ISLAND RESORT & SPA
Peter Island, British Virgin Islands

650 independent hotels. 85 countries. An infinite number of unique experiences.

LEGEND | LVX | LIFESTYLE | CONNECT | Preferred℠ RESIDENCES

PreferredHotels.com #ThePreferredLife

15_556

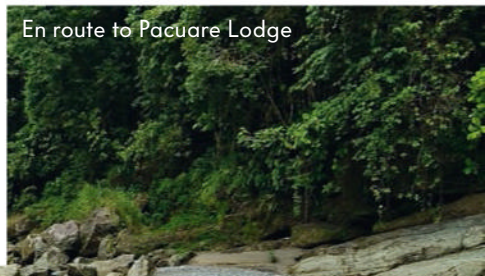

Fernandina Island, Galápagos



GALAPAGOS

Swimming with seals and hammerhead sharks in the Galápagos Islands. The Ultimate Travel Company (talk to Nabila) has access to the best boats, working with Augusto Cruz—who was born on Floreana, in the southern Galápagos—and his eldest son Sebastian. Their boat is the 105ft brigantine *The Beagle*, which has six air-conditioned cabins (theultimatetravel company.co.uk). Or hop aboard the motor yacht *Passion*, a humdinging private vessel recently converted for the Galápagos (miravivatravel.com).

COSTA RICA Going to Costa Rica to zip-wire through the rainforest and over volcanoes. There is a new direct BA flight to San José. Stay at Pacuare Lodge—reached by white-water raft; then indulge yourself at Hacienda AltaGracia, Central America's largest spa, with its own airstrip and helipad. Each bedroom is a casita with a private butler. Blacktomato.com are specialists in Costa Rican adventures, from volcanoes to powder-white beaches.


En route to Pacuare Lodge





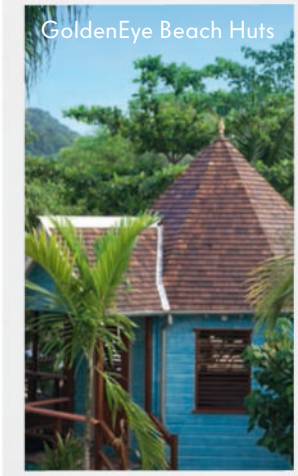
THE BEST

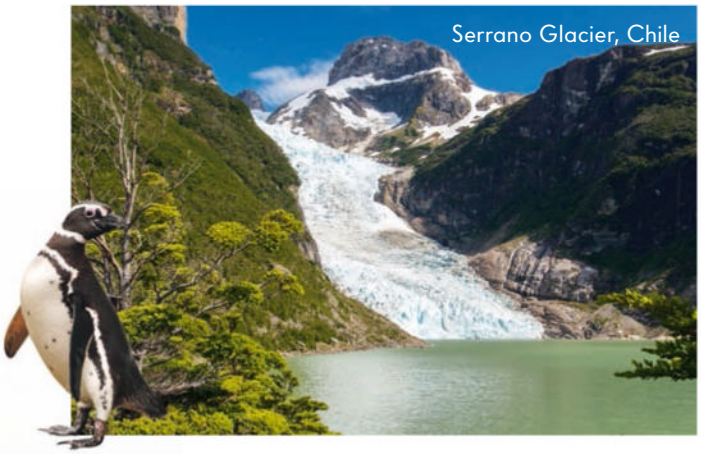
BUCKET LIST

By VICTORIA MATHER

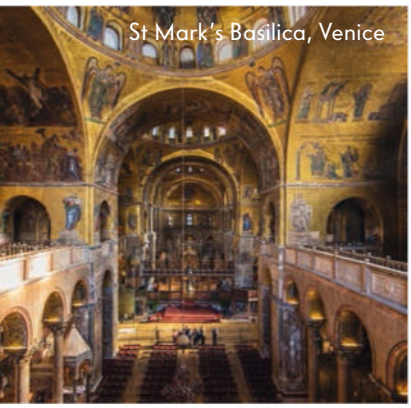
It's the things we have not done that we regret. Explorer Robin Hanbury-Tenison is an example to us all. He resolved to celebrate his 80th birthday by skydiving, running the London Marathon, climbing Snowdon, Ben Nevis and Scafell, potholing, and water-skiing across the Channel. Those things don't appeal? What about these?

JAMAICA Staying at the legendary GoldenEye, where Ian Fleming lived and wrote the James Bond novels. Now's the time for a pilgrimage: stay in one of the 26 colourful new beach huts, with distinctly non-hutty interiors (reservations @islandoutpost.com).


GoldenEye Beach Huts


Serrano Glacier, Chile

CHILE Cruising the glorious Chilean fjords—unreachable by road—to see whales, dolphins and Magellanic penguins (seabourn.com). Then flying from Santiago to Easter Island, 3,700km off the Chilean coast and one of the most remote, fascinating places on earth: 887 monolithic stone figures carved by Polynesians. Stay at the five-star Explora Rapa Nui (plansouthamerica.com).


St Mark's Basilica, Venice

ITALY Exploring secret Italy with John Hall. His art-history courses in Venice for children of the gentry are so magical that the parents wanted them too, but with darling hotels and leisurely lunches in robust local trattorias included. The result is his Venice For Pleasure: an enriching cultural *passeggiata*—Raphaels and Titians acquire an extra glow when the viewer has been lubricated with pinot grigio. Hall's trump card is private access: during his tour of the Venetian *palazzi* you may meet three contessas before Prosecco o'clock. His Rome is a wonder of the unknown: the art collections of Papal families in their original settings, fantastic frescoes and a panoply of principessas. And new for 2016 is Paradise of Exiles, exploring the Florence of the Anglo-American imagination around the turn of the last century, through the villas and gardens of the original *Room with a View* lot. Any journey with John, always accompanied by an expert guide, is an adventure in art, gastronomy and fun (johnhallitalianjourneys.com).



ISTOCK.COM/JMMF (FERNANDINA ISLAND); IMAGEBROKER/ALAMY (SHARK); PACUARE LODGE, COSTA RICA (RAFTING); ROGER SCHALL (CHANEL); JOHN HALL ITALIAN JOURNEYS (SCULPTURE); STEFANO POLITI MARKOVINA/ALAMY (CHURCH); STEPHEN WEAVER PHOTOGRAPHY/GETTY IMAGES (PENGUIN); K_BOONNITROD/SHUTTERSTOCK.COM (GLACIER); ONDREJ PROSICKY/SHUTTERSTOCK.COM (HUMMINGBIRD); ISLAND OUTPOST (JAMAICA)


CAYMAN BRAC
LITTLE CAYMAN
GRAND CAYMAN
3 of life's
little luxuries
CAYMAN ISLANDS
caymanislands.co.uk
In the Cayman Islands,
drinks really do grow on trees.
BRITISH AIRWAYS



THE BEST

BREAKFAST

By TOM PARKER BOWLES

"To eat well in England", W. Somerset Maugham once drawled, "you should have breakfast three times a day." Things have moved on a little since then, but there's no doubt that the Full English, done well, is a truly mighty meal. But what of the rest of the world? It's not all about Wodehouse's "eggs and b.". In fact, some of the finest feasts I've ever tasted have been devoured beneath the soft rays of the early morning sun.

ITALY

I've never been a fan of the continental breakfast. But at L'Andana, Alain Ducasse's rather wonderful hotel in the Tuscan Maremma, they serve up a proper breakfast. Freshly made ricotta (*below*), still warm from the mould, drizzled with the hotel's own gloriously grassy olive oil and eaten with tiny, intensely sweet tomatoes. Bliss. Add in proper coffee and a brace of beautifully fried eggs, and you have a breakfast that's every bit the equal of the offering at his wonderful Trattoria Toscana, a mere brioche's hurl away. *andana.it*



L'Andana

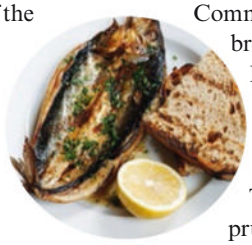
MEXICO

Ah, the scent of *masa harina*, intermingled with diesel fumes and fag smoke. Pure alfresco bliss. The best place to eat breakfast (or pretty much any other meal) in Mexico is on the street. *Tacos al pastor* (spit-roasted pork) (*right*) at the tiny Tacos Don Güero (Rio Lerma 54, nr Rio Rhin, Colonia, Mexico City) are legendary. Or *barbacoa*—lamb or goat slow-cooked in a pit, wrapped in *maguey* leaves, and accompanied by a shot of chilli-spiked *consomé de barbacoa*. Hangover heaven. If you're in Acapulco, try it at Taqueria El Taquito (Vicente Yañez Pinzón (Avenida Universidad), 39670 Acapulco).



UK

A piece on the best breakfasts would not be complete without a British entry. And at St John Bread & Wine (94-96 Commercial St, London E1), breakfast becomes high art. Fergus Henderson, the chef and co-owner, is a nose-to-tail legend, and the meat here is top-notch—of course it is. There's proper porridge with prunes, grilled kipper (*left*), proper tea, too, in a solid pot. And perhaps the best bacon sandwich in town: smoked Old Spot between thick wedges of their lightly toasted sourdough bread. Says Henderson, "Perhaps you woke up having dreamt of a bacon sandwich? Well, here you'll find the bacon sandwich of your nocturnal fantasies." Amen to that. *stjohngroupuk.com*



THAILAND

Breakfast in Thailand takes many forms, but none as satisfying (and fiery) as *khanom jeen nam ya* (fresh fermented rice noodles), which are eaten all day, but a breakfast speciality in the south. They're cooked, cut with scissors and served with a huge array of



Breakfast at a Thai street stall

vegetables (fresh and pickled), plus herbs (astringent and exotic), fresh white turmeric, and *priks*, or relishes—a core component of all Thai food—which range from the mild and sweet to the fetid and fierce. My favourite is in a tiny shack called P'nee (Khanom Jeen P'Nee, Saphan Yao Rd) in Nakhorn si Thammarat, an ancient city 800 km due south from the capital. It's small and basic, but serves up noodles and relishes that will take your breath away. Often literally.



JAPAN

Tokyo's Tsukiji Fish Market is, for the fish lover, one of the most thrilling places on Earth. They've got it all, from vast, blood-red-fleshed tuna, to cephalopods, molluscs, crustaceans and the rest. It's a frantic, ever-buzzing place, and pretty much all done by 6am. At which point you wander out a few metres to the tiny Sushi Dai. It opens at 5.30, and is hardly a secret spot—the queues are long and winding. But once you're inside, sipping a cool Sapporo and eating exquisite *chu-toro* and *uni nigiri* with your hands, all worries fade and pure joy takes over. Sushi Daiwa, moments away, is pretty damned fine, too. □



Tsukiji Fish Market

ARTHUR ELGORT/CONDE NAST ARCHIVE (KAROLINA KURKOVA HAVING BREAKFAST IN THE FRENCH REGION OF LANDES, VOGUE DECEMBER 01, 2000); JOSHUA RESNICK/SHUTTERSTOCK.COM (TACOS); ISTOCK.COM/ZOOM-ZOOM (SUSHI); ANIRUT RASSAMEESRITRAKOOL/ALAMY (THAI MARKET STALL); STEFAN JOHNSON (KIPPERS); ROUSSEL BERNARD/ALAMY (TSUKIJI FISH); ISTOCK.COM/ STUDIO_TARTAGLIONE (RICOTTA)

Order your Islands & Beaches brochure today



Discover the Seychelles

Tailor Made Journeys - Family Holidays - Honeymoons

Giant Tortoises • World Famous Beaches
Island Hopping • Gourmet Cuisine • Beautiful Golf Courses
Pool Villas • Private Islands • Vallée de Mai
Diving & Snorkelling • Manta Rays & Whale Sharks

Turquoise

The Turquoise Holiday Company

01494 687199

www.turquoiseholidays.co.uk

@TurquoiseUK turquoiseholidays

enquiries@turquoiseholidays.co.uk

Best Tour Operator Condé Nast Traveller UK Edition Readers' Travel Awards 2015 Turquoise Holiday Company

ABTA IATA Accredited Agent

the seychelles islands another world



THE BEST

IMPECCABLE MANORS

By VICTORIA MATHER

There is life beyond luxury hotels. Not posh villas, safari super-lodges or uber ski chalets with nightclubs, but stately homes. Release your inner Downton (RIP. Sob). It is the dizzy aristocratic height of the sharing economy. Viscountess Cowdray has done up Cowdray House in Sussex so it can be rented for house parties; the Duke of Devonshire lets his Hunting Tower overlooking Chatsworth; the Marchioness of Lansdowne, an interior designer with 15 years' experience at Colefax & Fowler, has whooshed up Queenwood Lodge at Bowood, in 2,000 acres of Capability Brown parkland. Bowood House, designed by Robert Adam, is available for dinners and drinks parties. Knowlton Court, Kent home of the Fox-Pitt family, is now a stately for weddings and parties, complete with Dower House and cottages.

Cowdray House is the most expensive night you might spend: don't ask, because if you do you can't afford it. The 11 bedrooms are exquisite stately-chic, all different, with kind touches like magazines (current, not dog-eared), books and flowers, as if a brilliant hostess had invited you to stay and done her utmost to make you feel comfortable. And Lady Cowdray indeed has: not many can casually say "We put a second lake in and a fountain at the front door." The centrepiece of the house is the Buck Hall, with vast family portraits and stags' heads. It's a film set and you are the actors playing in the billiard room, the morning room, the drawing room and the bowling alley. Yes—a little whimsy in the basements.



After Lord and Lady Cowdray had downsized to another house on the estate, Christie's held a sale of contents in 2011 that raised £7.9 million. Marina Cowdray, an artist, then sourced furnishings (including some 40 chandeliers) and fabrics appropriate for modernization in context with the building. She worked on the project with Cowdray Estate craftsmen, who restored her antique shop finds in surrounding Sussex. The result is understated grand, with colour and warmth, plasma televisions in all the bedrooms, Wi-Fi, a state-of-the-art kitchen (Mrs Patmore would have the vapours) and a beautiful indoor pool with views to the romantic Cowdray ruins, once an important Tudor house visited by Henry VIII, Edward VI and Elizabeth I.

You want to live here: with-it, friendly staff; modern bathrooms filled with full-sized Liz Earle and fluffy-towelled to the max; the deep, deep comfort of the beds and the illusion that you can have and do anything you like. In hotels you can't wander down to watch Netflix in your dressing gown. It also has that essential of every contemporary stately: a farm shop. □

To book a stately-home stay in any of the above, visit: cowdrayhouse.co.uk; bowood.org; knowltoncourt.co.uk; chatsworth.org. The National Trust and the Landmark Trust have many historic properties on their books; Lloyd & Townsend Rose (ltr.co.uk) are particularly strong on castles.

smart CARS...



ST BARTH'S, CARIBBEAN

Stay at the Cheval Blanc St-Barth Isle de France and have an airport transfer by Moke—beach chic, in eye-popping colours. Dress-down cred for whizzing about the coolest island in the Caribbean.



HONG KONG

Hong Kong's Peninsula opened in 1928 on Kowloon and has an iconic fleet of 15 green Rolls-Royce extended-wheelbase Phantoms—the largest single order ever placed. Respect.



MONACO

Stay at the Fairmont Monte Carlo to use a Twizy, a silent two-person car. Great for the chicanes of the Grand Prix. It says you're too rich to care what people think of you.



LONDON

London's classiest transport is the Ritz's customized Rolls-Royce: blue with cream interior. The perfect ride to the Royal Opera House.

KERRY JORDAN (COWDRAY EXTERIOR AND BUCK HALL)



THE GREAT ESCAPE

With its new private Residences for families or friends, Amilla Fushi, in the Maldives, offers the ultimate in exclusivity, luxury and service

No man is an island; but most men—and women—sure do like one to holiday on. If a remote, pristine and highly luxurious palm-fringed circle of white sand is your divine vacation vision, Amilla Fushi fits the brief.

Located in the Unesco Biosphere Reserve of Baa Atoll in the Maldives and a mere 30-minute seaplane ride from Malé International Airport, Amilla Fushi offers the ultimate escape. Choose an Ocean Reef House over the water and begin each morning on your terrace watching a parade of leaping rainbow-coloured fish; or better still, if you're travelling with family or friends, there are spectacular new four-, six- and eight-bedroom Beach Residences, affording a unique degree of privacy and comfort, with state-of-the-art sound systems and each with its own pool. Need an extra hand? Each island home away from home comes with a dedicated *katheeb*—or butler, Amilla-style—to tend to your every need. Or if you're looking for a truly tranquil escape, pick a Wellness Tree House—a secluded spa haven 12m above the ground, amidst swaying palms.



Holidays are all about restoration and rejuvenation, and Amilla Fushi takes this seriously: a treatment at its Javvu Spa will accelerate the holiday-induced glow. It has 10 treatment pods, a yoga and fitness pavilion and a tea lounge, and features rituals and products by six premium beauty and wellness brands to help polish you to perfection.

Nourishment of another kind comes courtesy of the resort's five restaurants, all overseen by internationally renowned chef-restaurateur Luke Mangan. Lonu, his signature restaurant, offers over-water dining whose culinary sophistication belies the vibe, which is relaxed and friendly, yet discreet. Take advantage of the resort's complimentary childcare; then, pre-dinner, indulge in a cocktail on the rooftop terrace. Baazaar, Amilla's poolside social hub, features diverse culinary delights from Asian cuisine and grilled seafood to Joe's Pizza and the Maldives' first proper chippy! Pick up fresh produce and artisanal treats at The Emperor General Store; or, if you love wine, the Wine Shop & Cellar Door hosts curated tastings from Amilla's vast bodega, accompanied by cheeses and charcuterie.

As your cares are washed away by the clear Indian Ocean, the idea of being an island—or at least spending time on one—will start to feel deliciously natural.

www.amilla.mv



***Clockwise from top*: one of Amilla Fushi's Residences with its private pool; a sitting room at a Residence; the main pool and lagoon; a view of a Residence pool**



Cleveland Collection (www.clevelandcollection.co.uk; 020 7843 3527) offers 7 nights at Amilla Fushi from £4,549 per person, including economy flights; shared transfers; 7 nights' accommodation for two sharing an Ocean Reef House; one complimentary spa treatment per person; complimentary daily group Yoga sessions and daily fitness sessions with a Bodyism personal trainer per person; daily lunch from the Wellness Menu in Baazaar; and complimentary half board at Baazaar restaurants. Valid for stays until 4 July 2016. Must be booked at least 45 days in advance and by no later than 15 April 2016.

THE BEST TRAVEL GIFTS



TUMI
Tegra-Lite carry-on, £545. uk.tumi.com



WALTER & HERBERT
Christie and Nightingale sunglasses, £220 each. walterandherbert.com

PAUL SMITH
Travel jacket, £370. Travel trousers, £229. paulsmith.co.uk





J. CREW
Sandals, £258. jcrew.com



SHINOLA
Small Zip Travel Kit, £215. shinola.co.uk

GIEVES & HAWKES
Leather overnight bag, £1,295. gievesandhawkes.com



LINLEY
Henley Watch Winder, £995. davidlinley.com

PATEK PHILIPPE
5130R Rose Gold Watch, £28,940. patek.com



BAMFORD
Perfect pant, £500. Perfect hoody, £525. bamford.co.uk



BAMFORD
Love travel cushion, £120. bamford.co.uk



KURT GEIGER
Charlie woven backpack, £250. kurtgeiger.com

PAUL SMITH
Ants-print wash bag, £150. paulsmith.co.uk



HUGO BOSS
Lennard moccasins, £240. hugoboss.com





ASPINAL OF LONDON
Tile Trackers and Keyrings, £95. aspinaloflondon.com

PIXELEYES



WILLIAM & SON
Bruton 48hr bag, £1,810.
williamandson.com

VIVIENNE WESTWOOD
World Map towel, P.O.A.
Twisted mules, £430.
viviennewestwood.com





VIVIENNE WESTWOOD
Holly necklace, £65.
Holly earrings, £55.
viviennewestwood.com



RUSSELL & BROMLEY
Cabana espadrilles, £115. Lauren sandals, £89.50. Buckle-Up sandals, £125.
russellandbromley.co.uk

HACKETT
Flip-flops, £30.
Flamingo trunks, £90.
Paisley trunks, £70.
hackett.com



THE WHITE COMPANY
Breton-stripe dress, £69.
Colour-block floppy hat, £55.
thewhitecompany.com

AMANDA WAKELEY
Jumbo Neeson bag, £1,495.
amandawakeley.com





VICTORINOX
Spectra 2.0 carry-on, £315.
victorinox.com





SMYTHSON
Panama currency zip case, £185. Panama passport cover, £135. Atlas pouch, £495. Panama luggage label, £65. Panama Marshall travel wallet, £350.
smythson.com

WILLIAM & SON
Haremlique Hasbahce beach bag, £285. williamandson.com

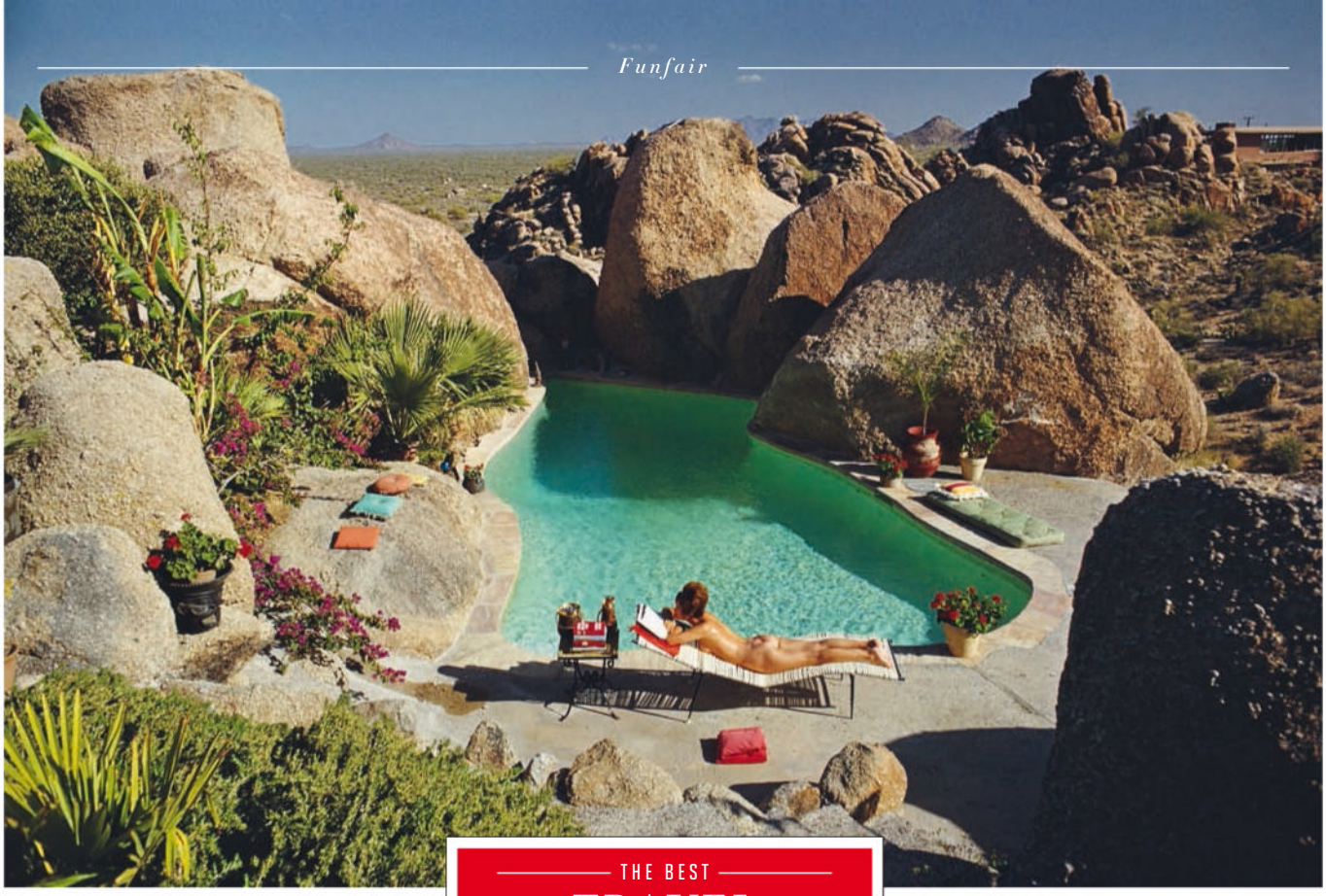


ALEXANDER McQUEEN
Avana Sriata Edge Round sunglasses, £215.
Grey Edge sunglasses, £265. Metal Blocs sunglasses, £235.
alexandermcqueen.com



SHINOLA
Medium Shopper Tote, £515.
shinola.co.uk





SLIM AARONS/HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES (A WOMAN SUNBATHING NUDE BY TOM DARLINGTON'S POOL IN CAREFREE, ARIZONA, APRIL 1967)

THE BEST

TRAVEL BOOKSHOPS

By OLIVIA COLE

Back in 2011, the cynical take on the demise of Notting Hill's Travel Bookshop was that the market had spoken. After all, rarely are we parted from our phones or iPads, even on holiday—who needs travel books when you can Google your destination or have a look on Twitter or Instagram? If one of the world's most famous bookshops couldn't stay afloat, they said, what hope for the rest of them?

Real travellers know better. The good news is that the best travel bookshops are presently thriving, suggesting there's still a healthy market for a more contemplative approach to travel plans. The real feel-good factor of a great travel bookshop is the fact that there's almost as much fun in the research and anticipation as there is in the trip itself. Here are our favourites. . .

SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY, PARIS

Famously provides free board for its volunteer staff, but unless you are on a year out, you'll probably be happy just to visit. Wanderlust is a part of the ethos of the whole place, so the travel-writing section is a stand-out, and the shop's distinctive stamp is the mark of any well-travelled library. Travel writing is divided into journeys "by foot", "by beast" and "by machine", which gives pause for thought in planning your next jaunt. The sociable opening hours (it's open till 11 every night) and number of cosy corners in which to perch make it the perfect place to lose a few hours hard at work on "research". 37 Rue de la Bûcherie, 75005 Paris; *shakespeareandcompany.com*

STANLEY & LIVINGSTONE, THE HAGUE

This is the diplomat's choice of bookshops, and a favourite of The Hague's huge expat community. Their vast selection of maps (new and vintage) and guides make it a treasure trove, whether for collecting or more practical purposes. Schoolstraat 21, 2511 AW Den Haag; *stanley-livingstone.nl*

CITY LIGHTS, SAN FRANCISCO

As publisher of Allen Ginsberg, Frank O'Hara and many more, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and his bookstore City Lights (named after the Chaplin film) occupy a legendary place in the history of Beat writing. As both an independent publisher and bookshop, it's retained its place as the centre of San Francisco literary life for 60 years. Kerouac and friends have their own floor. 261 Columbus Avenue at Broadway, San Francisco, CA 94133; *citylights.com*

BOOK SOUP, LOS ANGELES

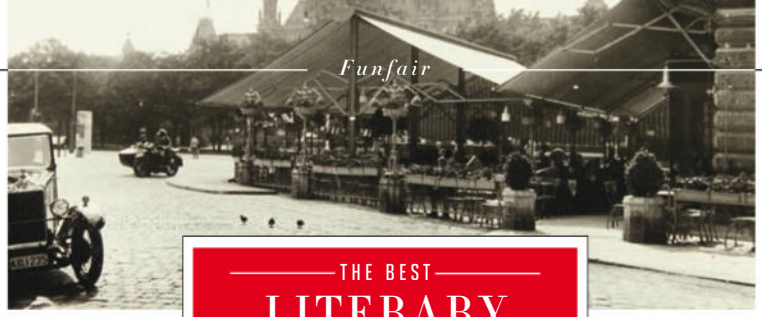
Part of the charm of Book Soup is the unexpectedness of such a brilliant literary bookstore amidst the neon billboards of Sunset Boulevard. Booksellers to the "great and infamous" since 1975, they now have a lively LAX branch, so just when you think you cannot possibly carry any more, you can smuggle home a few more slim ones. 8818 Sunset Blvd, West Hollywood, CA 90069; *booksoup.com*

ROBINSON CRUSOE 389, ISTANBUL

A calm roof garden, great stock in both English and Turkish and a location on the top floor of one of Istanbul's must-see contemporary spaces, Salt. It's also within strolling distance of Soho House, so you can retire to the pool-with-a-view, in possession of your new reading material. 4th floor, 136 Istiklal St, Beyoglu, Istanbul 34433; *rob389.com*

STANFORDS, LONDON

Originally dealing in maps (which remain a specialism), this place has been part of London's landscape since 1853. Explorers may have finished mapping the globe, but Stanfords retains an infectious sense of excitement about travel. Their kids' gifts are also brilliant for inspiring the next Captain Scott or Amelia Earhart. 12-14 Long Acre, Covent Garden, London WC2E 9LP; *stanfords.co.uk*



Funfair

THE BEST LITERARY CAFES

By VICTORIA MATHER

CAFE LANDTMANN
Vienna

Posh since 1873. Sigmund Freud played cards here and Marlene Dietrich ate *Marmorgugelhupf*. The crowd numbers politicians from the City Hall opposite, actors from the adjacent *Burgtheater* and breakfasting dancers left over from the Viennese balls the night before, partaking of apple strudel, hot chocolate and homemade ginger lemonade. *landtmann.at/en*



KRONENHALLE
Zürich

In 1924, Hulda and Gottlieb Zumsteg initiated the ultimate artists' eaterie. There are furnishings by the Giacometti brothers and stained glass by Chagall. Matisse did a still life for the panelled dining room. James Joyce wrote parts of *Ulysses* at a corner table. Now, the Zumsteg Foundation supports projects in fine arts and gastronomy. *kronenhalle.ch*



LITERARY CAFE,
St Petersburg

Pushkin ate his last dinner here before being killed in a duel. Dostoevsky returned here from exile and wrote *Crime and Punishment*. On Nevsky Prospect (also the title of a Gogol story), it now does good Russo-French fusion. *saint-petersburg.com*

CAFE GERBEAUD
Budapest

Once, there were some 500 coffee houses in the cities of Buda and Pest, but since 1855 Café Gerbeaud has been a leading intellectual hotspot in this cradle of pastry-munching Symbolists and Modernists. It survived both the Nazi and Goulash Communist eras and was restored in the 90s: chandeliers, Louis XIV stucco, a 10m marble counter and, now, a Michelin star all feature. Despite having come a long way from the original sour cherries matured in cognac and covered with dark chocolate by Emil Gerbeaud, they're still there, a hop-skip from the admirable Four Seasons Gresham Palace. *gerbeaud.hu*





CAFFE FLORIAN
Venice

Possibly the oldest café in the world, founded 1720. Casanova came, as it was the only meeting place of that time to admit women. Stendhal learnt of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo over a coffee there; Trollope ate eggs at 3am; Henry James included the Florian in *The Aspern Papers* and what became the Venice Biennale was conceived there in 1895. The little mirrored rooms are exquisite; Byron, Goethe, Proust, Robert Browning and Charles Dickens all thought so. The Florian champions contemporary art, exhibited at its sister café in Florence, and is reassuringly expensive, thus repelling tourists. *caffeflorian.com*

BRASSERIE LIPP
Paris



To eat Brasserie Lipp's garlicky sausage covered in mustard sauce with potatoes marinated in olive oil is to taste Hemingway's *A Moveable Feast*. Regulars included Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, Camus, and most French presidents engaged in extracurricular political activity. The Lipp sponsors the annual literary Prix Cazes, named for owner Marcellin Cazes. *brasserie-lipp.com*

CENTRAL HOUSE OF WRITERS
Moscow

An 1889 Art Nouveau mansion with magnificent panelling, Venetian mirrors, stained glass, chandeliers and antique balustrades. It's like eating inside a Tolstoy novel (indeed, it's described in *War and Peace*, and Bulgakov set part of *The Master and Margarita* there). The Oak Hall is one of the city's grandest dining rooms; choose the smoked-duck *pelmeni*. *moscowwriters.ru*



Clockwise from top: Café Landtmann; Café Gerbeaud; Brasserie Lipp; Central House of Writers; Caffè Florian; Kronenhalle. *Centre:* Literary Café

IMAGNO/GETTY IMAGES (LANDTMANN); OLIVIERO TOSCANI/CONDE NAST ARCHIVE (KRONENHALLE); JACKY CHAPMAN/ALAMY (FLORIAN); HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON/MAGNUM PHOTOS (LIPP); SPUTNIK/ALAMY (MOSCOW)



The majestic Chilean night sky

← CESAR ANZA, TIERRA ATACAMA HOTEL & SPA

The celestial bodies twinkling above your head in the unpolluted skies of Chile's Atacama Desert take on a magical significance with Tierra Atacama's César Anza. A native Atacaman, he intertwines his scientific knowledge with traditional Andean stargazing, learnt from his shepherd parents, to mystical effect. You will begin to see llamas and foxes in the dark places between the stars and learn the local cosmological traditions, superstitions and beliefs. Two-night all-inclusive packages cost around £950 per person, including a stargazing trip. *tierrahotels.com*



The Peninsula, Beverly Hills

→ THE CURRY SISTERS, PARROT CAY, TURKS & CAICOS ISLANDS

Two really can be better than one. Globetrotting Andrea and Christina Curry's yoga retreats combine vinyasa, hatha, pranayama and meditation during their retreats, and teach each class together. A real sister act. Doubles from £325, room only.
A six-night retreat costs around £3,900 per person, full board, with all activities. *comohotels.com*



The Curry sisters

→ AIMEE HYATT, THE PENINSULA BEVERLY HILLS, LOS ANGELES

You might be familiar with hatha, ashtanga and iyengar, but doga? That's a new one. Downward dog takes on a whole new meaning, with yoga for pampered pooches in the care of Aimee Hyatt. Doubles from around £375 per night on a room-only basis. Treatments from £58. *peninsula.com/beverlyhills*



THE BEST
IN-HOUSE EXPERTS
By AOIFE O'RIORDAIN



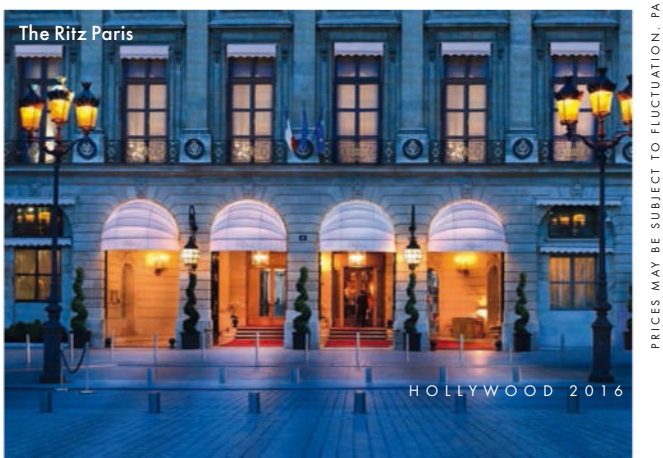
Nature-spotting in Langkawi with Irshad Mobarak

↑ IRSHAD MOBARAK, THE DATAI, MALAYSIA

A few hours in the company of The Datai's resident naturalist, Irshad Mobarak, will have you looking at the flora and fauna of Langkawi in a whole new way. Mobarak ditched his banking job to fulfil a childhood dream: immersing himself in nature. Spring off your sun lounger to explore the ancient rainforest and try to spot some of the island's 220 indigenous bird species and 500 types of butterfly. Doubles from £250, room-only. Nature walks are complimentary for guests. *thedatai.com*

↓ COLIN FIELD, THE RITZ, PARIS

No more crying into bad martinis, as Colin Field is reinstalled at the Hemingway Bar at the newly renovated Ritz Paris this month. After 21 years on the rue Cambon, Field's bartending skills are legendary. One of his signature tipples is the Serendipity: a concoction of Calvados, champagne and apple juice that he calls "France in a glass". Doubles from around £730, room only. *ritzparis.com*



The Ritz Paris

HOLLYWOOD 2016

PRICES MAY BE SUBJECT TO FLUCTUATION. PAUL MORRISON (TIERRA ATACAMA NIGHT SKY); PENINSULA BEVERLY HILLS (PENINSULA, DOG); COURTESY OF THE RITZ, PARIS (RITZ); THE DATAI LANGKAWI (WATERFALL); BARTEK N-SHERMAN (CURRY SISTERS)



Four Seasons Grand-Hôtel du Cap-Ferrat
Inset: swimming expert Pierre Gruneberg

↑ PIERRE GRUNEBERG, FOUR SEASONS GRAND-HOTEL DU CAP-FERRAT

Charismatic swimming coach Pierre Gruneberg has been pacing the French Riviera's Grand-Hôtel du Cap-Ferrat's Olympic-sized salt-water pool dispensing his innovative techniques for would-be water babies for over 65 years. Gruneberg swims to the Cap-Ferrat lighthouse and back every day—he's his own best advert for taking the plunge. Doubles from around £235; a one-hour swimming lesson with Pierre Gruneberg costs around £70. *fourseasons.com/capferrat*

↓ ARJAN BOO, THE SIAM HOTEL & SPA, BANGKOK

Body art is elevated to another level by The Siam's tattooist Arjan Boo. Sak Yant is 2,000-year-old tattooing tradition said to bestow the wearer with special powers and protection. A former monk, Boo was trained by a master at the Wat Bang Phra Temple outside Bangkok. More akin to a religious ritual than a rite of passage, Boo's delicate craft is carried out amid wafting incense and Buddhist statues in the hotel's Opium Spa. Cara Delevingne and Michelle Rodriguez have both gone under his needle—no pain, no gain. Doubles start at £335. Sak Yant costs from £650. *thesiamhotel.com*.



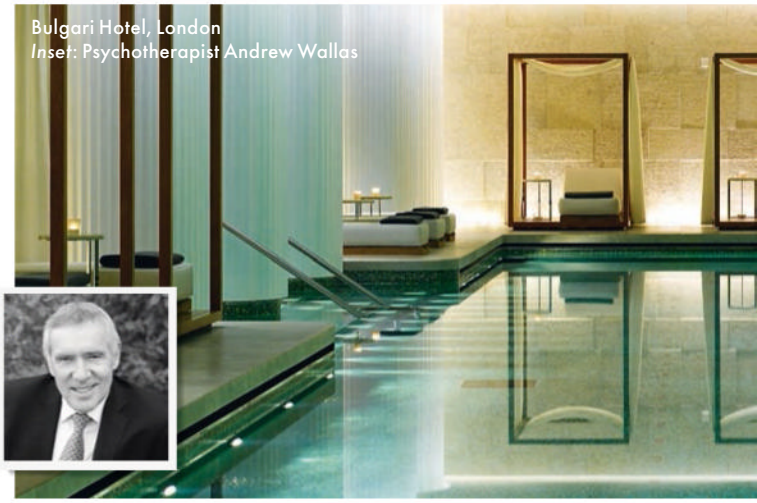
The Serras



Arjan Boo expertly applies Sak Yant tattoos
Above: The Siam Hotel & Spa, Bangkok

↓ ANDREW WALLAS, BULGARI HOTEL, LONDON

If your life feels slightly off-kilter, hand yourself over to the emotional alchemy of this self-styled Modern Day Wizard. With easy charm and 30 years' experience as a psychotherapist, Andrew Wallas helps clients remove the obstacles standing in their way. If it all sounds like mumbo-jumbo, just ask his clients—many check in just to see him. Doubles from £510, room-only. A session with Wallas costs £600. *bulgarihotels.com*.



Bulgari Hotel, London
Inset: Psychotherapist Andrew Wallas



Pädaste Manor, Estonia
Below: taking to the treetops

← HEIKI HANSO, PADASTE MANOR, ESTONIA

Everyone remembers the wobbly-legged thrill of childhood tree-climbing. Guests at the stately Pädaste Manor on the Estonian island of Muhu can recreate the feeling with an afternoon scrambling up to the treetops under the watchful eye of Heiki Hanso. Hanso takes guests to the ancient woodlands surrounding the estate, ropes them up, and the masterclass begins. His other job is as a professional botanical surgeon, so he's an extremely safe pair of hands. Doubles from around £210, B&B. Tree climbing starts at £590. *padaste.ee*

THE FOUR SEASONS (GRAND HOTEL CAP-FERRAT POOL); MANUEL ZUBLENA (PIERRE); THE BULGARI HOTEL, LONDON (INDOOR POOL); ANDREW WALLAS (WALLAS); PADASTE MANOR (PADASTE); HALLIKI HANSO (HANSO IN TREE); STEVEN LIM (SAK YANT TATTOO); THE SIAM HOTEL (SIAM BATHERS' BAR)

DEAR OLD COVE

Paxos, a tiny island near Corfu, has been an insiders' cherished secret for decades.
MARIELLA FROSTRUP *spills the beans on a laidback Ionian gem*







Clockwise from top: the bay at Lakka; Loggos harbour with Taxidi in the background; Gaios

In an era of super yachts and crowd convergence, where designer outfits and conspicuous spending are *de rigueur* and the newly minted travel in packs, the tiny Greek island of Paxos is a lingering reminder of a *dolce vita* of an altogether different variety. Its magnetic pull is felt by those for whom barefoot is true luxury and low-key is worth paying a high price for. (That's not to say that Paxos lacks sophistication, but if designer bathrooms, air conditioning and flat-screen TV are your holiday staples, there are other places to visit.)

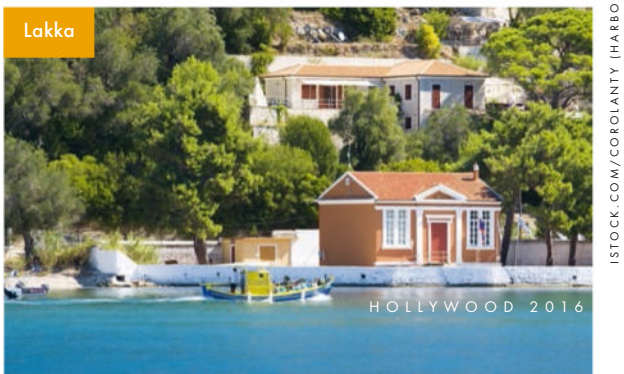
The additional travel—often by midnight water taxi—required to reach this unspoilt Greek idyll, nine miles by three, off the southwest coast of Corfu tends to ensure only ardent fans make the commitment. Pulling into the tiny port of Loggos in the dead of night is like journeying back 100 years. The bay lies tranquil, moonlight glitters on the water and the two bars on the harbour wall spill a golden pool of luminescence on to the still black sea. The gentle burble of conversation and occasional strains of *bouzouki* drift from the land, mingling with the tinkle of boat masts as you step into a scene so picturesque it feels like a movie set.

It's a sense that lingers throughout any stay on this delightfully untrammelled, effortlessly chic island. The Phoenicians, Romans, Venetians, French and even, briefly, the British have all fallen for its charms over the centuries. More recently, members of the Agnelli clan (of Fiat fame) settled here and their home is typical of the Paxiot style: secluded, unassuming, built into the rocky hillside and extremely private. Despite the presence of Italy's first family and the assorted Milanese and Roman sophisticates who follow in their wake, it's still a flip-flops-and-kaftan kind of island. The more you dress down, the better you blend in.

Paxos is delightfully easy to get to know. Of the three main settlements facing the Greek mainland, Loggos, a hamlet with a handful of restaurants, is our family favourite. At Vassili's or Aste Doue, while children paddle at the water's edge, you can while away warm evenings drinking ice-cold local rosé and eating smoky dips and fresh seafood. A short stroll along the waterfront lies Taxidi, where tourists and locals linger late while the owner Stelios and his friends play melancholy songs on traditional instruments. Or there's Ben's Bar, run by a mother-and-son team, where Euro aristocracy and their offspring dance together to mellow grooves as the sun sets.

Renting a speedboat is the best way to explore the vertiginous chalky cliffs and blue caves of the island's west coast and the tiny neighbouring island of Antipaxos. If manning your own boat sounds too tiring, there's always Circe, a beautifully restored Norwegian ketch named after the Greek witch who, Homer has it, lived on Paxos and lured poor Odysseus into her lair. Happily, the boat is more reminiscent of a Viking goddess, with her cream-painted keel and blonde-wood trim.

Greece may have hogged the headlines for its struggling economy in recent years, but for those who delight in, rather than despair of, the country's simple charms, it remains the land of (goat's) milk and honey. Those in the know, who embrace Paxos's unhurried, undemanding and utterly unspoilt charms, may ostracize me for extolling its virtues. My only defence is that in a crazy world, tranquil hideaways like Paxos deserve to be shared. □



Lakka

ISTOCK.COM/COROLANTY (HARBOUR); GARY B/ALAMY (GAIOS); ROBERT BIRKBY/ALAMY (LOGGOS HARBOUR); DAVID C TOMLINSON/GETTY IMAGES (LAKKA)

ANASSA



THANOS
hotels and resorts

LEADING HOTELS

ANASSA · P.O.BOX 66006 · CY-8830 POLIS · CYPRUS · T + 357 26 888 000 · F + 357 26 322 900 · anassa@thanoshotels.com · www.anassa.com

REVOLUTIONARY ROAD

Take a stroll along the sidewalks of American colonial history with a tour of Williamsburg, Virginia—a perfectly restored gem. Capitol! By MARCUS BINNEY



Duke of Gloucester Street, Williamsburg

Colonial Williamsburg is a beautiful and enchanting place. Yet Virginia's once-bustling 18th-century capital was no mere sleepy village when, in 1928, William Goodwin, the rector of the parish church, arranged to be seated next to John D. Rockefeller, Jr. at a dinner of the prestigious Phi Beta Kappa Society.

The rector explained his vision of restoring the colonial capital, and Rockefeller was immediately seized by the bold romance of the idea. So, in the very years he was building the mighty Rockefeller Center in New York, he was quietly providing the rector with funds to buy up Williamsburg properties as they came on to the market. Rockefeller believed that the rich should put something back. Architecture was his means.

Williamsburg, which replaced the colony's first capital, Jamestown, was laid out on a formal baroque plan with key buildings closing vistas. The Governor's Palace was framed by pleached trees. The main street, named after the Duke of Gloucester, was a mile long, with the Capitol at one end and the College of William & Mary (named, like the town itself, after King William III) at the other. The reconstructed inns, the King's Arms and Christiana Campbell's Tavern, a favourite of George Washington, offer Southern food such as crab cakes, and the bedrooms are both authentically furnished and comfortable. There is also the high-end colonial-revival Williamsburg Inn, smartly decorated and with a spa next door.

The way to explore Williamsburg is to walk through the gardens. Look out for the discreet "Garden open to the Public" signs, and you can walk from one to another, just by opening ball-and-chain gates that close silently behind you. If you choose to picnic in one of the numerous shady garden arbours, you can enjoy a day's sightseeing for the price of a sandwich. It's most ravishing in fall, when early-morning frosts create intense colour in the leaves.

The 18th-century scale and proportion are strengthened by the many delightful surrounding smaller houses and numerous outbuildings with pyramid- and bell-shaped roofs. Lost houses and cottages have been lovingly reconstructed following a map of 1782 made by an unknown Frenchman for the purpose of billeting troops that had been fighting the British. These play the picturesque role of garden temples in grander parks and gardens.

A vital element of the restoration was to recreate the missing public buildings. Just as building began, an engraving plate was discovered in Oxford's Bodleian Library showing the vanished Governor's Palace and Capitol, as well as the much-altered College, long ascribed to Sir Christopher Wren. Built in warm pink brick, with infinite care taken over every detail, they stand as handsomely as Virginia's famous colonial plantation houses.

Far from being frozen in the past, Williamsburg is constantly evolving thanks to new research and archaeology: the Englishman Ivor Noël Hume and his wife Audrey unearthed remarkable detail about daily colonial life. Now, the vanished market hall on the central green is being rebuilt. A wonderful museum of decorative arts has been installed in the reconstructed 18th-century asylum; with this comes Abby Rockefeller's matchless collection of Folk Art.



Jamestown, the original capital of 1607 and the first British colony, sat on an island in the nearby James River. Just a few miles away, Yorktown was where British dominion ended in 1781, when General Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. Cornwallis sulked in his tent, but his troops were pleased to find just how friendly Americans were. □



A restored cottage. *Above right*: the Queen visits Williamsburg in May 2007

IAN DAGNALL/ALAMY (DUKE OF GLOUCESTER STREET); THE COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG FOUNDATION (QUEEN); MARK SUMMERFIELD/ALAMY (COTTAGE)



NATURE NURTURE

With its stunning setting, indulgent spa and opportunities for exploring on land and on water, The Datai Langkawi has the ingredients of an unforgettable holiday

Five-star luxury need not be generic. At The Datai Langkawi, sensational accommodation, facilities and service come with an exquisitely beautiful natural setting that elevates a holiday to something truly memorable.

The Datai nestles in pristine rainforest on the northwest tip of Langkawi island, Malaysia. Here, the waters of the Andaman sea lap the pale gold sand of a beach that was chosen as one of *National Geographic*'s Top 10 beaches worldwide.

If that gives you an idea of the standard, it gets better. The resort offers 122 rooms, suites and villas, all designed to blend sympathetically into their environment. Choose a Corner Suite, and you'll get a breathtaking 180-degree view of the forest and the sea beyond. Otherwise, pick a Rainforest villa, or a Beach villa, with private pool and butler service.

Food at The Datai comes courtesy of five restaurants, each offering different forays into the culinary traditions of Malaysia; or you can make the beach—or wherever else you choose—your oyster with unforgettable private dining.

The resort is deeply committed to conservation and ecology, overseen by naturalist Irshad Mobarak, who leads complimentary rainforest walks, dazzling guests with his knowledge of local flora and fauna. And the Datai Spa continues this environmentally holistic approach, taking inspiration from the Malay concept of *Ramuan*, or plant-based healing. An extensive range of therapeutic rituals take place in four open-air villas, facilitating a real connection with the rainforest while you relax. Sports, including golf at the world-class Els Club Teluk Datai course, are amply catered for.



Naga Pelangi

New to the resort is Naga Pelangi, the Datai's 97ft cruising schooner, available for exclusive charter from the beach. Traditionally built over a five-year period from local Malaysian *Chengal* wood, it is sumptuously fitted out, and with its delicious food and on-board service offers a magnificent extension of the Datai experience. The ship, and the stuff, of dreams. □

www.thedatai.com

Stay 7 nights for the price of 5 from £1,515 per person (a saving of £820 per couple). Price based on two sharing a Canopy Deluxe Room on a bed and breakfast basis. Includes economy flights from London Heathrow with British Airways and Malaysia Airlines, transfers and UK lounge passes. This offer is valid from 01 April 2016-31 March 2017. For further information, contact Elegant Resorts Reservations on 01244 897538 or visit www.elegantresorts.co.uk*

**based on a departure on 14 April 2016*

VALAMAR
HOTELS & RESORTS

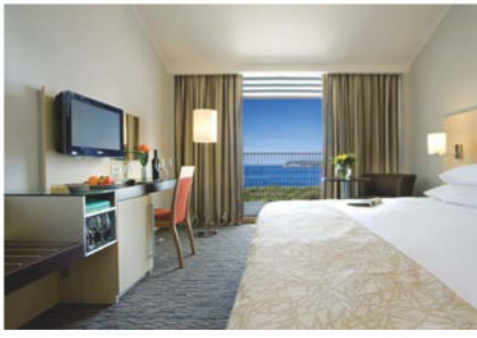
Where **Dubrovnik's** timeless beauty meets perfect natural settings

Valamar Lacroma Dubrovnik Hotel 4*+









Information and reservations:
T +385 52 465 000

www.valamar.com

Enjoy this premium hotel on the quiet Babin Kuk peninsula, surrounded by a whole string of pebble beaches and only minutes away from the world renowned Old Town of Dubrovnik. With its stylish rooms, state of the art facilities, dazzling spa features and unforgettable dining experiences, multiple award winning Valamar Lacroma Dubrovnik Hotel 4*+ will provide you a perfectly balanced holiday in Croatia with an added touch of luxury.

TOMB RAIDER

Turkey's first long-distance footpath, the Lycian Way, is up and running—or walking. **RACHEL JOHNSON** *gives its coves, burial sites and pine-clad promontories a high score*

The Lycian Way—a 540km trail along the deserted, mountainous coast of the Teke Peninsula in southwest Turkey—has been named one of the world's top 10 walks by *The Sunday Times*. And indeed—maybe it's because I'm the great-granddaughter of a Turk—I can't imagine a finer walk than this pastoral ramble (occasionally more of a scramble) in Lycia, named "the Land of Light" by the ancient Egyptians and Hittites.

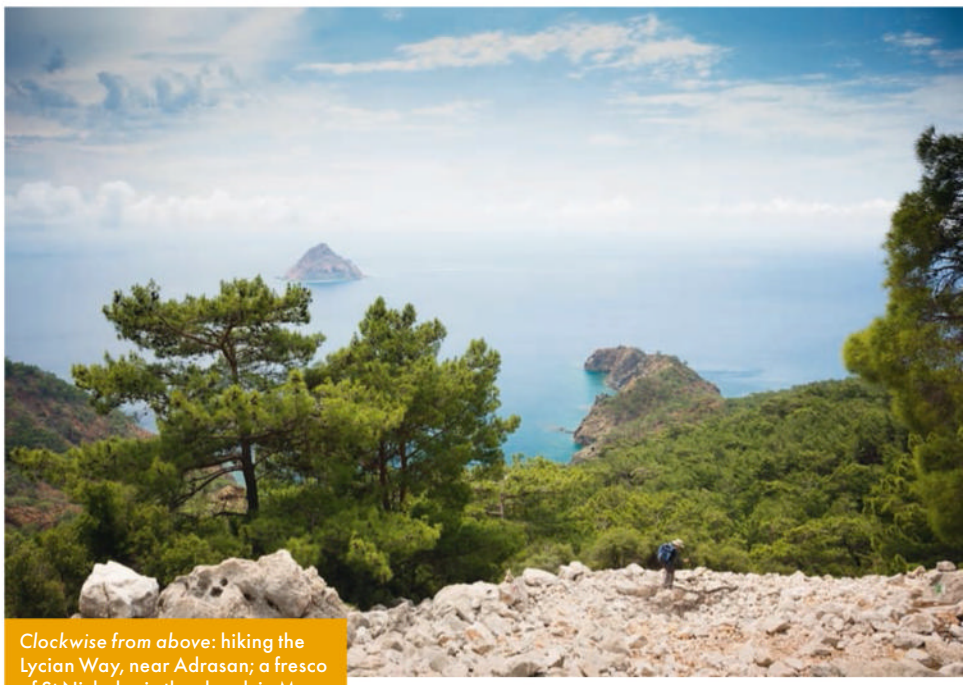
You choose how much you want to do. The entirety takes around 33 days, but we did an 80km stretch of stirring beauty: the staggering Seven Capes section. Expect Arcadian trails through cedar forests strewn with cyclamen and orchids; terraced hillsides; shaggy goats with tinkling bells; the scent of herbs. Every sense was delighted, every prospect pleased.

As an official walking trail, the Lycian Way has been open 10 years or so, but it's only recently that it's been properly maintained and serviced by tour companies, which means that all you have to do is follow, sheeplike, the *Grande Randonnée*-style red-and-white flashes that tell you where to go, whether right or left or, like Britain's Labour Party, to U-turn.



But despite these incursions, the beauty of it is that Lycia feels vaster than empires, and more slow. Nothing seems to have happened there since Alexander the Great.

It's as if you are the only trekkers, so every time you see one of the many funerary monuments or tombs set into the sheer cliffs or extruding from the land, you feel in your heart what the venerable travel writer Freya Stark, who loved this place, called the "happy secret of being alive".







Clockwise from above: hiking the Lycian Way, near Adrasan; a fresco of St Nicholas in the church in Myra that bears his name; Olu Deniz

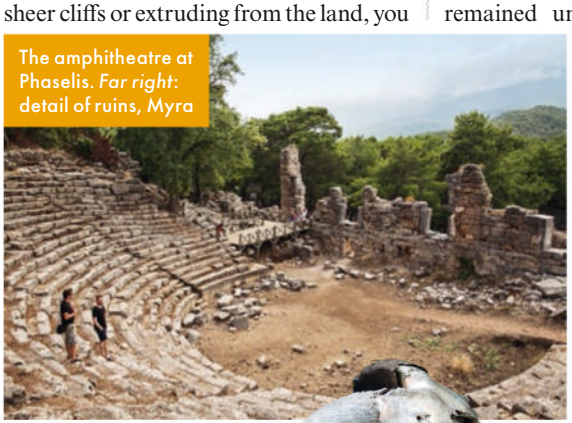
You're more or less on your own, give or take a few retired Germans in technical gear in your boutique hotel in the evening. Mainly, you stride in silence through a deserted, breathtaking landscape that has remained unchanged and unspoilt for thousands of years.

There are shacks that supply fresh pomegranate and orange juices, cushions to lounge on, springs to fill your water bottles, sun to warm your face, and, at the end of the day, basic hotels *sans luxe* but *avec charme*, providing copious oily dishes and warm homemade breads.

Days are spent happily plunging down gorges (some so steep that there are ropes), climbing ravines, swimming in waterfall pools or bays, wandering through glades, and skirting sheer cliffs with endless views of the capes and the glittering Med. The walking is "medium-level", and it is all doable.

Go in shoulder season—February-June, or September-November—and allow a company like Middle Earth Travel (middleearthtravel.com) to do all the heavy lifting, as I did (even peasants had pack mules). All you need to do is fly to Dalaman airport with your itinerary, *The Lycian Way* by Kate Clow, some hard-soled hiking boots, a lightweight down jacket and vests for the evenings, a clean T-shirt for every day's walking, sunblock (the sun shines 300 days a year on this coast) and a Kindle. It's one of those walks where you think every day is more beautiful than the last.

I said this about Syria in 2008, and I'll say it about Lycia in 2015: go now, while you can. □



The amphitheatre at Phaselis. *Far right:* detail of ruins, Myra





ISTOCK.COM/KENAN OLGUN (TOMB DETAIL); ISTOCK.COM/SEROZ4 (IBEX SKULL); CULTURA RM/ALAMY (AMPHITHEATRE); KEVIN RICHARDSON/ALAMY (PATH)

DAVE STEVENSON/ALAMY (ADRASAN, TOP); WESTEND61 GMBH/ALAMY (OLU DENIZ); ISTOCK.COM/BARIS MURATOGLU (ST NICHOLAS); ISTOCK.COM/KENAN OLGUN (TOMB DETAIL); ISTOCK.COM/SEROZ4 (IBEX SKULL); CULTURA RM/ALAMY (AMPHITHEATRE); KEVIN RICHARDSON/ALAMY (PATH)

DOME COMFORTS

ITC Hotels, part of Starwood's The Luxury Collection, offers eleven exceptional Indian properties, all inspired by the rich culture of their regions



***Clockwise from top*: ITC Grand Bharat, Gurgaon at dusk; Kaya Kalp—The Royal Spa at the ITC Mughal, Agra; Pool terrace at ITC Rajputana, Jaipur**

Every aspect of these hotels is illustrative of ITC Hotels' commitment to providing planet-positive luxury experiences to the global traveller. With the largest number of LEED (Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design) Platinum certified hotels, ITC Hotels is recognized as the "greenest luxury hotel chain in the world". The premium-quality group offers experiential itineraries for your next trip to India, providing an exceptional taste of hospitality with opulent residences, renowned signature cuisine, and award-winning wellness experiences, using contemporary business practices that harness the elements of nature.

THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE

Begin your journey at the capital city of New Delhi, amid intoxicating sights, sounds and scents, before retreating to the ITC Maurya. A favourite among world leaders, its sophisticated Buddhist stupa design pays tribute to the great Mauryan dynasty. The hotel also houses two of the city's most sought-after restaurants: Bukhara and Dum Pukht. Next stop is Agra, home to the Taj Mahal, where you will receive a royal welcome at the ITC Mughal. Winner of the prestigious Aga Khan award for Architectural Excellence in Asia, the hotel is archetypal of the grand ethos of the Mughal era. On to India's "Pink City", Jaipur, and the ITC Rajputana, which is designed to echo the region's traditional *havelis* with refined artistry that sublimely reflects the spirit of Rajasthan and its royalty. Complete your journey of the Golden Triangle at the ITC Grand Bharat in Gurgaon—ITC Hotels' newest offering and India's first all-suite luxury retreat. In an idyllic setting, guests will enjoy luxurious living, elaborate culinary experiences, a royal spa, bespoke banqueting and a 27-hole signature Jack Nicklaus golf course; it was ranked the number-one resort in Asia and among the top-five hotels and resorts in the world in *Condé Nast Traveler* USA Readers' Choice Awards 2015.



SOUTHERN SPLENDOUR

Start your journey in Chennai at the ITC Grand Chola, where the palatial design—inspired by the splendour of a glorious southern dynasty—creates an ideal retreat. Travel on to Bengaluru (Bangalore), the garden city of India, which beckons with its old-world charm. Stay at either the ITC Gardenia, inspired by the magnificent gardens of the city, or the aristocratic ITC Windsor, which evokes the days of the Raj. End your journey of southern India at Hyderabad and reflect upon the history of the Nizams (the incredibly wealthy historic state rulers), while experiencing the culture of the Kakatiya Dynasty with a stay at ITC Kakatiya.

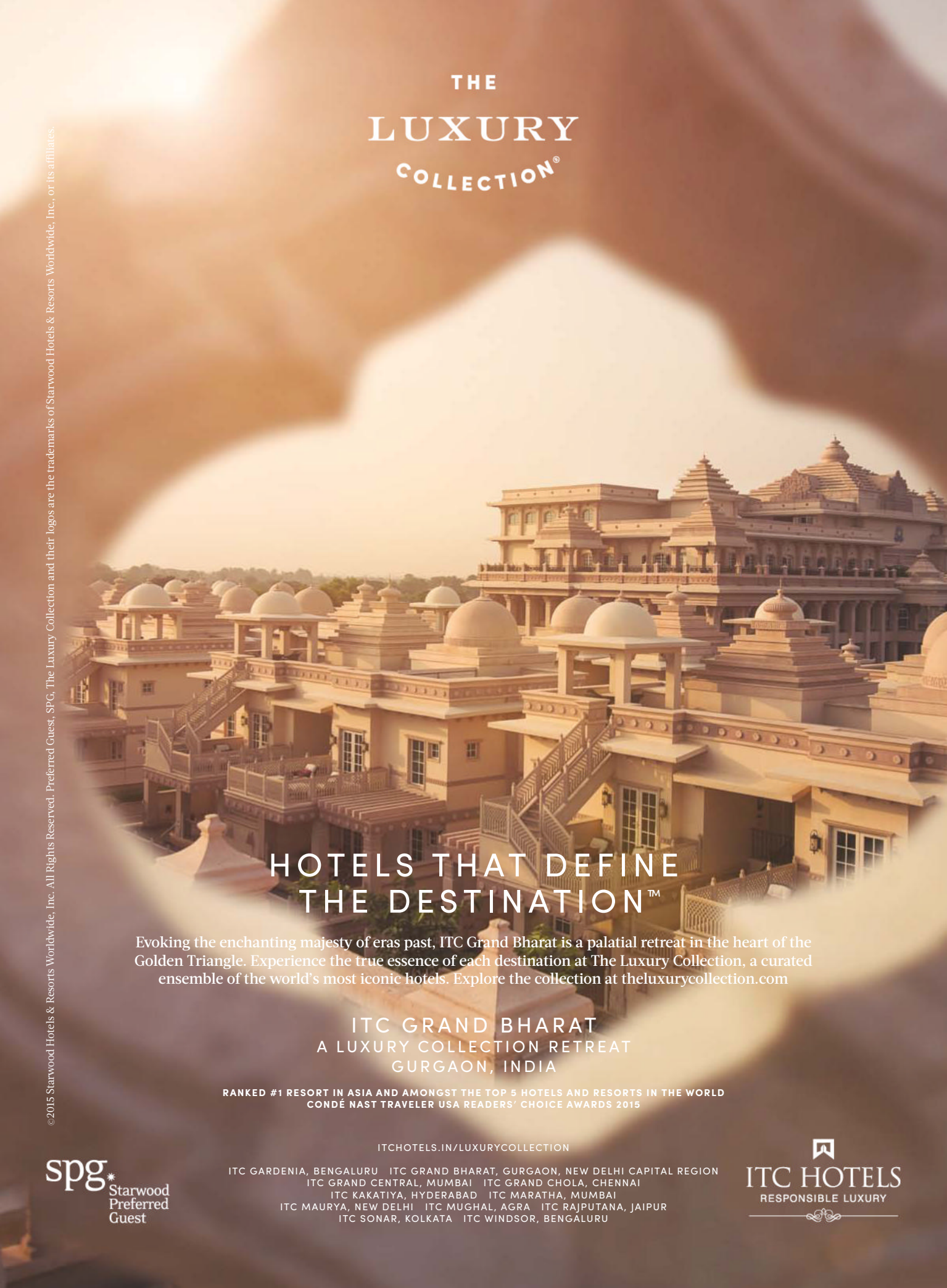
WESTERN GRANDEUR AND EASTERN SOLACE

Commence your journey in western India at the cosmopolitan hub of Mumbai as you experience the region's vintage charm with the ITC Maratha, which provides a reflection of the rich culture of the Maratha dynasty. Alternately, experience the city's British colonial style, eloquently reflected in the architecture of the ITC Grand Central. Look east to Kolkata, and experience the heritage of Bengal with the ITC Sonar, India's first business resort, which captures the essence of the city through its greenery and water bodies, reminiscent of the garden houses of yesteryear. □

For reservations and further information, visit itchotels.in/luxurysojourns

READER OFFER

Book a 6-night Golden Triangle itinerary: ITC Maurya (2 nights), ITC Mughal (1 night), ITC Rajputana (2 nights), ITC Grand Bharat/ITC Maurya (1 night). Rates from £275 for suites and £145 for premium rooms. Indicative rates subject to change and currency fluctuation



©2015 Starwood Hotels & Resorts Worldwide, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Preferred Guest, SPG, The Luxury Collection and their logos are the trademarks of Starwood Hotels & Resorts Worldwide, Inc., or its affiliates.

THE NEW BLACK

Fancy yourself a whizz on the slopes? Pit yourself against these classic black runs—then toast your skills in some of our favourite mountain restaurants. By GABRIELLA LE BRETON



THE STREIF, KITZBUHEL, AUSTRIA

Locals have skied on the Hahnenkamm mountain since 1893. But when "Kitz" went global in the 1960s, it wasn't for its cute medieval town or forgiving slopes, but for the world's most feared downhill race track. The Streif became a fixture on the men's World Cup tour in 1967; ski it and you'll be following legends like Franz Klammer. You'll have earned your Wienerschnitzel at the Hochkitzbühel restaurant, too. *kitzbuehel.com; beitomschy.at*



THE HIGHLAND BOWL, ASPEN HIGHLANDS, COLORADO, USA

Our clean-living cousins in the USA like to "earn their turns", so even in the glamorous resort of Aspen you'll find A-listers hauling their skis 40 minutes up the Highland Bowl to reap 2,500 vertical feet of powdery rewards. Regulars plummet down the Bowl at dizzying gradients, but you can find gentler slopes in the north-facing G-zones. Turns well and truly earned, ride the Deep Temerity chairlift back up for a cheese feast at Cloud Nine Bistro. The cosy timber chalet delivers authentic raclettes and fondues in true Euro-style. *aspensnowmass.com*



FORCELLA ROSSA, CORTINA D'AMPEZZO, ITALY

Set against the spires of the Dolomites, Cortina d'Ampezzo packs a hefty punch when it comes to scenery. One of Cortina's finest runs is Forcella Rossa, a women's World Cup piste. Weave through towering canyons, then burst into an open powder bowl beneath the cable car for maximum "look at me" exposure. Ride the cable car up to Rifugio Col Drusciè for restorative lobster tagliatelle before toasting the views with Ferrari sparkling wine. *cortina.dolomiti.org*





PISTE DU CHAMOIS, VAL D'ANNIVIERS, SWITZERLAND

Val d'Anniviers comprises 12 villages encircled by the "Imperial Crown" (five huge mountains, including the Matterhorn). Skiing between the valley's highest villages, Zinal and Grimentz, is relatively easy via the Piste du Chamois. Approach the steep entry to the 4.3km-long trail with caution but then let loose on the wide slopes, which bring you down to the Tsirouc forest. Two chairlifts from Grimentz take you to L'Etable du Marais, a farmhouse famed for its rösti potatoes smothered in ham, cheese, and onions, topped with a fried egg. *valdanniviers.ch*



BLACKCOMB GLACIER, WHISTLER BLACKCOMB, CANADA

Whistler Blackcomb's two mountains, linked by the world's highest lift, offer bountiful black and double-black-diamond runs. For a sense of splendid isolation, walk up to Blackcomb Glacier from the Showcase T-bar, bound down the bowl and zip through the gladed funnel at the glacier's base, then reward yourself with a gargantuan waffle smothered in maple syrup at the Crystal Hut at the top of the Glacier Express. *whistlerblackcomb.com*

LA VALLEE BLANCHE, CHAMONIX, FRANCE

Ascend 2,800m up from Chamonix to Mont Blanc's flank in the Aiguille du Midi cable car to emerge in a mystical landscape of snow gardens and glaciers. In the qualified hands of a mountain guide, shimmy down the (slightly hairy) *arête* before the stupendous 20km descent past towering icefalls, luminous turquoise glaciers and burbling rivers. Soak up the views at the Refuge Requin. *chamonix.com*

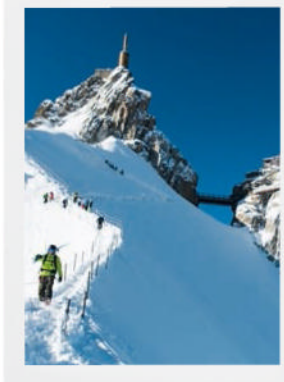


ILLUSTRATION: PIETARI POSTI. ©MEDIALOUNGE (CROWD WATCHING EVENT); JEREMY SWANSON (SKIERS LINED UP); IAN DAGNALL/ALAMY (CORTINA D'AMPEZZO); ©SIERRE-ANNIVIERS (CHALETS, GRIMENTZ); TOURISM WHISTLER/MIKE CRANE (SKIER, WHISTLER BLACKCOMB); ©PATRIK LINDQVIST/CHAMONIX.COM (SKIER WALKING ALONG RIDGE)

THE BEST

FAMILY SKI CHALETS

By GABRIELLA LE BRETON

BLOSSOM HILL, LE PRAZ, FRANCE

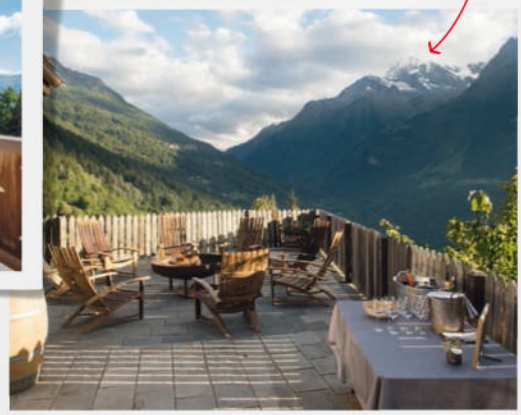


Blossom Hill is every inch the ultra-chalet. Its impressive double-height sitting room, with full-length windows, makes the most of its Alpine setting in Le Praz. We love that the private cinema has a 10ft-wide screen, the fire-warmed Savoyard kitchen boasts a wine cellar, and the floor of the indoor/outdoor infinity pool can be raised to paddling-pool height, so it's safe for genuine water babies. You can ski right off the slopes into Blossom Hill's garden and the nearest lift is a two-minute ski-boot shuffle away.
luxurychaletcollection.com

CHALET PELERIN, LE MIROIR, FRANCE

Perched above the hamlet of Le Miroir, Chalet Pelerin sleeps eight adults and four children. It has serious bells and whistles: a large outdoor hot tub lit by fire pits, an indoor salt-water pool, sauna and steam room, and large TV room. Best of all, however, is the ded- icated ski room, packed with equipment, suncream, snacks and drinks (all complimentary). Everything's included, from ski guiding and children's cookery classes to fondue and fireworks.
elevenexperience.com





CHALET SHERWOOD, VERBIER, SWITZERLAND

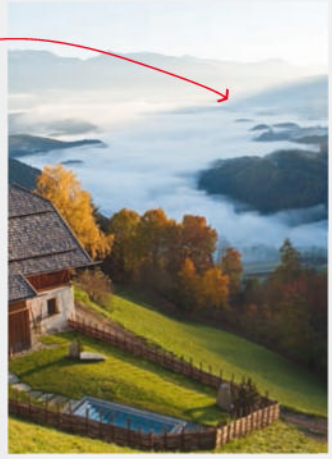
Clad in caramel-hued timber and dressed with fur throws and reindeer pelts is the sophisti-cated new Chalet Sherwood. Sleeping 10, Sherwood is found in a secluded part of Verbier, where little ones need only step out of the ski room to be on the Les Moulins nursery slopes. There's a TV den for the kids, and the adults can sip cocktails by the open fire upstairs and plot how to put the 24-hour in-resort chauffeur service to best use.
skiverbierexclusive.com





SAN LORENZO MOUNTAIN LODGE, VAL PUSTERIA, ITALY

San Lorenzo Mountain Lodge has mesmerizing views over the Dolomites. Four bedrooms, with a spa, helipad, an eye-popping wine collection and the children's favourite: the "nest" bed built in atop the ceramic wood-burning stove. Owners Stefano and Giorgia Barbini are former fashion bigwigs, and have poured their exquisite taste into the property. Stefano guides guests around the family-friendly slopes of nearby Kronplatz.
sanlorenzolodges.com



GRANDE CORNICHE, LES GETS, FRANCE

Grande Corniche resembles every child's dream chalet: hewn from timber, its sloping eaves are laden with snow and illuminated by tiny lights. Step inside to discover a masterful blend of traditional and contemporary. Boot warmers and the chauffeur service will get you up in the morning following late nights spent playing snooker, lounging round the grand piano or stargazing in the outdoor jacuzzi.
consensiochalets.co.uk

CHALET UBERHAUS, LECH, AUSTRIA

Slotted into the manicured ski slopes of Oberlech, a plush enclave above the European aristocracy's beloved resort of Lech, überHaus is suitably "uber". More mini-hotel than chalet, it has ski-in/ski-out access, uninterrupted mountain views, three large suites, two en-suite double bedrooms and a dreamy children's bunkroom. On top of that comes an impressive spa, a gym, super-slick private cinema, snooker room, bar and library.
hautemontagne.com



www.istra.com

Istria
Green Mediterranean.



PHOTO BY IVO BIOCINA, CNTB

STAR WARS

Dropping a star needn't mean going over to the dark side. There's a whole new battalion of cool four-stars waiting to pull you in, says VICTORIA MATHER



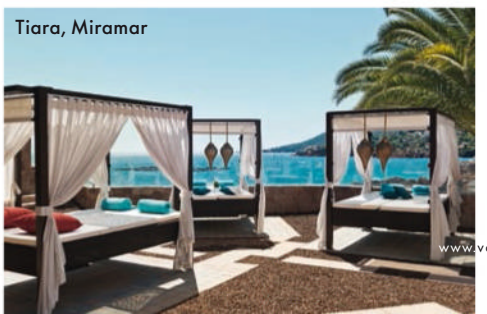
Mama Shelter, Istanbul

Four-star is the new five-star. No, we're not going backwards, we're going realistic. The most frequent travellers with the most disposable income are the under-35s. Children of the baby boomers—who took them on lavish holidays for quality time—they ain't retro-verting to the Hotel California ("This could be heaven or this could be hell"). Exhaustive internet research makes this group picky-picky: they want clean, pared-down and cool, at a no-grief price point, not lickspittle folderol and oily maître d's asking whether sir's wine is to his liking.

Hence the success of Philippe Starck's design for the **Mama Shelter** brand (under €100 a night): faux-industrialist chic with steak-frites. Starck has got it absolutely right: what the cool traveller needs, and frankly has a human right to, is Wi-Fi, films on demand, and a pizzeria. And if it has the benediction of Starck's name above the door, then cool. You're OK to stay.

Four-star ski hotels once stank of public schoolboys' socks. Now Marie and Nicolas Sibuet, the second generation of the family that have revitalized Megève, Val Thorens and Avoriaz with sexy five-stars, are pioneering a new four-star brand, **Terminal Neige**. "They are to be friendly mountain hotels," says Marie. "More social, more sharing. We have recruited staff through Facebook and we don't have concierges, we have experience managers." This is edgy, modern stuff. The first Terminal Neige, **Le Totem**, opened this winter in Flaine, a resort built in the 70s, which the hotel furniture references—in a good way—so design, a vital leitmotif of contemporary hoteldom, is not compromised. All the boxes are ticked: live music in the bar, rent-an-art-collection projected on to walls, a hi-tech ski shop, a bar purveying spiced apple juice and designer coffee, and a spa. Naturally Wi-Fi is free throughout the hotel. Dining is kitchen-style, with communal tables for all that sharing. This is the way we live now.

While temples of mammon like Dubai trumpeted their seven-star hotels—a concept that never really caught on, as all that pointless luxury is so off-putting—clever hotel groups like Hyatt were developing diffusion lines: their **Andazs** hotels are a prime example, with fluid spaces and staff with iPads as a third hand.



Tiara, Miramar



Le Totem, Flaine

The big excitement in New York this year is the opening of **Williamsburg Hotel** in Brooklyn by Evan Altman and James Stuart, protégés of Schrager, Balazs and Sean MacPherson. The design is by Michaelis Boyd, who did Babington House and Soho House Berlin—both properties that broke the star-rating mould by simply ignoring it in favour of giving their hip guests, whom they understood very well, what they wanted: huge mini-bars, a relaxed vibe and feeling that they were in the cool, entertaining place to be and be seen. Williamsburg Hotel will have three bars, including one in a replica water tower.



Williamsburg Hotel, New York

In downtown Manhattan, **The Roxy**, formerly the Tribeca Grand, will reopen, having eschewed conference space for jazz clubs, a cinema, coffee bar and edgy Blackstones hairdressing, enhancing the "guest experience". If there's one thing that symbolizes the segue from dreary to decadent, it is the transformation of the kettle into an espresso machine.

Back in France, **Tiara** hotels have whooshed the little four-star **Miramar** in Théoule-sur-Mer (it's just along from Cannes) into an old-Riviera treasure. On a private beach, its USP is Bistrot M, the new *bistronomique* that's like a local market—choose whatever you want from the stalls and chef will concoct it for you. This is fun and interactive, not silver-cloche. If you want more formal, the Miramar's Relais & Châteaux sister hotel, the Yaktsa, is a short walk up the hill.

This new relaxed initiative is a blessed relief: no pressure to live up to your hotel. Check in any time you like—and you may never want to leave. □

MAMA SHELTER; TERMINAL NEIGE-TOTEM/C. ARNAL & DR (LE TOTEM); STEELBLUE COURTESY OF THE WILLIAMSBURG HOTEL



Drawn to QATAR

On the shores of the Gulf, a new world art hub is gathering ground, complete with museums that are masterpieces in their own right



The Museum of Islamic Art

Of all Qatar's big draws, its flourishing art scene is currently the most fascinating. If you've yet to discover the wealth of art in this small country (around half the size of Wales, to use the traditional measure), now, with the buzz almost palpable in the desert air, is the time to do so. And you will be astonished. After decades of acquisition and earnest art promotion by the late culture minister Sheikh Saud bin Mohammed Al-Thani and, now, by Sheikha Al-Mayassa bint Hamad bin Khalifa Al-Thani, who is also the head of Qatar Museums, the capital, Doha, is now internationally renowned as an art destination, with a roster of must-visit museums that are major works of art in their own right.

And there's no question what should be at the top of your list: the Museum of Islamic Art, designed by the architect of the Louvre pyramid, IM Pei, who at the age of 86 came out of retirement to create his last major cultural building. Pei took a methodical approach to this commission. By his own admission not well versed in Islamic architecture prior to accepting, he set about studying the life of Muhammad and travelled widely across the Middle East and North Africa to absorb as much as possible of its traditions and vernacular. Concerned that this masterpiece should stand both for now and for the future, he insisted that it should be sited on its own island to preserve its majesty and prominence.

He got his wish—and then some. The museum is approached by an esplanade of statuesque palms perfectly reflected in a still pool; its structure, which evokes and geometrically recasts classical Islamic forms, opened to international acclaim in 2008, described by the *New York Times*' Nicolai Ouroussoff as possessing "an ageless quality".

It is a spectacular starting point for a cultural visit to Doha. The artefacts inside represent 14 centuries of Islamic art, from the medieval Syrian Cavour Vase to the spectacular Indian gold falcon, set with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and a yellow sapphire (particularly resonant in a country where the ancient art of falconry is still routinely practised). It is a world-class collection that deserves to be on the itinerary of any serious art enthusiast.

If you feel art-saturated after viewing such a wealth of work, take a deep breath, because there's much more. Doha also boasts MATHAF: Arab Museum of Modern Art (where you'll find more than 6,000 works of Arab modern and contemporary art), the Sheikh Faisal Bin Qassim Al Thani Museum (Qatari art), the Msheireb Museums (atmospheric spaces based in historic houses in the old city), and the Qatar National Museum (Qatari culture and history), slated to open later this year and designed as a spectacular series of interlocking discs like a futuristic desert rose, by another architecture giant, Jean Nouvel—creator of the Insitut du Monde Arabe in Paris.

Nor is art merely confined to museum interiors: in Doha, public and street art are becoming more present, with contemporary public sculpture by prominent artists springing up all over the capital, such as Louise Bourgeois's monumental bronze spider, *Maman*, at the Qatar National Convention Centre; or Urs Fischer's playful *Lamp Bear*, at Hamad International Airport. It can even be found in the desert—viz Richard Serra's monumental sculpture sequence, *East-West/West-East*: four perfectly aligned giant steel plates, described by Serra as "the most fulfilling thing I've ever done." There's also the Fire Station Artist in Residence scheme: a rolling nine-month art residency, open to creatives across disciplines, that's fuelling Qatar's artistic fire.

When you're not basking in the art scene, there's plenty more basking to be done, either on the waterfront Corniche along Doha Bay, or on one of its exclusive beaches. This is, after all, a country of year-round sunshine. You could take in a race at the Qatar Racing and Equestrian Club—thereby participating in one of Qatar's pre-eminent national sports; the

DOHA HAS A ROSTER OF MUST-VISIT MUSEUMS THAT ARE MAJOR **WORKS OF ART** IN THEIR OWN RIGHT



The Pearl island, Doha

HERE, A TRADITIONAL WELCOME, FROM QATAR'S BEDOUIN HERITAGE, COMES

HAND IN HAND

WITH FIVE-STAR LUXURY



The Souq Waqif

desert beckons, too, with 4x4 dune-bashing at Khor Al Udeid (the Inland Sea) just outside Doha, or a trip to Mesaieed, around 30 miles south, where in addition to sand-boarding you can re-enact all your *Lawrence of Arabia* fantasies with a stay in a traditional Bedouin tent and a stint at camel-riding.

The source of Qatar's modern-day prosperity may lie in the desert, but the sea still looms very large in Qatar's history and imagination. For centuries prior to the discovery of oil, the country was renowned for pearl fishing, with its fishermen setting off on epic ventures, free diving to often dangerous depths to collect their treasures. To recreate a little of this romantic past, take a trip across the bay on a wooden *dhow*—the traditional merchants' boats historically used all around the Arabian peninsula and the Indian Ocean to transport heavy goods. Now, though a few are still in use commercially, they mainly transport enthralled visitors along the Corniche, looking back at the modern city across a swathe of turquoise sea.

It might whet your appetite for a scuba dive—well worth finding time for, to admire the coral reefs, marine life and shipwrecks. In the unlikely event that you still have itchy feet after all of the above, you might visit the UNESCO-protected abandoned walled city of Al Zubarah, on Qatar's northwestern coast. This fort town founded by Kuwaiti merchants is a prized archaeological site, its defensive walls, mosques, fishermen's huts and courtyard houses offering a fascinating glimpse of Arabian life in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, preserved under a layer of desert sand.

But let's not forget you're on holiday. Hospitality here means not merely a place to stay, but a reason in itself to come: a traditional Qatari welcome, stemming from the nation's Bedouin heritage, comes hand in hand with luxury. There is an agglomeration of five-star hotels that take luxe to a gracious new level and add to Doha's cosmopolitan feel. You might like to try the St Regis, a majestic presence on West Bay, where you can stay in a corner Empire Suite with an unparalleled view over the Gulf's blue horizons. The W Hotel Doha brings a futuristic take on traditional Middle Eastern design; while the Kempinski offers two stunning hotels: the Kempinski Residences & Suites, Doha, on West Bay in one of the city's tallest towers at 256m; and the Marsa Malaz Kempinski, a European/Arabian blend, newly opened on its own secluded island, just 10 minutes' drive from the central business district.



A traditional Qatari wooden *dhow*

THE SOUQ WAQIF IS FASCINATINGLY JUXTAPOSED AGAINST THE FUTURISTIC ULTRA-MODERN CITY THAT SURROUNDS IT

Alternatively, try Sharq Village & Spa with its breathtaking wellness facilities; the Grand Hyatt Doha, on a pristine private beach, or, 20 minutes' yacht ride from Doha in the turquoise waters of the Gulf, Banana Island Resort by Anantara, offering complete pampering. If you like to mix architecture with pleasure, The Torch, Doha's iconic hotel, in a 300m-tall biconcave tower with incredible 360-degree views, might be your choice (indeed, Doha is known for its architecture, from Hamad International Airport to Jean Nouvel's Doha Tower, which won the 2012 CTBUH Best Tall Building Award.)

Dining is a highlight, too, with thrilling international and local cuisine to try, from Nobu and Elements at the Four Seasons to Spice Market at the W to two Gordon Ramsay restaurants. The shopping is excellent, and you can still experience authentic Qatari bargain-hunting and haggling in the 100-year-old Souq Waqif (renovated in 2006), laden with spices, handicrafts, and traditional clothing. There are Arab stables and even a falcon hospital. It's a fascinating juxtaposition against the ultra-modern city that has sprung up around it. Haggling is tiring business, so succumb to the temptation of supper at the atmospheric Al Terrace, where you can sample authentic Qatari and a variety of other Middle Eastern dishes to the sound of traditional instruments.

There is a palpable feeling that the place is on a roll. Now is the time to come, feel the buzz, and be part of something big. And to allow yourself time for a return visit—because you'll definitely want to go back. □

For more information on Qatar, visit www.qatartourism.gov.qa
To book a holiday to Qatar, visit www.dialaflight.com or www.exsus.com



***Maman* by Louise Bourgeois, at QNCC**



***Lamp Bear* by Urs Fischer, at Hamad International Airport**



1400 years of art in one day.

The art of architecture. An architecture for art.
Inspired and inspiring.

Museum of Islamic Art, Doha


QATAR
www.visitqatar.gov.qa



National Gallery, Singapore

DESTINATION *ART*

These new and improved museums—the essential big-city name-drops—more than justify the jetlag

By AOIFE O'RIORDAIN

NATIONAL GALLERY, SINGAPORE

Last year, Singapore celebrated 50 years of independence. One particularly noteworthy cultural legacy of the festivities was the inauguration of the National Gallery Singapore and its collection of Singaporean and Southeast Asian art, spanning from the 18th century to the present day. Two vestiges of the city-state's colonial past, the grand neoclassical City Hall and the former Supreme Court, were joined together by a glistening, golden-roofed walkway to house the 8,000-strong art treasury, as well as an education centre, restaurants and bars. *nationalgallery.sg*

Stay: Raffles Singapore (*raffles.com*)





A plan for the new Tate Modern, London

TATE MODERN, LONDON

Tate Modern has attracted over 70m visitors and a whole new audience of art lovers to Bankside since it opened in 2000. On June 17 it aims to build on its phenomenal success with the opening of a new wing that will increase its gallery space by 60 percent. The original team behind the transformation of the former power station, Swiss architects Herzog & de Meuron, have returned to design the audacious 10-storey Switch House, which will put the iconic Turbine Hall at the heart of the Tate. The grand reveal will include a complete rehang of Tate Modern and its many iconic works by Picasso, Beuys and Rothko. *tate.org.uk*

Stay: Mondrian at Sea Containers (*morganshotelgroup.com*)

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF QATAR, DOHA

The interlocking discs of architect Jean Nouvel's latest cultural show-stopper will be unveiled later this year in the Qatari capital Doha. It's another highly anticipated piece in an ambitious jigsaw of museums and galleries that include the Museum of Islamic Art and the Arab Museum of Modern Art. Designed to reflect the desert landscape, the new museum clusters around Sheikh Abdullah bin Jassim Al-Thani's original palace, the ruling family's home and seat of government for the last 25 years. *qm.org.qa*

Stay: Banana Island Resort Doha by Anantara (*doha.anantara.com*)



The National Museum of Qatar

DESIGN MUSEUM, LONDON

Later this year, the Design Museum will uproot from its home in a former banana warehouse in Shad Thames to the swankier surroundings of Kensington, where it will be installed in the landmark former Commonwealth Institute building on the edge of Holland Park. Everything from a black bin-bag dress designed by Gareth Pugh and worn by Lady Gaga, to an AK-47 has been displayed at the museum founded by Sir Terence Conran in 1989 to celebrate contemporary architecture and design. Its new home will treble the gallery's size and the interior of the Grade II listed building has been remodelled by the leading master of minimalism, architect and designer John Pawson. *designmuseum.org*



The Design Museum, London

Stay: Notting Hill's The Laslett (*living-rooms.co.uk*)

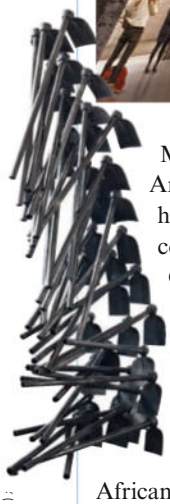
ZEITZ MOCAA, CAPE TOWN

British designer Thomas Heatherwick has been tasked with repurposing the vertical tubes of Cape Town's Grain Silo on the V&A Waterfront to house the philanthropic Zeitz Foundation's new

NATIONAL GALLERY SINGAPORE: ATELIERS JEAN NOUVEL; ARTEFACTORY (NATIONAL MUSEUM OF QATAR); ALEX MORRIS (DESIGN MUSEUM); © PETER SAVILLE WITH PAUL HETHERINGTON AND MORPH (TATE MODERN); © SALOUA RAOUDA CHOUCAIR (ARTIST), TATE (SALOUA RAOUDA CHOUCAIR, INFINITE STRUCTURE, 1963-65)



Zeitz MOCAA, Cape Town



Museum of Contemporary African Art. German collector Jochen Zeitz has donated his unrivalled private collection, which includes works by Chris Ofili and Marlene Dumas, and the gallery's curator, Martin Coetzee, has been scouring the globe acquiring works from leading contemporary African artists, like Angolan Edson Chagas, and other works from the African diaspora. Until it opens, visit the gallery at its temporary pop-up home in the Scheryn Pavilion by Bascule Bridge. *zeitzfoundation.org.*

Stay: Upstairs—the top five floors will be home to the 28-room The Silo Hotel (*theroyalportfolio.com*)

LOUVRE ABU DHABI

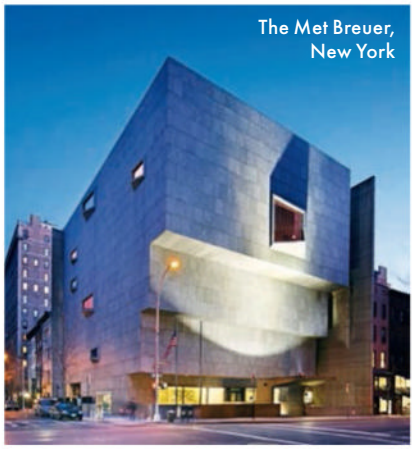
A case of "If you build it, they will come", Louvre Abu Dhabi is the first of a number of headline-grabbing institutions opening in Abu Dhabi's Saadiyat Island Cultural District that will eventually include a branch of the Guggenheim and the Zayed National Museum. The satellite of one of the world's greatest museums will have a permanent collection spanning several millennia, and loans that will include Leonardo's *La Belle Ferronnière* and a statue of Ramesses II. Jean Nouvel's extraordinary architectural vision for the project is a vast white, lacy dome inspired by traditional Islamic architecture and interlaced palm leaves. *louvreabudhabi.ae*

Stay: The St Regis Saadiyat Island Resort (*starwoodhotels.com*)

THE MET BREUER BUILDING, NEW YORK

The relocation of the Whitney Museum of American Art to its new space in the Meatpacking District last year created a vacancy at the Bauhaus Breuer building on the corner of Manhattan's Madison Avenue and 75th Street. Opening in March 2016, the Met Breuer building will mark the expansion of the Met's modern and contemporary visual-art program with permanent and temporary exhibition spaces, performance art, and an artist-in-residence: the performance artist Vijay Iyer. The opening will be celebrated with a sound installation entitled *Soundwalk 9:09* by Pulitzer Prize-winning composer John Luther Adams, while one of the first shows is the largest retrospective of the work of the acclaimed Indian modernist Nasreen Mohamedi. *metmuseum.org/metbreuer*

Stay: The Carlyle (*rosewoodhotels.com*)



The Met Breuer, New York



Louvre Abu Dhabi

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AFRICAN AMERICAN HISTORY AND CULTURE, WASHINGTON DC

The resplendent bronze façade of some 3,600 cast-aluminium panels on the Smithsonian's newest addition will take pride of place on Washington DC's National Mall between the Washington Monument and the National Museum of American History when it opens in September 2016. A bible that belonged to slave rebellion leader Nat Turner, a segregation-era Southern railway car, Michael Jackson's fedora and Chuck Berry's red Cadillac will be just some of the many diverse exhibits of the far-reaching collection on display among the lightfilled galleries of this building, designed by British architect David Adjaye. *nmaahc.si.edu*



Chuck Berry's iconic red Cadillac

Stay: The Mandarin Oriental (*mandarinoriental.com*)

MUSEUM OF ART, ARCHITECTURE AND TECHNOLOGY, LISBON

When it opens this summer, teetering on the edge of the banks of Lisbon's River Tagus in historic Belém, the EDP Foundation's Museum of Art, Architecture and Technology will be a new dot on every cultural traveller's must-see map. After three years spent as a curator of architecture at MoMA, Portuguese architect Pedro Gadanho has returned to his native shores to take up the role of Artistic Director of this trailblazing museum. An open-air cinema will be one of the features of the building's sinuous, glittering curves—the work of London-based AL_A architects, led by Amanda Levete. *maat.pt*

Stay: Palacio Ramalhete (*palacio-ramalhete.com*)



Museum of Art, Architecture and Technology (MAAT), Lisbon

© MICHELE MATHISON (ARTIST) (IKUBA, 2013 (BACK VIEW)); HEATHERWICK STUDIO (ZEITZ MOCAA INTERIOR); COLLECTION OF THE SMITHSONIAN NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AFRICAN AMERICAN HISTORY AND CULTURE (CHUCK BERRY'S CADILLAC); ED LEDERMAN (MET BREUER EXTERIOR); AL_A (MUSEUM OF ART, ARCHITECTURE AND TECHNOLOGY); ATELIERS JEAN NOUVEL, ARTEFACTORY, TDIC, LOUVRE ABU DHABI)



RUNAWAY SUCCESS

Annabel Brooks's colourful life and unbeatable address book have made her the odds-on favourite in the A-list vacation-property stakes

By ALICE B-B

Annabel Brooks at home in Oxfordshire on December 8, 2015

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERMAINE FRANCIS

There's a simple reason why Annabel Brooks is so damn good at her job. It's because everything in her wildly exciting life has been leading up to this point: having Rupert Everett as a best friend, marrying into Hollywood royalty, being Queen Bee of the Chipping Norton set, and ultimately being a curious traveller. Stick all of this in a pot—or rather a body, with one pair of absurdly long legs—and what you get is Annabel and her company Avenue, one of the world's top house- and villa-rental agencies, looking after the holiday plans of megastars, with estates on her books that can only be accessed via a secret password.

But to really understand the magic of Annabel Brooks, you need to start at the beginning. And her beginning was in the Cotswolds. She was the eldest of three children. "I had a very ordinary childhood," she says, those legs in leather jeans curled up on a grey velvet sofa in the piano nobile drawing room of her Notting Hill house, while tea and homemade biscuits are brought up on a tray. "It was climbing trees, wild ponies, playing *Lord of the Flies* in the woods at the local school. . . Heaven." Badminton School in Bristol followed, "which was was like a prison". Aged 16, shortly after her adored father Robert died, Annabel rebelled and went to school in London. It was then she was discovered as a model. "One of the Campbell girls—I think it was Emma—took me out for lunch with her father and Patrick Lichfield," she explains. "He photographed me for *Vogue*, and Lorraine Ashton and Models 1 took me on."

The fork in the road for Annabel came one long hot summer in the South of France when she was 18. "The moment my life really changed from being the English country girl was when I was taken to stay at Jeremy Fry's." From the Fry's Chocolate family, Jeremy was an inventor and *bon vivant* who had bought a distressed hamlet in Provence called Le Grand Banc. "I was greeted by a man wearing a wig and a pink dress," says Annabel. "I stayed for a month, and was exposed to all these incredible people—Cartier-Bresson would drop by—and then Jeremy took me down to Tony Richardson's at Le Nid du Duc." That was director and producer Richardson's St-Tropez estate—a hamlet of houses hidden in the middle of a forest, with a long outdoor dining table beneath twinkling fairy lights, roaming peacocks and a swimming pool that was painted by Hockney. "It was absolutely incredible," says Annabel. "Here was Tony with Grizelda [Grimond—the daughter of former Liberal Party leader Jo Grimond] and here was Vanessa [Redgrave], pulling up on a motorbike with Timothy Dalton. I immediately became best friends with Natasha [Richardson, Tony and Vanessa's late daughter]. Tony was bisexual, so there were also boys around. And I just thought it was amazing that all these people were co-existing."

Annabel married *The Rachel Papers* director Damian Harris, son of actor Richard Harris, when she was 21, and they lived in Hollywood at the Chateau Marmont for a month, "until John Belushi died [there], so we left. Everything got closed down." So they moved to a haunted house on Hollywood Boulevard. Lodgers included Rupert Everett, who wrote in his biography *Red Carpets and Other Banana Skins*: "It was a rambling tumbledown place, a plantation house from the Deep South plonked in the middle of suburbia. It was made of white clapboard, with a broken weather-vane on top that permanently pointed down. . . The Harris household was the foundation of my life in Hollywood for years to come." Annabel decorated it with "vintage stuff from the Rose Bowl", and kept busy throwing big parties and taking acting classes with "Nic Cage, Sean Penn, Eric Stoltz, Ally Sheedy and Anjelica Huston. John Malkovich lived in the house opposite," she adds. "It was an amazing time. . . But it felt completely normal. It's only now that I realize what an extraordinary and stimulating cast of characters I was surrounded by."

Life continued in this *dorée* fashion; she had a child with Damian called Ella. She then got together with *Fatal Attraction* screenwriter James Dearden and had two more children, Callum and Lara. The crazy, colourful stories go on and on, but the point is that Brooks was unconsciously gathering a gang of people who would one day help her business fly.

But it wasn't until five years ago, by then back in England, that the idea for her business began to percolate. Each of the Brooks family members, including her mother and her brothers Christopher and Charlie, has a house on the Oxfordshire estate that for a while was rechristened the Chipping Norton Upset, thanks to the dawn raids that took place prior to the phone hacking trials that saw Charlie and his wife Rebekah in court. "Like everything else, the idea began without conscious thought," says Annabel. "We had a house in LA; Lara was going to school in London; my roots and soul are in the country, but it's so expensive to run. . .So I decided to rent it, not dreaming that anyone would want a house in the country in the depths of winter. But they did." However, Annabel thought she could do a better job herself than the rental agency she'd used. She mentioned the idea to her friend Gael Boglione, owner of the dreamy Petersham Nurseries in Richmond. In 2012 they launched Petersham Properties, a rental company with some socking country estates on their books, including Gloucestershire's onion-domed Sezincote, described as "the only authentically Mughal palace in Northern Europe", Cornwell Manor (a house that had entranced her as a child), villas in Mustique, the late Tony Lambton's estate Cetinale in Tuscany, and Palazzo Terranova, Evgeny Lebedev's house in Umbria. "Like attracts like," says

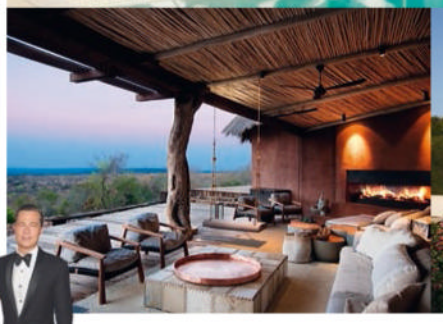


"IT FELT NORMAL. IT'S ONLY NOW I REALIZE I WAS SURROUNDED BY AN EXTRAORDINARY CAST OF CHARACTERS"



ISTOCKPHOTO.COM/26ISO (PALM TREE); ISTOCKPHOTO.COM/ESOLLA (KEYS)







ON THE BOOKS

***Clockwise from top*: the Château Royal in the South of France; Cornwell Manor in the Cotswolds; Leobo in South Africa**



"WHEN I SEE AN AMAZING PROPERTY I FEEL IT IMMEDIATELY. MY HEART SOARS"



Annabel, "and very quickly complete strangers were sending us big beautiful houses to rent, some of which had never been let before."

However in 2015, it became clear that Boglione wanted to focus her energy on Petersham Nurseries. "So we split," she says, adding, "But we're still best friends." The business was relaunched as Avenue—The Luxury Property Company, with Brooks at the helm employing five people, including her daughter Ella, who's the business's art editor and takes the credit for the website's look and flow. Despite fabulous stories about her own life, Brooks is tantalizingly discreet about her clients. However, Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie, Beyoncé and Carrie Fisher are rumoured to have been among them.

Brooks continues to be thrilled when discovering great houses. "When I see a new amazing property, I feel it immediately and my heart literally soars." Her must-have list is precise, yet amorphous. "The house has to have personality," she explains. "And I'm into loose living—that thing about 'take your shoes off, please'—I'm immediately like, 'Oh, *God*'. I like expanse, but I like there to be a snugness. I don't want to be somewhere and always looking for the centre of the house." If a property hits the spot, then Annabel works out who will want to rent it, like a giant, high-stakes game of matching pairs.

To keep her eye in, Annabel travels at least once a month, with recent escapades including Costa Rica, Hydra, Mallorca, the South of France, Sicily and Amsterdam. She attacks her research from historical, social and literary angles. "When I went to Sicily, I read all the John Julius Norwich books," she says, "and I was lucky enough to stay with [fashion designer] Luisa Beccaria, whose husband is a prince and their family has been there for centuries. I experienced it as a true Sicilian because I want my clients to experience a place authentically." When out scouting, she's not afraid to use her contacts, to access a magic key. Recently in Mallorca, Brooks said to her man on the ground, "Doesn't Michael Douglas have a house here?" He replied yes, but that it was too late in the day to organize a visit. "So I remembered that James wrote that film for him [*Fatal Attraction*]. By the next day I'm up at his house, drinking champagne and being shown how to graft an olive tree," she says with a grin.

But the current request that Brooks is fielding is for off-grid. "People are asking for remote places without electricity: they want to escape," she explains. Which can sometimes backfire. "People can panic. They'll say they want to write a book and want to be totally alone, and get there and freak out. They'll say 'There's a wasp by the pool,' but what they really mean is, 'I can't think of a single idea.' So it's also about having people skills to manage that side of things," she explains. And then there's the issue of dealing with clients who are. . . well, spoilt. "The hardest are people who've done everything and seen everything," she says. But Annabel is undeterred. "I always think I can find something they don't know. Partly through this great people connection and partly because I can tap into an energy, where the hotspots are." Brooks adds, "I'm very sure of my own taste."

And the future for Avenue, as far as Brooks is concerned, is big. "Maybe I'm a megalomaniac," she laughs. "I'd like an online travel shop, because I know so many great little designers. Selling houses worldwide has been an unexpected but natural evolution. And I want to expand the destinations and put my love of life into trips." No doubt it will be big and it will be successful, because Annabel Brooks is confident, a workaholic, but mostly she really understands the wants, needs and foibles of her clients—not just because she's empathetic, but because she's sympathetic. Annabel has been there. She's done that. She doesn't just know her market. Annabel Brooks *is* her market. □

avenueproperty.com

MICHAEL KOVAC/GETTY IMAGES FOR AFI (ANGELINA JOLIE AND BRAD PITT); JOSIAH KAMAU/BUZZFOTO VIA GETTY IMAGES (BEYONCÉ)

BLUE PALACE
RESORT & SPA
ELOUNDA

THE
LUXURY
COLLECTION

Wild Beauty. Unrivalled Island Style.

This summer enjoy bohemian luxury lifestyle at the new beach concept of Blue Palace.







Recent Awards

Condé Nast Traveler
Reader's Choice Award 2013, 2014 & 2015

Condé Nast Traveler
Gold List 2013 & 2014

Trip Advisor 2013 & 2014
Certificate of Excellence

Spafinder Wellness 365 Awards 2014
Country Award: Favorite Wellness Travel Property in Greece

For Bookings please contact
www.bluepalace.gr
T +30 28410 65500

ΜΗ-ΤΕ-104ΟΚ015Α0000201

RAY OF

ALICE B-B had been praying for mantas—the ocean's elusive gentle giants—on her dives for years. With their future now under grave threat, she decided to try once more—with a crack team of conservationists



THOMAS P PESCHAK

LIGHT



It's past 10pm. And while the Maldivian sky is inky and twinkly, the Indian Ocean is just plain inky. Gone is the dazzling blue of the daytime, replaced by dark water, and lots of it. As I stand poised in full dive gear on the edge of the boat, hoping to fulfil a lifetime's dream of swimming amongst manta rays, I'd be telling a fat porky if I said I wasn't feeling a little bit scared.

I've never had much luck with mantas. As a teenager, I fell in love with them from afar while reading Peter Benchley's novel *The Girl of the Sea of Cortez*. Since then, despite my many attempts to see them in the wild, they've always steered clear of me. Literally, I'll be the only one on a dive who won't see a manta. But even for luckier divers, time could be running out for manta encounters. We're currently in what some scientists call the Sixth Age of Extinction, which, unlike previous climatic or geographical extinctions, is a man-made era of obliteration. "Humans are really the single most impactful species this planet has ever seen," says Dr Kirk Johnson, Sant Director of the Smithsonian National Museum of Natural History, in the new Louie Psihoyos-directed documentary *Racing Extinction*. Conservation ecologist Dr Stuart Pimm at Duke University adds, "Each year about one in a million species should expire naturally. In the next few decades we'll be driving species to extinction a thousand times faster than we should be."

The estimated $1billion shark-fin industry, supported by the Chinese appetite for the soup, is thought to have wiped out 90 percent of the apex predator shark population in one generation. That's up to 73 million sharks. Every year. And the effect it's having on the ocean's ecosystem is like a house of cards. The manta racket isn't nearly as lucrative. But canny middlemen traders are preying on Chinese customs and beliefs to offload mantas caught up in fishermen's nets. The mantas are bycatch—their meat isn't considered tasty. But all it takes are a couple of smart-arse businessmen to ignite a market. So they focus on the gill plates—the filamented cheeks of the fish that filter plankton (their food) from the water. In Traditional Chinese Medicine, these manta gills are considered to be detoxifying. However, there's a basic flaw to this theory: manta gill plates are made of cartilage, which has no proven medicinal value. It's like eating the gristle in your own ear. But unfortunately the middlemen traders are doing a good job and in the last 10 years, the Asian demand for dried manta ray gill plates has dramatically increased. And considering a female manta will only give birth to about five pups in her 50-year life, the stats don't look good. For manta rays, extinction is looming. Oh, and there's no point me heading to the Sea of Cortez to fulfil my manta dreams: they're already extinct there.

Thankfully, manta rays the world over now have their own fairy godfather: Guy Stevens, 38, an outdoorsy lad from Dorset. "I nicked my sister's fish tank when I was 12," he says. Then, with the help of *The Complete Guide to Aquarium Fish-keeping*, he soon turned one tank into five. He studied Marine Biology and Coastal Ecology at Plymouth University, before taking a job as marine biologist at the Four Seasons Resort Maldives at Landaa Giraavaru. It was here that Guy became fascinated by manta rays. "Not much is known about them," explains Stevens, "And yet manta rays have the largest brain of any fish. They appear to be as interested in you as you are in them." In 2005 he founded the Maldivian Manta Ray Project, and in 2011, the Manta Trust, along with *National Geographic* photographer Thomas P. Peschak. In 2013, the world's nations voted to have manta rays listed as protected on the CITES list. And Stevens lobbied the Maldivian government to create an MPA—a Marine Protected Area—at (among other regions) Hanifaru Bay in Baa Atoll, where up to 250 mantas come to feed on any one day during the June-September monsoon, when the sea is churned and full of nutrients. And just to cement his importance on the global stage, Stevens was the inspiration for Manta Man in the children's series *Octonauts*. (Me neither... But just ask any kid under 10.)

Guy is also spearheading a new travel trend, combining conservation and tourism. Traditionally the two were kept apart; conservationists wanting to crack on with their work undisturbed, and tourists wanting to crack on working their tan. But combining the two worlds has multiple benefits, namely much-needed cash for research and preservation projects, education, awareness and communication. In this area, Four Seasons Landaa Giraavaru, in partnership with Guy Stevens and the Manta Trust, are leading the charge, with their version of preservation travel: twice-yearly Manta Trust Expeditions aboard the Four Seasons Explorer.

The minute I arrive at the immaculately raked beaches of Four Seasons Landaa Giraavaru after a half-hour seaplane hop from the country's capital, Malé, I'm handed a mobile phone in a waterproof case. It's one of those amazing old Nokias—remember them? The ones that had a battery that lasted weeks. But this phone is purely an ocean hotline, set up for a "Manta on Call" service. The idea is that the minute there's a manta sighting, the phone rings, I hop on my bicycle and pedal like billy-o to the dive centre, from where I'll be full-throttled to wherever the rays are feeding, being nibbled at by cleaner fish or—if I'm lucky—having a bit of sex.

Obviously I have no such luck. Lying on the beach, I stare at the phone like a lovesick teen, longing for it to ring. Nothing. And my wretched manta misfortune continues. The next day, I board the Four Seasons Explorer. It's the swankiest liveaboard in the Maldives. Don't expect an Abramovich-style superyacht with cashmere on the floor and suede on the walls. However, for plush diving, it's heaven: a 10-cabin, 39m, twin-

FINAL CALL

Above: **the Four Seasons Explorer diving yacht in the Baa Atoll. The Atoll is the site of the Maldivian Manta Ray Project's main study.** ***Below*****: a pair of manta rays in flight**

KEN SEET (BOAT AND ISLAND); GUY STEVENS (RAYS)



hull yacht with comfy beds, delicious food and an absurdly pretty sunrise guaranteed every morning. Ideally you'd take the boat with a bunch of friends and family, unless you really want to make new friends. Otherwise it can get a bit *Big Brother*. There's nowhere to escape on a boat. Though thankfully, in this case, everyone has a common denominator: a love of the ocean.

On the first dive of the Manta Trust Dive Expedition, I break my duck. I'm focused on a slinky reef shark, when out of the corner of my eye I see something otherworldly cruise by. My heart races as she sails past. A manta ray, four metres wide, stares at me with big, curious eyes, then gracefully corners with just a bend of her wing and… vanishes into the blue. The whole encounter lasts probably just a few seconds, but I'm hooked. Back on board, we hang about hoping for news from Hanifaru Bay, where the day before 70 mantas had been sighted. But of course, now I'm here… they've vanished. So the next day we cruise south towards the Ari Atoll. Guy announces there are mantas at a cleaning station, and everyone springs into action. I leap in—just snorkel and mask this time—and in the distance I spy a manta. I swim as fast as my little flippers will go, but the manta's gone. Tantalizing, but not enough.

A couple more days of fabulous sightings follow, including 10 grey reef sharks circling a female in season, a cloud of eagle rays hovering above like something out of *Batman*, a baby octopus the size of my fingernail, and a blue whale—the heaviest animal known to have lived on the planet, with a tongue that can weigh the same as an elephant. But no more mantas. Only screen footage, shown by Guy during his daily marine-biology lectures.

It's not until the last evening of the expedition that finally my underwater stars collide. I leap into the pitch-black sea, torch clutched in my mitt, pushing "It's behind you" fears to one side and placing my trust in Guy, the pro. We hit the bottom, not too deep at 12 metres, and along with my new dive pals, kneel in a circle on a sandy spot, torches held in front of us. It looks like some kind of underwater séance. And then it happens. Plankton gathers around the torchlight, and from somewhere in the darkness a manta ray emerges and heads straight towards me, cavernous mouth wide, inhaling the cloud of minuscule animal grub as it flies over my head, just skimming my hair. I get the giggles, but have to control myself—laughing makes my mask leak. Serious face back on, and two more mantas swoop past, swimming so close I can count the defining spots on their smooth white bellies.

In total there are five mantas, up to five metres wide, swooping, circling and guzzling plankton, while I watch in awe for 40 whole minutes. It's one of the most spectactular and moving moments of my life, made more amazing by being beside one of the world's leading marine experts and a superhero in the manta world. As part of this new conservation tourism is about communication, I'm fulfilling my part of the expedition by spreading the word. Because this is a time for action. Time to make travel matter. For as *Racing Extinction* photographer Shawn Heinrichs says, "Human connection is essential to conservation. There is no planet B." Now it's your turn. Pass it on. □

fourseasons.com
mantatrust.org



CLOSE ENCOUNTER
At last, on a night dive, Alice B-B meets her manta

GUY STEVENS, MANTA TRUST (ALICE WITH MANTA RAY); NEWAGE/123RF (ASIAN ELEPHANT); JERRY YOUNG/DORLING KINDERSLEY LTD (MONKEY); NEWAGE/123RF (WHITE RHINO)

VANITY FAIR *on*

CONSERVATION EXPLORATION

More species in need of our help



ASIAN ELEPHANT

Visit the late author and Elephant Family founder Mark Shand's elephant, Tara—star of his *Travels on my Elephant*—at Kipling Camp in the Kanha National Park, Madhya Pradesh, India. Learn about protecting the channels of land needed for the Asian elephant to continue migrating. *quintessentiallytravel.com; elephantfamily.org*



PATAS MONKEY

Join the foot patrols at Segera Retreat, Laikipia, Kenya, helping save these endangered monkeys, considered the fastest of all primates, but now suffering owing to the increase in cattle farming and the desperate lack of rainwater. Patrols include studying social interaction between individual monkeys, recording births and deaths, and providing security for each troop. Read more about Segera in "Africa my Africa", on page 82. *wilderness-collection.com*

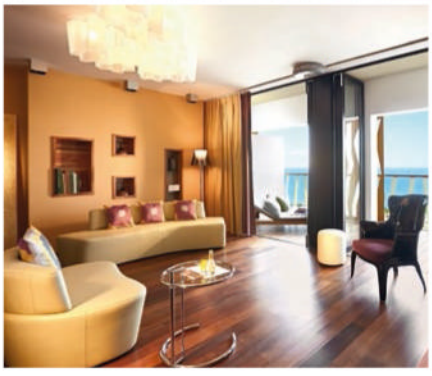


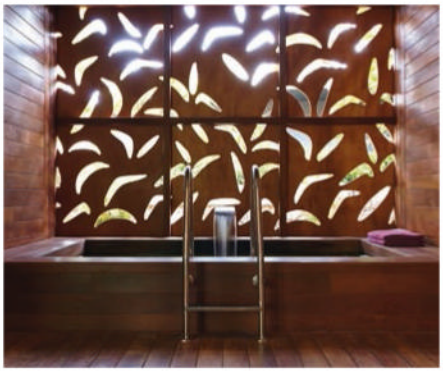
WHITE RHINO

White rhinos have now been poached to the brink of extinction. Join Dr William Fowlds in his life-saving African work with rhinoceros, including tracking, darting and ear-notching for identification, DNA collecting, monitoring tracking devices, taking part in rhino counts and interacting with game wardens. *mantisextreme.com*



The 360° Restaurant. *Below, left to right*: a Junior Suite; the Siam Spa; the pool area







LIGHT FANTASTIC

The chic Bohemia Suites & Spa in the Canaries has luxury, soaring views—and endless sun

A room with a view is a staple of any five-star experience, but a room that's all view—now that's something worth bragging about. The sweeping panorama of the 360-degree fine dining room at Bohemia Suites and Spa serves up a first-class vista and more besides. Perched on the south coast of Gran Canaria, the jewel in the crown of the Spanish archipelago, guests at the boutique property can enjoy a top-flight six-course banquet of homemade *foie gras* and suckling lamb, while their eyes feast on the shimmering Atlantic, the vast sand dunes of Maspalomas and the volcanic terrain inland.

It's a view guests don't have to tear themselves away from for long. An elevator, also with 360-degree views, swooshes you below deck, where the interiors are stylish without trying too hard, and chock full of tidy little design quirks. Plumped-up cushions and leather sofas in burnt orange, purple and yellow are scattered around rooms that harvest the best of the famed Canaries sunshine, while the outside pool area feels like a botanical wonderland thanks to a scattering of palm trees and an abundance of exotic foliage.

Guests can also enjoy the cool, calm and eminently beautifying Siam Spa. Glide down a boardwalk flanked with giant vases and candles to the outdoor treatment centre, where pedicures are administered from a chic granite footbath. Indoor, the spa feels like a peaceful sanctum: think dark wood flourishes and flickers of candlelight. The treatments are first-class, so all in all, leaving is a bit of a bore. But that being said, Las Palmas, the island's capital, with its renowned Opera House and rich history, is just a hop, skip and a jump away (or, more specifically, a 40-minute car ride). Our suggestion? Go—but hurry back.

www.bohemia-grancanaria.com



PHOTOGRAPHS BY **ADRIAAN LOUW**



Capricorn RISING

Recovered from the ravages of conflict but still blissfully undeveloped, Mozambique's star is in the ascendant in the tropical-luxury firmament. LUCY CAVENDISH *has followed its fortunes through war and peace*

It is 10 in the morning, and I am on a rib speeding away from the coast of Mozambique. I have already spent a couple of hours wandering down the pristine white-sand beach of Benguerra, a small sparsely inhabited island close to the better-known tourist destination of Bazaruto. My friends came to Bazaruto island 20 years ago when the civil war in Mozambique was in full swing. They hitched a lift on a fishing *dhow* and then stayed on a crocodile farm. They told me they couldn't afford the hotels—"full of blokes trying their hand at being Hemingway". They described sets of men tooling in from Zimbabwe and South Africa looking for trouble. Back then, you were dicing with death: the situation was politically precarious. But the civil war ended many years ago and, last year, Mozambique was declared landmine-free. Now tourists come, but for different reasons. The islands are near the famously deep Mozambique channel, where marlin and other game fish come to play—but it is now a marine conservation area, and whatever is caught is thrown straight back in.

As for me, I'm off to Two Mile Reef to snorkel. We bounce over the sea, avoiding the many spits of sand that appear in the low water like temporary floating islands. Then we are in the water, and there it is: an underwater forest of coral with trumpetfish, parrotfish and yellow-backed fusiliers swimming around in shoals flashing their fins. A ray slowly glides past, a small reef shark is in the distance. After two hours we make our way back and, to top it off, humpback dolphins come to play near the boat, giving us that lopsided smile of theirs.

All this is provided by Benguerra Island, where I am staying. This island lodge was taken over by &Beyond a few months ago and has had a complete refurbishment after a fire in 2008. Now it is an African home from home; relaxed, easy-going, with an underlying level of professionalism. I stay in one *casita* of 13. I have a huge bed, an outdoor shower, my own personal infinity pool and a shaded cabana on the beach with a bed that fits two. It's not opulent, but it's very well thought out.

Benguerra is also, more importantly, leading the way as one of the companies operating in and promoting the "new Mozambique" as a country able to offer an island experience unlike anywhere else in Africa, or even the Seychelles or Mauritius. As wildlife is not the big draw in Mozambique—bar the wonderful sea life—everything is centred on the islands and the coast, and other high-class operators, such as Singita, are also eyeing up opportunities.

Joss Kent, formerly of Abercrombie & Kent and now CEO of &Beyond, says, "It's all about ethical travel now and the DNA of &Beyond is wildlife conservation, and we welcome anyone in the industry who wants to engage in this dialogue about protecting the wildlife whilst being committed to the local community. This is something &Beyond has always engaged in. Nothing will happen without our commitment to marine conservation and working with the local community."

In other words, we are all ethical tourists now, especially the types of people who come to a place like Mozambique. It's slightly off the map, a hidden gem; it has beaches to rival even the top destination, but very few people come here, put off by its chequered history. It is a poor country. People live at subsistence level, yet here I am in one of the luxury *casitas* with every whim catered to—I have a maid and a butler and Vic, the local chef, serves me delicious fresh food three times a day. It's heaven, but also somewhat incongruous.

"Well, I think Benguerra is special because it reminds me of a more innocent time, a bygone era of an old-style African beach life. It is truly unspoiled," says Kent. "But yes, we understand this is a poor community, so it is not an airbrushed resort and the majority of our employees are from the island."

The next day, I spend a few hours exploring. My guide, Alex, is local. He takes me to his *shamba.* He has a range of neat huts, a tree growing stainless-steel pots and cooking utensils that have been hung up to dry. A small herd of children gathers. They have been playing checkers on a board using scavenged coloured bottle tops as pieces. Alex tells me he has two wives—islanders here are polygamous. He has many children, one of whom is albino. Later on, he tells me there are quite a few albino children on the island.

WE ARE ALL ETHICAL TOURISTS NOW—ESPECIALLY THE TYPE OF PEOPLE WHO COME TO MOZAMBIQUE

He tells me of his life as an islander. They are fishermen. Everything stops for the fish. The island is very dry and they live off a diet of beach oysters. There is a school, but no high school. And most of the girls don't go on, as, by that age (14 plus) they are either married or have been promised to someone. Soon they will have children.

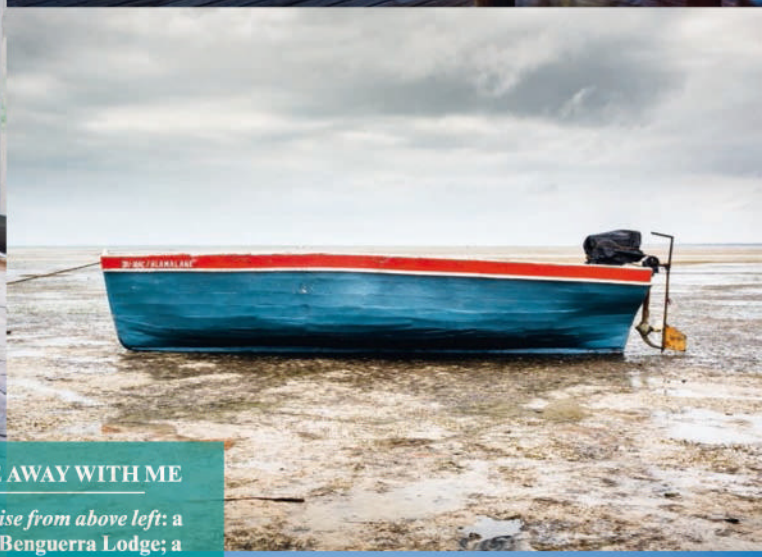
Sergio the butler tells me he taught himself English by listening to tourists walking along the beach—at school they are taught Portuguese. He is quite shy but reveals he left the island to get qualifications. "The people on the mainland think us islanders are backwards," he says. "I found learning English a problem, but I persevered."

Kent sees the drawbacks. "Of course it is difficult to provide a five-star service, or the one people expect, when most people in Mozambique don't speak English. But this is what makes it special. We are building something together here. Spending time in Mozambique is an experience like no other."

Kent is not wrong. I have lived in many other parts of Africa, but have found Mozambique constantly intriguing and alluring. It started over 20 years ago, when I found myself lodging in a suburb of Harare with aid workers Dudu and Kamalla and their three children. They were of Portuguese

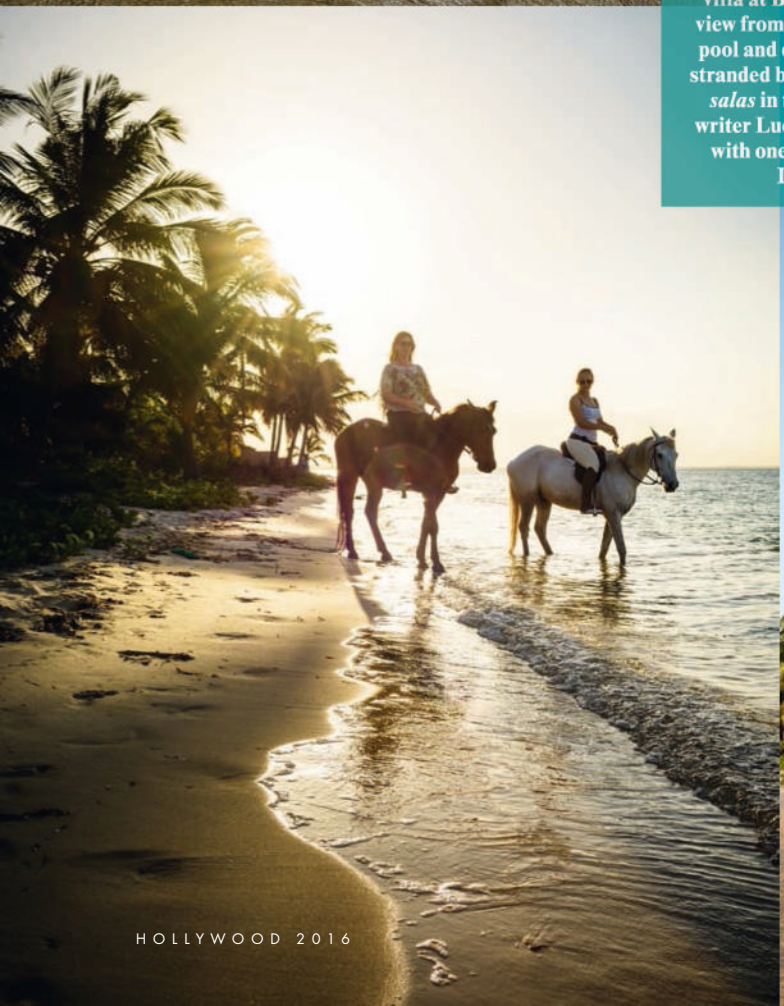






COME AWAY WITH ME

***Clockwise from above left*: a villa at Benguerra Lodge; a view from a villa of its private pool and deck; a fishing boat stranded by the tide; the beach *salas* in the afternoon sun; writer Lucy Cavendish riding with one of the Benguerra Lodge staff**





descent, and they'd both grown up in colonial Mozambique in the port town of Beira. They had fled to Zimbabwe after Mozambican independence in 1975, just as the country started tearing itself apart.

Every night they would talk romantically of their childhood home, and how much they longed to go back to see what had become of their beloved country. But as the months went on and I gradually got to know them better, they also talked of the cruelty. The Portuguese colonialists were renowned for their harshness. Kamalla and Dudu were appalled at the way they'd seen the population treated. "They weren't servants," Kamalla told me one night. "They were slaves."

It was too dangerous for Kamalla and Dudu to return back then. The country had embarked on a course of self-destruction that lasted almost 20 years, in which around a million people died as the broadly socialist party Frelimo battled it out with Renamo (backed by South Africa). The road from Beira to Zimbabwe—a lucrative trade route—became too dangerous; and Mozambique's main asset, the Cahora Bassa Dam, which provided electricity, was routinely blown up.

EVERY NIGHT THEY TALKED ROMANTICALLY OF THEIR CHILDHOOD HOME, AND LONGED TO GO BACK





BAY WATCH

Above: **a local fisherman with his catch of the day.** ***Left*****: waiting for the tide to be right for the next round of fishing to commence.** ***Opposite*****: local schoolgirls about to go home for the day**

Yet somehow, over the years, I have been drawn to Mozambique like a moth to a flame. It became a romantic place in my mind. But it wasn't until eight years ago that I finally got there. I was asked by a friend to go and help her set up a breastfeeding project in a remote village in the north of the country. By this time a tenuous peace had been agreed and the country was mainly safe, so I took my eldest son Raymond with me, then aged 11. I was also pregnant with my last child, my only daughter after three boys. We flew to the town of Pemba. Back then, Pemba was tiny, sleepy and poor. Now it is in shock, as the multinationals muscle in, desperate for the right to exploit the copious quantities of gas found off shore. Hotels are springing up everywhere.

We drove for four hours across unmade roads and through dry, sparse land, seeing nothing but one baboon. The driver told me everything else had been eaten, bar the elephants that drove the locals mad as they ate the few desultory crops. By the time we got to the village, we had seen many other things—graffiti on school walls in support of Frelimo; the hammer and sickle; a crudely written "Ode to Lenin" in Portuguese. We'd been followed out of the 4x4 by shoals of small, thin children desperate for anything we could give them. Raymond ended up in a football match with the kids his age at the local school. He was about five times their size.

We then went to help in the clinic. The nurse told me that of every two babies born in the village, one died.

When I got home I immediately signed up to the Volunteer Service Organisation (VSO). I imagined working as a teacher or helping run a clinic. In my mind, there I was with my four children, setting off for Mozambique with all our belongings, to settle in the middle of this vast land with its soaring skies and endless space. It was a wonderful plan. I envisaged myself and my children in that brave little school I visited while I was there, with its one teacher manfully trying to inspire under-10s to read *Babar: King of the Elephants.*

But we were turned down. Too many children, too dangerous, too difficult.



Much has changed now. The country's economy is set to rocket skywards. According to Standard Bank, Liquefied Natural Gas will boost the Mozambican economy by $39billion over the next 20 years; but still, the underlying problems are there. Mozambique remains cripplingly poor, yet it wants to be—and can legitimately claim to be—the alternative to the Kenyan coast. It feels, as Joss Kent says, "as that coastline felt 20 years ago". The beach is pristine, relaxed, there are no jet skis, nor vast numbers of speedboats. It feels very special, and very African.

The day before I leave, as the sun goes down, I ride round the island on a horse called Tequila. Children squeal as I trot past; the women hide, apparently frightened. At some point we go down to the beach. There are a few well-hidden villas here, all privately owned. But then I come across something else: a more sprawling bohemian place, a hammock strung up, candles spluttering in the wind. A man is sitting there in a bandana, smoking. He seems somewhat out of place, almost as if he were either waiting for something to happen, or mourning something that had already passed.

Later on, I find out that the man's name is Kim and that he and his family used to own Benguerra and the surrounding land. "They ran it as a fishing lodge," I was told. But then came money troubles, bad investments... "They couldn't keep up with the changing times."

As I leave the next morning, gazing down at the extraordinary view of the sea and the sand spits swirling underneath, it occurs to me that this is a beautiful place, unspoiled and remote, with a sense of a romantic old-style Africa; but also that it may not stay this way. The new Mozambique will emerge—as it should—and maybe Benguerra will have to change. One lodge burns down; a family loses another. This refurbished lodge is beautiful and natural, blending in to the feeling of the island. Maybe this too will pass. But for now, it is heaven on earth. □

PRICES CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS BUT ARE SUBJECT TO CURRENCY FLUCTUATIONS

VANITY FAIR | *travels to...*

MOZAMBIQUE

WAY TO GO

Luxury tour operator &Beyond (andbeyond.com) can tailor-make a holiday that includes &Beyond Benguerra Island (from £385-530 full-board per person per night). Other excursions, such as horse riding, safaris, snorkelling, scuba diving, *dhow* cruises, picnics and more can be added on. &Beyond can also arrange a bespoke Africa trip, including many other countries, plus wildlife safaris in other African destinations—such as the Kruger National Park. The best way to get to Benguerra is to fly to Johannesburg, then take a connecting flight to Vilanculos in Mozambique; it's then a 10-minute helicopter ride to the island.

NEED TO KNOW

DO take some rubber footwear and wear it when the tide is out—there are razor clams on the beach and if you tread on one, you will know about it.
DO take mosquito repellent. Mozambique has a wet season (November-April) and, if it does rain, you will be eaten alive.
DO NOT go in January and February, as there is a high chance you'll be blown away by a cyclone. The summer months of July and August are the perfect time to go.
DO NOT spend all your time lounging on the beach, tempting as that is... The island is beautiful and worth exploring in a 4x4 or on horseback.
DO NOT think that just because Benguerra is a five-star resort there are no snakes. Two vine snakes fell out of the roof when I was there. Ignore them and they will slither off.
DO take the opportunity to do something different—why not grab a flight to Maputo from Vilanculos and enjoy the sights and sounds of this vibrant capital city?

READ ON

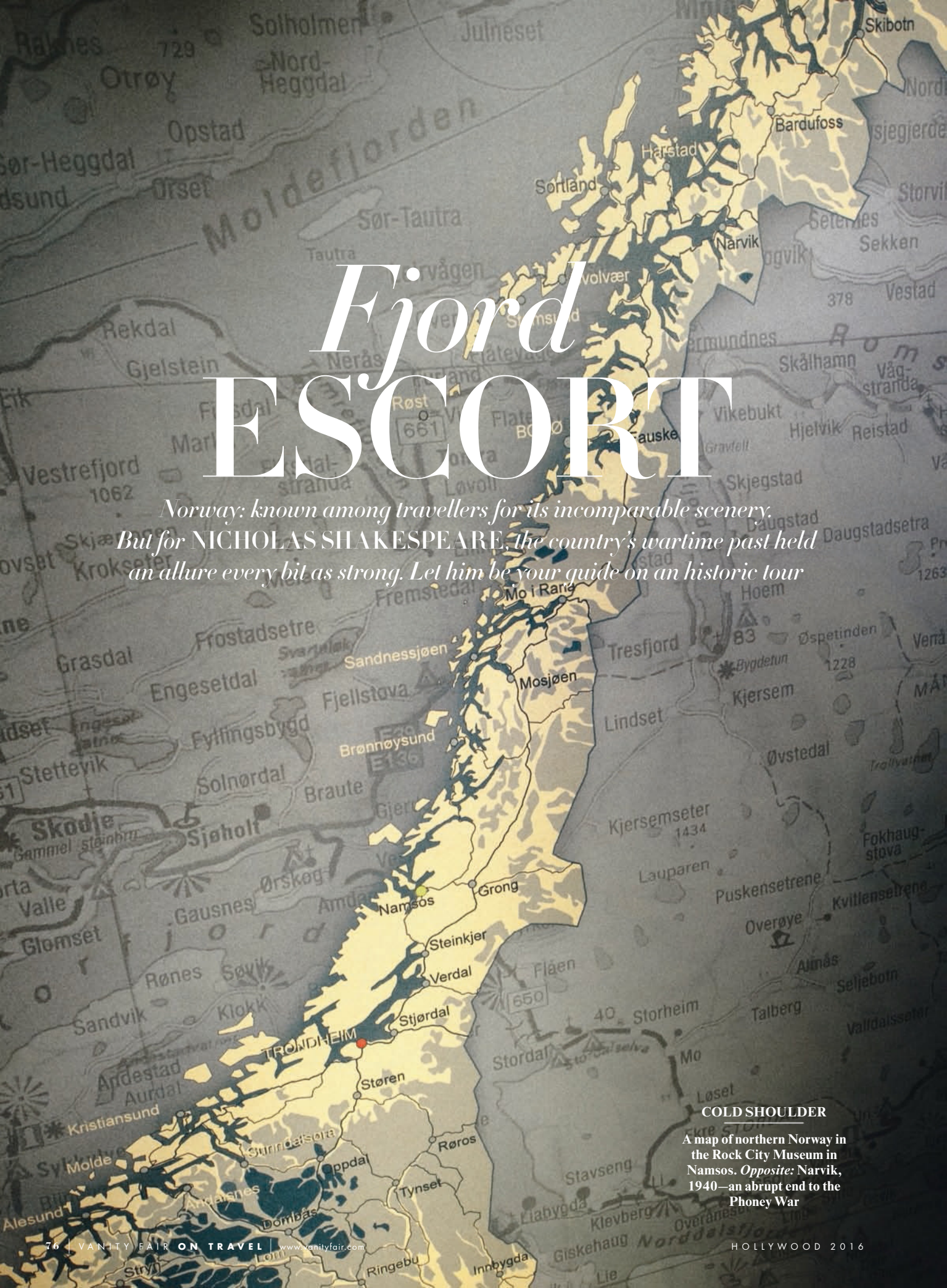
More evocative literature has been penned about Mozambique's neighbouring countries—particularly South Africa—than about Mozambique itself. However, it is worth reading up a bit before you go. *Kalashnikovs and Zombie Cucumbers: Travels to Mozambique* by Nick Middleton is part travelogue and part historical overview, and it is a highly entertaining read, covering everything from colonial times and the war, to aid and development. *A Complicated War: The Harrowing of Mozambique* by William Finnegan examines the roots of Mozambique's civil war through a series of vivid close-ups on various areas of the country, and is essential reading for anyone interested in gaining a deeper understanding of the country's post-colonial era.

PS

UK nationals need a visa for Mozambique, so get it well in advance. Also, everyone speaks Portuguese, so if you don't, communication can take some time.

Fjord ESCORT

Norway: known among travellers for its incomparable scenery. But for NICHOLAS SHAKESPEARE, *the country's wartime past held an allure every bit as strong. Let him be your guide on an historic tour*



COLD SHOULDER

A map of northern Norway in the Rock City Museum in Namsos. *Opposite:* Narvik, 1940—an abrupt end to the Phoney War



KRISTIAN HELGESEN (MAP); GALERIE BILDERWELT/GETTY IMAGES (NARVIK)

In May 1948, Winston Churchill flew to Oslo to receive a doctorate of philosophy. Accepting the award, he spoke with emotion about Hitler's invasion of Norway, "that foul outrage and act of treachery" that ranked "as one of the black deeds of history". Yet to many in his audience he had omitted something of importance. It fell to the governor of the Bank of Norway to make the point. In a speech in Churchill's honour, he said that the Germans lost the war when they invaded Norway. "It had this effect—that Winston Churchill took over the leadership of Great Britain."

The story remains fresh and fascinating. It unravels against a backdrop of peaks, birch forests and fjords that are the chief features of Norway's dramatic 15,000-mile coastline—that, and a long-lasting sympathy between the two nations.

The rocky path to Churchill's premiership begins north of the Arctic Circle, in the inland port of Narvik. Modern Narvik is a neat, proud town of red and grey roofs. Iron is the continued reason for Narvik. The trains trundle every 50 minutes into the harbour, 64 wagons tipping their high-grade cargoes into container ships bound, these days, for the Netherlands. In 1940, six million tons of this ore sailed to Germany—providing two thirds of the iron vital for Hitler's armaments. "A battleship could be made out of one day's work in Narvik," wrote the journalist Giles Romilly. His uncle, Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, was determined to halt this traffic.

In April 1940, Romilly was sent by the *Daily Express* to Narvik after Churchill ordered the Royal Navy to mine the entrance to its fjord. For all eight months of the Phoney War, the Narvik operation, codenamed Wilfred, had remained Churchill's "pet project". Only at this late stage had the War Cabinet given the go-ahead. At 4.25am on April 8, 234 mines were laid at a depth of 12ft in West Fjord.

In this little corner of Norway, the Phoney War ended abruptly at 5.10am the following morning with "two abominable bangs" beneath Romilly's burgundy-curtained room in the Royal Hotel.

The noise brought him running downstairs to the quayside. Despite the mines, German troops were landing—capturing Narvik in less than 25 minutes. At that moment, in simultaneous raids all over Norway, Nazi paratroopers and soldiers were occupying Oslo and the country's main ports and airfields. "I dashed back," Romilly wrote in the diary he later gave his uncle, "but they were already on my heels. They went in brandishing pistols, shouting for "Papers!" and for the British Consul. They were screaming for him. A posse was rushed up to his room. He was gone." Consul Gibbs escaped the hotel to a house on the outskirts where he lived for three weeks, posing as a deaf mute. Romilly was less fortunate. A German soldier marched him down the main street.

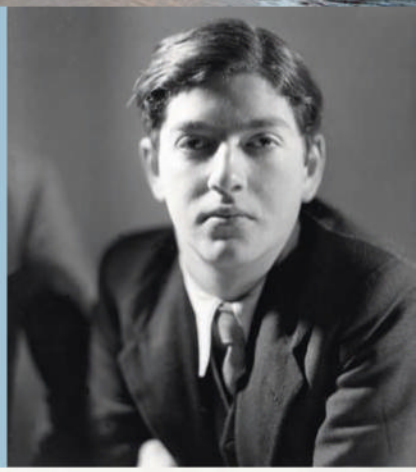
I follow in his tracks and step out of the Grand Hotel into an autumn wind. Past Pleaser, a store selling "erotic accessories" (the assistant tells me she has sold out of her bestseller, "a rabbit-shaped dildo"). Past Fiskehallen, a takeaway advertising "whale-bergers [sic]" (I order one, with cowberry sauce). Past a poster for a construction firm bearing the rich promise, "We will make Narvik even prettier." Over the railway bridge and a blue locomotive named "Malmberget [the iron ore mountain]"—to the austere high school, closed for the weekend,





BORN TO BE WILD

Clockwise from left: a German paratrooper lands in Narvik, 1940; a view of fishing village Henningsvær; writer Giles Romilly photographed by Howard Coster, 1934; a British escort vessel approaching Namsos Fjord, May 1940; the German submarine base of Dora, Trondheim; the New York *Daily Mirror* front page, April 19, 1940; William Hakvaag holding the shirt of a German sailor at Lofoten War Museum, Svolvær








DAILY MIRROR

2¢

2¢

BRITISH POUR INTO NORWAY, BATTLE NEAR

Found: A Battlefront





where Romilly spent the night.

Next morning, he was taken back across the railway line to the Café Iris (now a Turkish-Italian restaurant) to join 14 survivors from a British destroyer "sitting in blankets without a stitch of clothing between them." Nine days later, he was returned to the Royal Hotel and interrogated in the lobby by a German lieutenant:

"What will your uncle say when he hears what has happened to you?"

"I don't suppose I shall be a consideration of policy."

In England, Romilly's family had no information of his fate (he was flown to Colditz, remaining a POW for the duration of the war). Following news of his nephew's arrest, a tired, ill-looking, and by his own admission "completely outwitted" Churchill gave a feeble speech in the Commons. Harold Nicolson observed: "He hesitates, gets his notes in the wrong order, puts on the wrong pair of spectacles, fumbles for the right pair. . ." To Churchill, Romilly was an errant son, who had spent every Christmas at Chartwell, once reducing housemaids to tears with his grand finale of "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din." And now the Nazis had captured him in a brilliantly executed attack. Was this to be England's fate?

Already, Churchill had directed a convoy to retake Narvik, with more ships and troops on their way. In his bookshop below the former Café Iris, Trond Kristiansen invites me to pick up a fragment from one of HMS Warspite's shells. It's too heavy to lift with one hand.

A publisher specializing in the Norway campaign, Kristiansen discloses a riveting piece of information overlooked in most British accounts: "It was suicidal and insanely dangerous to bring the Navy into West Fjord, because five U-boats were waiting for them." One U-boat was commanded by Günther Prien, who, six months earlier, had sunk the Royal Oak in Scapa Flow. In what became known as the Torpedo Crisis, Prien fired a total of 10 torpedoes at sitting ducks like the British battleship Warspite—all of which malfunctioned, either exploding prematurely or failing to detonate. Kristiansen believes that "If the German torpedoes had functioned, Gallipoli would have looked like a children's birthday party."

History in Narvik still carries an unexpected weight. If it has a colour, it is the granite of the 34 tombstones in the cemetery, each standing for a drowned British soldier or sailor.

At the Museum Nord in Svolvær, amid his astonishing collection of Second World War relics, the curator and owner, former rock guitarist William Hakvaag, holds up a white German Navy shirt with the name tag still legible. "Hans Ulrich Schulz", a sailor on the German destroyer Hermann Kühne, which sank on April 13. "This shirt has been in the water 50 years," says Hakvaag. Its German owner had survived too, and in 1999 Hakvaag traced him to Calgary. Schulz asked, "How did it get into your hands? Did a diver bring it to the surface? It is unbelievable." Hakvaag's explanation? "The oil in the sand preserved it."

In this strange and rather wonderful museum, I recognize a bond connecting local history and rock music. I reflect on Hakvaag's previous life. "What would you play as your last song?" I ask.

"'Still Got The Blues'."

"When did you first learn to play it?"

He smiles wryly. "You never learn to play it."

Outmanoeuvred by Hitler, Churchill stalled on his plan to recapture Narvik, instead diverting part of the convoy 470 miles south to Namsos, a fishing village not yet occupied by the Nazis. At the vanguard of this hastily improvised force was another writer personally known to him, Captain Peter Fleming, author of *Brazilian Adventure* and Ian's elder brother.

On April 14, 1940, Fleming landed in a Sunderland flying boat in the Namsos fjord, "wounding the still-dark surface of the water with that wonderful arrogant swish, which a Sunderland makes". With him was a fellow travel writer, Captain Martin Lindsay, who had crossed Greenland by sledge. Their mission: to find pilots to guide in three destroyers that night. "We were the first British troops to land in Norway," Fleming wrote in the secret report he handed to Churchill 12 days later. By then, the full fiasco of Churchill's catastrophic campaign had been laid as bare as the blitzed Namsos.

Today, Namsos is known principally for Rock City—an entire museum devoted to Hakvaag's former band Prudence (famous in Norway for songs like "Four Beers and a Pizza" and "Tomorrow May Be Vanished"). In April 1940, Namsos had a reputation as the most thoroughly bombed city in the world, after German planes reduced the streets and houses to their foundations and added a new verb to the English language: to be "Namsosed".

Ninety-seven-year-old Storm Evensen watched Fleming arrive. "I was there when the Sunderland flew in and the English officer came ashore," he says. "I couldn't see the pilot or passengers for the mist on the windows." Reflected in the fogged-up portholes were "a few scattered houses in a desert of snow and silence", as one French soldier put it—plus an operation sabotaged from the outset. When he diverted the Narvik convoy here, Churchill separated his troops from the ships transporting their equipment. Without skis, artillery, anti-aircraft guns, maps, vehicles or—above all—air cover, the Allies had no chance of defeating an exceptionally well-armed, well-trained enemy already *in situ*.

In a freezing blizzard and four feet of snow, 15,000 unprepared British and French troops disembarked, until, early on April 20, they were spotted by a German reconnaissance plane.

I walk up a grass bank, past a butcher's selling "minced elk" and boasting a stuffed bear, to one of the few houses spared by the Luftwaffe's incendiary bombs. Fleming requisitioned this wooden building for the

"IF THE TORPEDOES HAD FUNCTIONED, GALLIPOLI WOULD HAVE LOOKED LIKE A CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY"

MARY EVANS/SUEDDEUTSCHE ZEITUNG PHOTO (PARATROOPER); KRISTIAN HELGESEN (HENNINGSVÆR, DORA, HAKVAAG); © NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON (ROMILLY); KEYSTONE-FRANCE/GAMMA-KEYSTONE/GETTY IMAGES (NAMSOS FJORD); JOHN FROST NEWSPAPERS/ALAMY (DAILY MIRROR)

GERMAN PLANES REDUCED THE STREETS AND HOUSES TO THEIR FOUNDATIONS

operation's commander, Major-General Carton de Wiart, a multi-wounded figure with one eye, one arm and two VCs. Fanny Fahsing was the elfin young woman who cooked for them. Her daughter remembers the night Fanny encountered de Wiart. "She thought he was a ghost because he came into the hallway in a white nightshirt and a black eye-patch and one arm wearing a nightcap. 'Oh my God!' she said. He wanted water for his bath."

Britain's first land engagement with the Germans in the Second World War took place at 9am on April 21 at Krogs farm, 50 miles south of Namsos. The farmer's daughter who witnessed it still lives there. Torlaug Werstad points at the red barn across the yard, and suddenly she is 12 again. The telephone is ringing with news that the Germans have landed, and bombs are suddenly exploding in the barn—"that began to burn first"—and the flames jump to the shed next to it, and she watches a British soldier who has taken up position in the loft leap down into the snow and disappear in the smoke.

Private Tom Fowler was that soldier. He is one of the last living witnesses of the Namsos campaign. Meeting him 75 years on beside his gas fire in Lincolnshire, I have to remind myself that this was someone present at the first clash of arms between British and German soldiers since 1918.

"We were in a farm building full of hay, looking through a crack in the wood. We were supposed to be looking for Germans. A German ship had come into Trondheim fjord, and come right up, not far from the farm." But the enemy was hard to make out against the snow. "They were white shadows in the distance. They'd got sledges, and machine guns and white coats. We had nothing. Just what we stood in. We had not one aeroplane. We had no ammunition. We had no mortar of any description." Against the Luftwaffe's incendiaries and the unending barrage of German naval artillery, Fowler had a 1914 Lee Enfield and a satchel with 50 bullets.

Still, Namsos did not vanish. As the song goes and as its Rock Museum shows, it overcame its blues. In 1975, on the cliff directly above de Wiart's HQ, the band Prudence's lead singer, Åge Aleksandersen, launched perhaps his most famous hit, "It's a long way to the Royal Albert Hall." Bringing a strange cycle of events full circle, on June 17, 2016 Aleksandersen will become the first Norwegian solo artist to throw a concert. . . at the Royal Albert Hall.

If Norway's senior rock star can muster the strength, he should travel the extra mile and visit an equally famous hall in Westminster. In a packed chamber in the House of Commons, on May 8, 1940, a routine debate about "the conduct of the war in Norway" achieved something unanticipated and extraordinary—the overthrow of Chamberlain's government, and his replacement by the man who more than anyone was responsible for that campaign. Paradoxically, Churchill's failure in Norway allowed him to come to power, believes Gunnar Hojem, head of Namsos's history society. "If he had done what he meant to do, it would have been a catastrophe. Maybe we'd all be wearing brown shirts still today." □

VANITY FAIR | *Travels to...*

Norway

WAY TO GO

A trip similar to Nicholas Shakespeare's would cost from £1,390pp based on two travelling and including return flights to Oslo with British Airways (britishairways.com), car hire and seven nights' accommodation on a B&B basis. Magnetic North Travel (magneticnorthtravel.com)

NEED TO KNOW

Norway is among Europe's more expensive countries. The geography is steep, too. Most locals heading north opt for internal flights rather than drive. That said, it's one of the friendliest and easiest places to travel around.

DO visit Museum Nord in Svolvær, which has a unique collection of Second World War memorabilia, including cartoons by Hitler (museumnord.no); Narvik War Museum for Britain's contribution (warmuseum.no); and Rock City, Namsos's waterfront museum saluting Norwegian rock & roll (rockcity.no).

DO taste locally roasted coffee from Langøra Coffee Roasters on the road to Namsos (langorakaffe.no).

DO eat roast elk at Narvik's Grand Royal Hotel, where Churchill's nephew Giles Romilly stayed (47 76 97 70 00).

DO ski in Narvik, down the only pistes in Europe descending to the sea.

DON'T drink alcohol, unless you're feeling flush. A beer can set you back £10.

READ ON

HISTORY François Kersaudy's *Norway 1940* covers the overall campaign; John Benson's *Saturday Night Soldiers* is good on the debacle at Namsos. Fiction: for the Arctic nights, there's Karl Ove Knausgård's mammoth novel, *My Struggle*.

PS Norway's national archives are now lodged in Trondheim's former U-boat pen, a gigantic concrete bunker built by Albert Speer's Organisation Todt. Well worth a visit, not least to see how something dreadful can be converted almost into its opposite (arkivverket.no).



CONDÉ NAST
johansens
Luxury Hotels • Spas • Venues

condenastjohansens.com

Tortuga Bay, Dominican Republic









FLY DIRECT:

airmalta — Heathrow, Gatwick, Manchester, Glasgow*, Birmingham*, Bristol*, Cardiff*, Exeter*, Newcastle* & Norwich*

BRITISH AIRWAYS — Gatwick

easyJet — Gatwick, Manchester & Newcastle

Jet2.com Friendly low fares! — East Midlands, Glasgow, Leeds Bradford, Manchester & Newcastle

RYANAIR — Birmingham, Bournemouth*, East Midlands, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow (Prestwick)*, Leeds Bradford, Liverpool, London Stansted & Luton

Terms & Conditions apply. *Summer Routes.

MALTA IS MORE
WWW.VISITMALTA.COM

visitmalta
@visitmaltauk

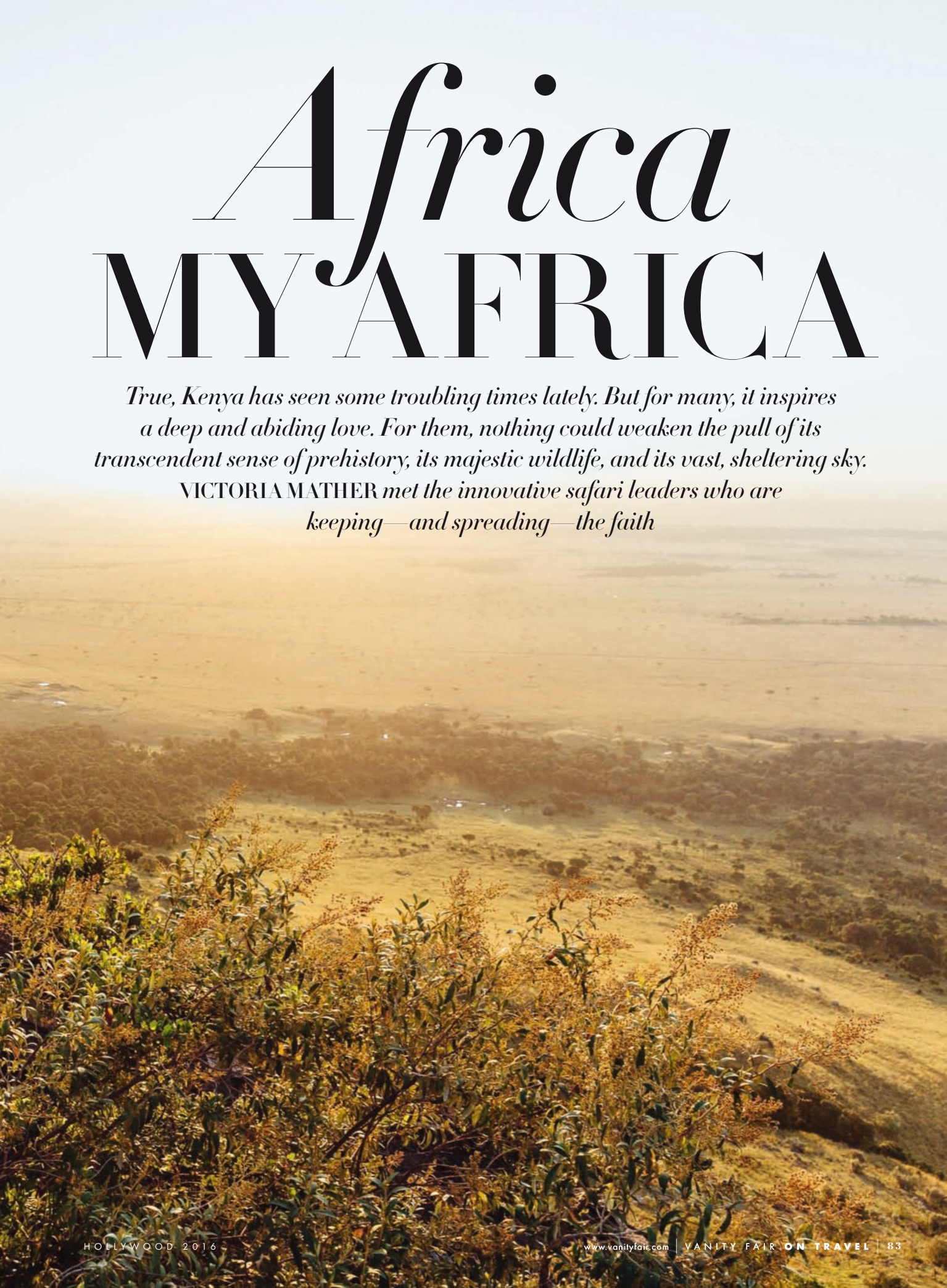
MALTA
MALTA GOZO COMINO



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREG FUNNELL

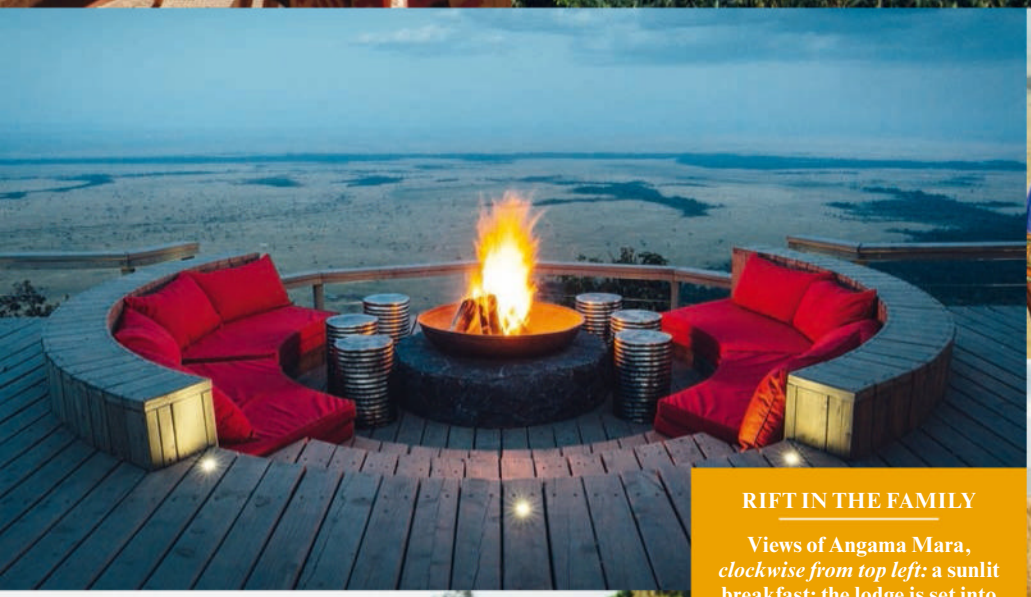
Africa
MY AFRICA

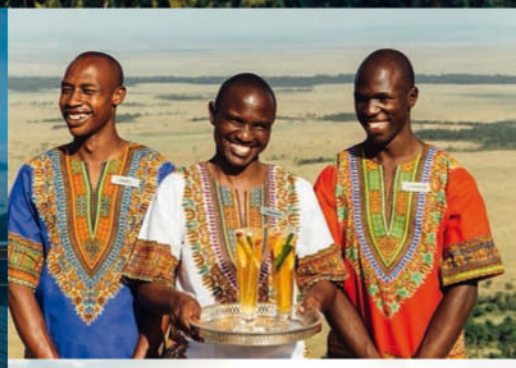
True, Kenya has seen some troubling times lately. But for many, it inspires a deep and abiding love. For them, nothing could weaken the pull of its transcendent sense of prehistory, its majestic wildlife, and its vast, sheltering sky. VICTORIA MATHER *met the innovative safari leaders who are keeping—and spreading—the faith*

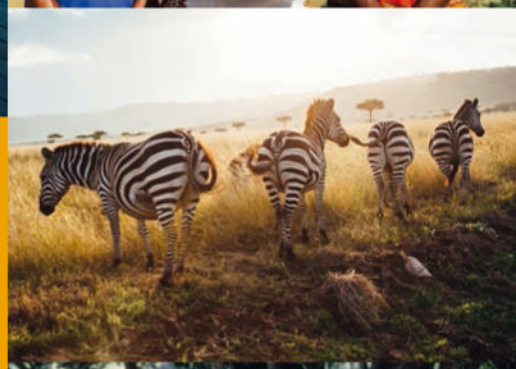












RIFT IN THE FAMILY

Views of Angama Mara, *clockwise from top left:* a sunlit breakfast; the lodge is set into the Oloolo escarpment; waiting staff; zebra in the Masai Mara; Meryl Streep and Robert Redford as Karen Blixen and Denys Finch Hatton in *Out of Africa* (1986); Angama Mara's owners Steve and Nicky Fitzgerald; the view from the lodge at dusk





This is a love letter to Kenya, the great theatre of Africa. When the sun rises over the Masai Mara, the sky turns from violet to blue-topaz, and the vast land materializes in a green-golden day, then you know you are blessed to be alive. To bear witness to an eternal ritual of renewal that has happened at 6.11am (for Kenya is on the equator) for trillions of dawnings over billions of years is a miracle of our continuing existence. Here, in the cradle of mankind, we walked before we could talk and began our journey as sentient beings—walked with the animals that may now, because of us, have no future existence.

"Poor Kenya!" That is the knee-jerk reaction when you mention Kenya now. Actually no. There is poor Kenya, as there is poor anywhere else in Africa, but Kenya is a tale of two scenarios that are unlike any other on the continent. There is scary Kenya, the country that has been the victim of terrorist attacks by Al-Shabaab, al-Qaeda's affiliate in Somalia, and that was neatly, wrongly labelled a "hotbed of terror" by CNN prior to President Obama's historic visit to the birthplace of his father last year. I would not deny that the coast is now dodgy and Nairobi is vile, not least because the traffic is God-awful. However, there is also the Kenya that is heading what Investec strategist Michael Power calls the East African Miracle: a Silicon Savannah, hotbed of the best technology entrepreneurs on the continent, with one of the best mobile telephone banking systems in the world. Every Masai warrior has a smartphone secreted in his *shuka*—the traditional cloth once made out of animal skins or red vegetable-dyed material (though now more likely to be acrylic Made In China). Angama Mara, the sensational new lodge on the rim of the Great Rift Valley, is run on WhatsApp; the broadband connection throughout the country is better than in Belgravia, and social media vibrant and powerful. Within minutes of CNN's comment, the hashtag #someonetellcnn was so overwhelming that the American television station was prompted to issue an apology.

Significantly, individuals of high standing have kept faith with Kenya. Alec Wildenstein, of the art dynasty, could have left his family ranch in Laikipia and returned to the US. Instead he is investing $4million a year into rhino conservation. Jochen Zeitz, the billionaire entrepreneur who turned Puma around, is a passionate environmentalist whose Zeitz Foundation practises four principles at his ranch, Segera: Conservation, Community, Culture and Commerce. He heads The B Team, which is dedicated to transparent business practice and expunging corruption. Good luck with that. Steve and Nicky Fitzgerald, who pioneered safari super-lodge luxury in South Africa and Tanzania, fought to get into Kenya when those of little faith wanted to get the hell out. Then there's the one-woman vote of confidence that is Italian-American Nella Nencini, who fell in love with the country, upped sticks from California, bought a house in Naivasha, set up the couture Tin Trunk Safari company, learnt to fly, bought an aeroplane and is now the Beryl Markham *de nos jours*.

Let us begin with the Fitzgeralds, for theirs is a story of triumph over tragedy. The triumph is the unique Angama Mara, a lodge of such beauty and soul that it is does indeed feel magically suspended in the sky—which is what Angama means in Swahili. The tragedy is personal. On December 26, 2004, both their daughters, Anna and Kate, were holidaying in Thailand. Anna was killed in the tsunami; Kate was very badly injured and in intensive care for months. It would have shattered many parents, but Nicky and Steve are made of irreproachably stern stuff. They honed their expertise during some 15 years with ConsCorp (later CCA, CCAfrica and now &Beyond), which had its boots on the ground kicking up luxury in southern Africa when Singita (now the benchmark of safari excellence) was just a twinkle in travel's eye. However, the Fitzgeralds are fundamentally hoteliers of the old school: César Ritz in khaki. They parted company with &Beyond ("We all just ran out of

IT IS A LODGE OF SUCH BEAUTY AND SOUL THAT IT DOES INDEED FEEL MAGICALLY SUSPENDED IN THE SKY



MOVIESTORE COLLECTION LTD/ALAMY (OUT OF AFRICA)

each other") and followed a dream to build a lodge on the Oloololo escarpment, with views of the Mara Triangle and the Mara River all the sun-glittering way to the Tanzanian border and the Serengeti. It took them $15million, a miraculous 10 and a half months, and the vision of Johannesburg's wackiest architects, Silvio Rech and Lesley Carstens. "I wanted a Paris ball gown in riding boots," says Nicky. Very Karen Blixen. And so the place where key scenes of *Out of Africa* were filmed is now out of this world, an eyrie where you can eyeball eagles, a lair in the air. "We recommend a rocking-chair safari," says Nicky. Nikon binoculars, a bewitching bird guide "for those who don't give a fig about birds", and a private library curated by Philip Blackwell (of the gold-standard publishers) are all to hand in your suite with the floor-to-ceiling glass windows and the broad verandah balancing on the escarpment. Far below, elephants may be munching but invisible in the long splendid view and the rich colours will be the panoply of life and death. The Mara never sleeps. You can go down at any time (safaris are *à la carte* at Angama Mara, even self-drive with a picnic: adventure!) to see nature, red in tooth and claw; the restaurant where the customers eat each other. My first kill was a bullfrog eating a butterfly: a stalking process colloquially known as sneaky-fucker syndrome.

Kenyans and me. Did you know Karen Blixen's chef just cooked from the recipe but never tasted it? The consistency here must always be wonderful: sublime staff and yummy food. Not posh food. We are back to being simple innkeepers. I love teaching, puffing cushions and frying eggs."

It is extravagant simplicity: a lot of paddling underneath and divine calm on top. Far removed from the former Kenyan safaris in sagging military-green canvas tents, suspect loos (possibly mambas within to bite you on the bum), disgusting brown food and fetid wine. All Steve's wines from all over the world are refrigerated to the door, not left boiling on a dockside. "We may be the most spectacular failure," he says, "but at least we have moved the needle." Or, in the words of Karen Blixen, "Here I am, where I ought to be."

Segera is a different Kenya, exciting-different, a ranch that is also an outdoor art gallery, a project dedicated to sustainability on the Laikipia Plateau. A whirlwind of conservation of wildlife, water, communities, cultural traditions, the beading traditions of the Samburu, Turkana and Borana pastoralists, the preservation of the patas monkey, the world's fastest primate. Gosh, keep up at the back. Segera, powerhouse of philanthropist Jochen Zeitz's eponymous Foundation, is glamorous and benignly *Out of Africa* (the Tiger

"I JUST WANT PEOPLE TO SEE ANIMALS AND BE LOOKED AFTER BY SWEET PEOPLE," SAYS NICKY FITZGERALD

Nicky Fitzgerald says, "I just want people to see animals and be looked after by sweet people." Everything is right with that. The staff adore the Fitzgeralds; it was Nicky's birthday when I was there and the mamas in the Angama shop were secretly beading an enormous heart embroidered with "We Love U Nicky". At their first hotel years ago in Arniston, South Africa, a guest was rude to the black African receptionist. Steve smiled benignly, wrote out a cheque for a full refund and politely handed it to him, saying, "Now bugger off and don't ever come back here again." From Milka, who welcomes one with a smile as wide as the Rift Valley ("She is completely unmanageable," says Nicky affectionately) to Alfred, the room boy—"Steve and Nicky, they treat us in a very good way"—there is respect, and it is mutual. The staff quarters are tip-top. Guests elect to go down to the recreation room to drink iced beers and watch big matches on the TV. All staff have bracelets beaded with their names. Nicky teaches the cooks. "Nothing fancy-smansky; I just decided to cook with the



Moth used as Denys Finch Hatton's plane in the film is preserved here) and there is a collection of explorers' letters and diaries, including those of Ernest Hemingway and Karen Blixen. To stay in one of the eight elevated villas inside the cactus fence (like a traditional *boma* enclosure) is fantasy-explorer: immaculate greeny-grey hues, a camouflaged coldbox with icy drinks, wedding-veil mosquito netting, outdoor swing beds for the intrepid. I don't think Hemingway would have approved of the white plastic bath on the deck (rose-petal alert), but what can you do? At night the stars look as if God had thrown fairy lights over the sky; the equatorial moon is a perfect slice of melon, and the only sound to punctuate the silence (and silence, away from the sound of the internal combustion engine, is what we pay for now) is the roar of the lion. It's more sonorous throat-clearing, like a post-prandial member of White's, than MGM. But thunderous and tingle-making nonetheless. Blixen again: "You know you are truly alive when you are living among lions."

I applaud Segera, its designer boldness









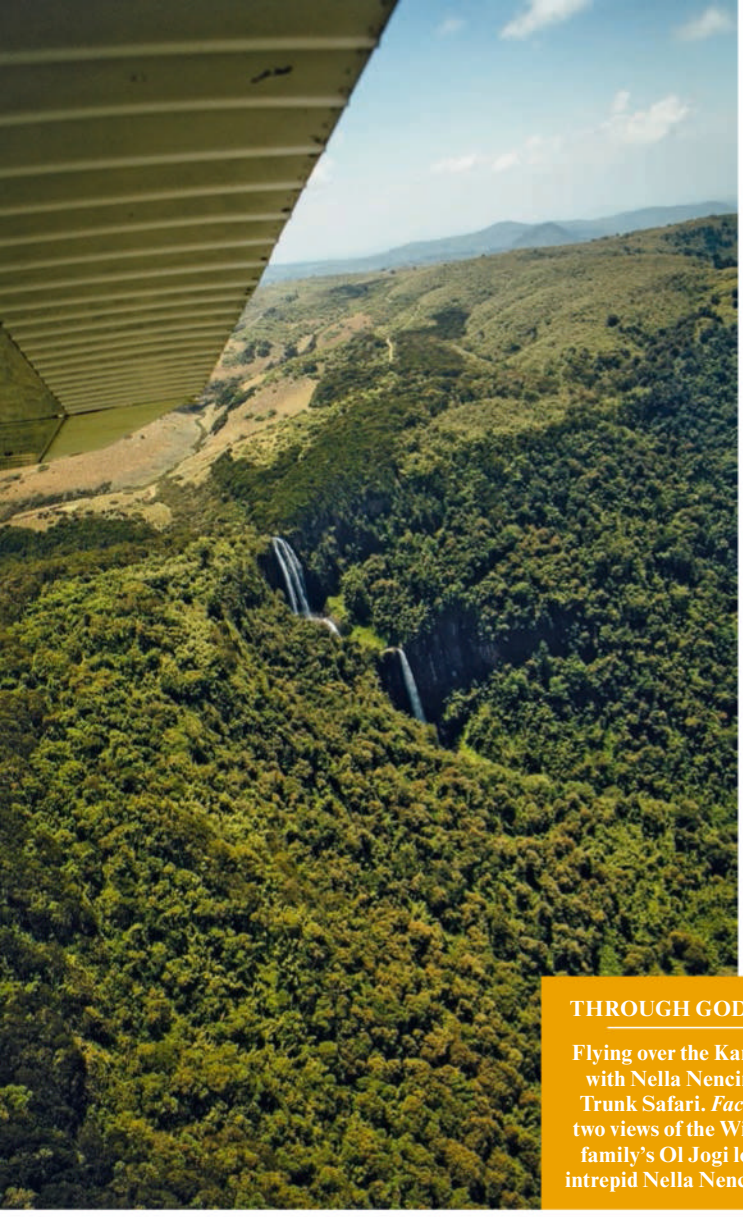


RANCHING OUT

Clockwise from top left: **Sami, a Masai guide, drives across the Laikipia plateau near Segera Retreat; one of the guest buildings at Segera; elephants grazing near the lodge; impala; pictures and sculpture forming part of the Zeitz collection, at Segera; succulents in the grounds.** ***Facing page*****: the original 1929 Gipsy Moth biplane used in the film *Out of Africa*, now maintained and stored in a private hangar at Segera Retreat**







THROUGH GOD'S EYES

Flying over the Karuru Falls with Nella Nencini of Tin Trunk Safari. *Facing page*: two views of the Wildenstein family's Ol Jogi lodge; the intrepid Nella Nencini herself

effect as the Guggenheim in Bilbao. Yet compared to the light touch of Angama Mara I felt whacked round the head with eco-credentials.

Ol Jogi is gloriously mad, a tinge of sad but nothing bad. You rent the whole ranch (Tom Hanks has, ditto Diane von Furstenberg; Brangelina did, but something else came up). It is over-the-top, in a good way, because this is a family collection originally assembled by the Wildensteins—one of the greatest dynasties in the worlds of art and horse-racing—not a showy-offy gesture by a vulgarian. One wonder—apart from the 64 rhino guarded 24/7 by 130 staff—is the china cupboard, crammed with bespoke services by Cartier, Hermès, Limoges and Porcelaine de Paris. If you stayed for 10 days you'd never eat off the same precious plate twice, nor have the same napkin or placemat. Silver ostriches hold up the fruit and nuts; exquisite animal bronzes march along the dining table, facing—across a wide lawn—a waterhole (to which there is also a secret tunnel past the vaulted underground wine cellar) where reticulated giraffe (Ol Jogi's 58,000 private acres has 400 of Africa's endangered population of fewer than 5,000), Grévy's zebra (the ranch has 15 percent of the remaining population), elephant, gazelle and impala come to drink. Hippos—Kenya's mowing machines—wallow and crop the lawn by night.

The stained glass in the seven cottages (some with his-and-hers bathrooms and dressing rooms) was inspired by Tiffany, made in Nairobi; the wall lights commissioned from Lalique in the shapes of leopard and lion. Opaque Lalique frogs hold scented Versace candles; ornamental jewelled boxes are by Yves St Laurent. The fireback in the great drawing room is a cast-iron moulding of rhinos; the firedogs, brass cobras. Nowhere else would leopardette lampshades be credible. Despite this opulence, Ol Jogi remains... homey. An elephant's head is rushing through the wall in the billiard room, but on the desk is an Apple Mac. "It is a very particular house of a wealthy and much-travelled family," says Lucia van der Post. "A house trapped in time, put together long before minimalism and a more democratic taste in design swept the interior-decorating world."

THE ANIMALS ARE NOT TAME. OUR LEOPARD WAS IN SHOWROOM CONDITION, BUT LIKED TO KEEP HIS DISTANCE

of chandeliers and sisal, the way that the 55,000 managed acres are a bit out of one's comfort zone, rare and strange, and the animals not comfortably habituated. Our leopard was in showroom condition, but liked to keep his distance; the cheetah skittish, the stately giraffe aloof, but marked like tortoiseshell. I applaud the intelligent subterranean water-storage systems, the immaculate veggie garden and the Uaso Nyiro Primary School that's been named "Greenest School on Earth". The sculpture is ambitious; I lukewarmed to the Michelin Man with acupuncture, like a gastronomic St Sebastian. And I applaud Zeitz not only for snapping up Stella McCartney's label but for creating a Museum of Contemporary Art Africa (Zeitz MOCAA) in the historic Grain Silo on the V&A Waterfront, Cape Town. It will have the same dynamic

Alec Wildenstein Jr, who saw his first lion when he was six months old, is himself a man of simple tastes. "I am not an extravagant person. My idea of a party is a tent by the river, good company, good beer and a good aeroplane." Later we have a riverine dinner party, lit by hundreds of candles, with the finest linen and the best food in Africa cooked by his grandfather Daniel's French chef, Sylvain Bel, who previously worked for the Rothschilds. He keeps chickens, quail, ducks and a crayfish pond, and his vegetables are shaded by passion

flowers and ringed by ropes soaked in chilli oil to repel elephants (they stole all the lettuces one Boxing Day).

Alec now runs the lodge, but remains a little apart; the house he lives in—architecturally, Gaudí in the bush—is secreted above the swimming pool that's more like a crystalline lake (with spa, *hammam* and resident massage therapist). He's happiest flying (himself); we swoop over Mount Kenya, lakes, and forests; but we could have gone to Lake Bogoria to see the flamingos, or to the coast. Kenya is your lobster at Ol Jogi, and everything (bar flights) is included. Five percent of the cost goes to the Ol Jogi staff; the rest Wildenstein ploughs into his conservation efforts: the state-of-the-art veterinary facility (the best in East Africa), the wildlife rescue centre, including a black leopard Alec's late father liberated from a pet shop on Long Island; the education programme for some 9,000 local students annually to teach them the value of the animals; the micro-loan schemes to enable women to start small businesses; the 64 dams to keep wildlife in the area; the cattle management to benefit both the land (manure) and the community's prosperity. "I want it to be a conservation model," says Wildenstein. "To try something new and self-sustainable that will outlive me".

Finally to the force of nature that is Nella Nencini. Sassy, brave, a lone ranger in her single-engine plane G-BAD, she's fearsomely organized and stylish. Your Tin Trunk Safari LL Bean bag contains wildlife books, charming bracelets, and everything you need to know. And she knows everyone from the Muthaiga Club to the Mara. East Africa is her playground, and she'll make it seem all yours. Her individual act of commitment to Kenya (and she's just made another, to James Hutchings, whom she married in her aeroplane hangar) demonstrates as vividly as any of the big hitters that the country has hope and indestructible strength. That Hemingway's words, "I never knew of a morning in Africa when I woke up that I was not happy", are true here. □





HOLLYWOOD 2016

STEVIE MANN (OL JOGI VERANDAH); DURSTON SAYLOR (OL JOGI AERIAL SHOT). PRICES MAY BE SUBJECT TO CURRENCY FLUCTUATION

VANITY FAIR | *Travels to...*

KENYA

WAY TO GO



Carrier (carrier.co.uk), who will always go the extra mile, including retrieving the laptop you left under the aeroplane seat, organizes safaris in Kenya including to **Segera** (from £820 per person per night, including a fee to the Zeitz Foundation) and **Angama Mara** (from £3,510 person for five nights, fully inclusive, including park fees, return flights and transfers, which is bang for your buck). From Angama Mara airstrip you can add on beach, getting to North Island, Seychelles, in one day. Angama is the centre of a wildlife circle for both the Great Migration, Tanzania, the gorillas in Uganda and Rwanda, and chimps in Mahale. **Ol Jogi** (oljogihome.com) is bookable directly, taking the whole ranch from £5,800 per night for a minimum of four guests (£1,200 for each additional guest). It can sleep 22 and the price includes everything, even spa treatments, and organization of all your hearts' desires (scrambled egg in bed in front of a log fire; a Bloody Mary on the morning game drive…) by Frédéric, the telepathic major domo. Nella Nencini (*above*), of **Tin Trunk Safari** (tintrunksafari.com) is a former olive-oil maker and teacher of Italian literature-turned-safari mixologist. She organizes safaris by charter plane, personally handling all details with clients. She's a particular genius with children.

NEED TO KNOW

Take any medication with you: there is no pharmacy to which to nip out. Current thinking on malaria (though Ol Jogi and Segera are challengingly high for mosquitoes) is don't get bitten. There are no ATMs, so take dollars or Kenyan shillings (available at the airport) for tips: ask the general manager of the camp for the correct amount, but it should be about $25 per day for your guide; $15 per day for your tracker; and there is usually a central staff fund in which it would be courteous to put $50 per room per day. Individual tipping is discouraged, but do take fun things for the local school.

THIS TO READ

Out of Africa by Karen Blixen is a dipper-inner, otherwise heavy going. *I Dreamed of Africa* by Kuki Gallmann, *The Flame Trees of Thika* by Elspeth Huxley and *West With the Night* by Beryl Markham all enhance the special relationship between Europe and Kenya.

PS

Angama Mara has a fabulous film library: *White Mischief, The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, the classics and, obviously, *Out of Africa*.

Rock OF AGES



The Orthodox Christian churches of Lalibela, northern Ethiopia, devotionally hewn straight out of the mountains, have drawn the pious since the fall of Jerusalem. Our writer, AIDAN HARTLEY, had a very personal reason for his own timely pilgrimage

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREDERIC LAGRANGE



WAY OF THE CROSS

Many Ethiopians believe Lalibela's 11 rock-hewn churches were carved by angels

The last time I was in northern Ethiopia, a civil war was being fought and I was a foreign correspondent travelling with a guerrilla army—the Tigrayan People's Liberation Front. My memories are a blur of battles, captured soldiers, flying bullets and explosions, a firing squad, sleeping rough and hungry on the rebel advance south. On May 28, 1991, I witnessed the final assault against Addis Ababa, the capital, ending my journey at the gates of the old imperial palace, which had been squatted by Marxists since the murder of Emperor Haile Selassie.

One day during the advance we had to take cover in a dry riverbed as missiles roared overhead, moaning and fizzing like fireworks and slamming into the fields around us in great plumes of debris. The Christian Ethiopian fighters had told me about the monolithic churches in Lalibela, among their most sacred pilgrimage sites, which they believed the angels had helped to carve out of solid rock. I'm usually a godless fellow, but cowering in that riverbed I prayed for my skin to be saved and made a promise that if I survived, I myself would go to see Lalibela. When the war ended, I naturally forgot about my pact and took off for fresh adventures.

Over the decades I returned to Addis Ababa, but never to those northern hills, whose isolation was famously captured by Edward Gibbon, who wrote in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* that the Ethiopians had "slept near a thousand years, forgetful of the world, by whom they were forgotten".

Then came 2015. I turned 50, made costly mistakes, saw a friend dying of cancer. Bad luck supposedly hits you in threes, but I stopped counting after I was violently attacked and the surgeon considered amputating my hand. As I came round in the recovery room, I saw my all fingers were still attached—but I had the growing superstition that I was being punished. It was time to make amends. I recalled that promise in the dry riverbed all those years ago, decided to retrace my steps, and booked a flight to Addis.

My aim was to head north to the highlands, but in my mental state *en route,* it seemed appropriate to pass by the Danakil Depression. From the air, this resembled recent photographs of Mars. We camped at 116m below sea level, and this was, by night, a place of strange dreams, fuelled by my bedtime reading of Wilfred Thesiger's 1930s *Danakil Diary*. This records the local Afar people's habit of collecting human testicles as war trophies: "Met a young boy, at most fourteen, who had recently 'cut' [castrated] a man. . . the dream of every boy".

In the heat of the day, the nightmares were replaced by surreal mirages. The desert was the rippled surface of a chocolate pudding. Or it was an ice floe, salt tinkling underfoot, where I might see polar bears. At the continent's lowest point, we found the gates of Hades: sulphur springs, yellow and orange, with crystal fans formed into coral reefs or the entrails of Leviathan; brimstone pillars like Lot's wife; mountains of salt, wind-eroded into the Gorgon's victims, Mount Rushmore faces and the Twin Towers of Manhattan. In the extra-terrestrial silence, I listened to the sounds inside my skull, the pumping of blood like voices of reproach.

Out on the salt plains, we found Afar men cutting what resembled blocks with which to build igloos. This was pure salt. Rather than castrating us, the Afar smiled, while loading the slabs on to their camels. One dromedary peered at me through Marilyn Monroe eyelashes and seemed to utter the words of James Elroy Flecker: "We are the pilgrims, master; we shall go/Always a little further. . ."

At a slow lope, the salt caravans headed for the hills of Tigray, which we passed the next morning on a brand new Chinese-built road.

Northern Ethiopia's landscapes are the fantasies of a Turner painting: blurred peaks, hanging valleys, white-robed pilgrims like distant angels gathered around churches in wooded groves. It has always been a place of fantasy, or even the unbelievable. Scottish explorer James Bruce visited the source of the Blue Nile in 1770, but after his return to London his stories of Ethiopia (known as Abyssinia at the time)—"more wonderful than those of Sinbad the sailor and perhaps as true"—were greeted with disbelief and derision. For centuries, Abyssinia was the home of Prester John, a Christian king of legend who might, it was believed, emerge to help Europe against the Saracens. To Ethiopians, it was also the sanctuary of the Ark of the Covenant, brought home to the holy city of Axum from Jerusalem by Menelik, the son of Solomon and Sheba. In his sublime book *The Chains of Heaven*, Philip Marsden says Ethiopia "represents an idea as much as a place"—and that it has always been an engine of myths for the outside world, while its isolated people also created their own world of countless stories. You see this in Tigray, where there are more churches per square mile than anywhere on earth, in a landscape where God is everywhere, with legends of miracles wafting about every hilltop, sycamore fig, cave or stream. A man points at an impression in volcanic rock—"The footprint of Maryam [the Virgin Mary]!"—and builds a shrine.

We left the car outside Adigrat, loaded up two donkeys with kit and began our walk into the hills. Our guide, Bemnet Gizachew, estimated the number of hours we would spend walking, but my travelling mate, the photographer Frédéric Lagrange, was so entranced with what he saw that he could not go for more than five minutes without stopping to take pictures. Peasants were harvesting wheat by hand with sickles. Chanting men drove threshing teams of oxen in tight circles, round and round, on the golden straw in the highland sunshine next to stooked stacks shaped like beehives. They broke from their work to offer us unleavened bread.

Stopping always for Frédéric, which I did not mind because I saw his delight, we trekked along the spines of mile-high cliffs with clouds below us, descending passes into valleys dotted with beautifully made peasant dwellings of red sandstone with

slate and murram roofs sprouting barley. On well-trodden paths, we met villagers on their way to church: all in white robes edged with colour, the women's foreheads tattooed with the cross, their hair braided into biblical styles; a monk who offered the corner of his cloak for the pilgrims to kiss, and crocodiles of school children carrying their textbooks. We crossed green meadows watered by springs, with furrows of water trickling through orchards of fruit, hops and vegetable gardens. We heard the tinkle of cowbells, bray of donkeys, children playing, birdsong, the swoon scents of acacia blossom.

Returning to Tigray, where I had first covered the Ethiopian conflict, I perceived that Narnian distortion of time that occurs when you revisit places where you had formative experiences. I felt as if no time had passed at all, yet it might have been so long ago that it was just a dream. I imagined encountering myself, aged 25, advancing along the rocky paths with a column of guerrilla infantry, small men and women with wild Afro hair, guns and bandoliers, half-starved in sandals and looking skywards for MiG jets hunting for targets to cluster-bomb.

Between flashbacks I interrogated Bemnet—known as Bem—on all that we saw. "What's that?" "Gelada baboon" "What's that?" "Rock hyrax". I was better than him on Tigray's amazing birds. White-winged cliff chat. Abyssinian scimitarbill. Blue-breasted bee-eater. People had told me that Bem is probably the best guide in Ethiopia, having spent time everywhere from the Simien Mountains in the north to the southern Bale highlands. He travelled with photographer Sebastião Salgado for a month in the Omo River Valley.

According to Bem, most visitors he met were "intelligent" travellers, people seeking more adventurous travel in a unique African country. I'd add that visitors to Ethiopia tend to be at least reasonably literate. From Marsden to Thomas Pakenham, Dervla Murphy and Miles Bredin, there are so many good books that have been written about Ethiopia. As we settled down at evening in Tigrayan guesthouses, perched on the edge of windy cliffs, the incense, green rush-covered floors and elaborate Ethiopian protocols surrounding coffee-making were all charming—but I sensed that the conditions were quite basic for the dotcom tycoon or the oligarch's family. (Having said that, though, Bem takes plenty of tourists on very posh, expensive helicopter safaris.) Some might baulk at *injera*, Ethiopia's traditional staple spongy flatbread which, to the uninitiated, resembles a kitchen mop—and they might find the "traditional" Tigrayan loo they must visit later a bit hard to handle, too.

A recent alert from the United Nations claimed Ethiopia was suffering the "worst drought in decades" and that millions were yet again going hungry. We are three decades on from Michael Buerk's famous BBC broadcast: "Dawn, and as the sun breaks through the piercing chill of night on the plains outside Korem, it lights up a biblical famine, now, in the 20th century. . ." Today, the people we saw looked much healthier and better off than I recalled. In the fields they were growing hops and harvesting millet. "For beer", said Bem. Most Ethiopians are poor, yes, but village markets brimmed with grain. The country roads were among the best I've seen anywhere in Africa. I saw no plastic rubbish. Most of all, northern Ethiopia was peaceful—not the conditions for a crisis, despite the media hype. Unlike in many African countries, there is security, law and order. Policemen do not pester one for bribes, though officials are steadfastly bureaucratic. Best of all, in northern Ethiopia people are excessively polite and friendly.

THE PRIEST CLAIMED WORK TO CARVE HIS CHURCH HAD BEGUN IN THE TIME OF NOAH, AFTER THE FLOOD

Peasants were reaping barley on the wide meadows of Samre. A young boy shared a handful of green beans with me by the roadside. We said goodbye to the donkeys and got back in a car for our journey south. Along hairpin tracks, we dropped into northern Wollo, with its jagged valleys and flying buttresses of rock. After the spun gold and red of Tigray, Wollo was all terraced fields of browns, greens and the dark yellow of *sorghum*.

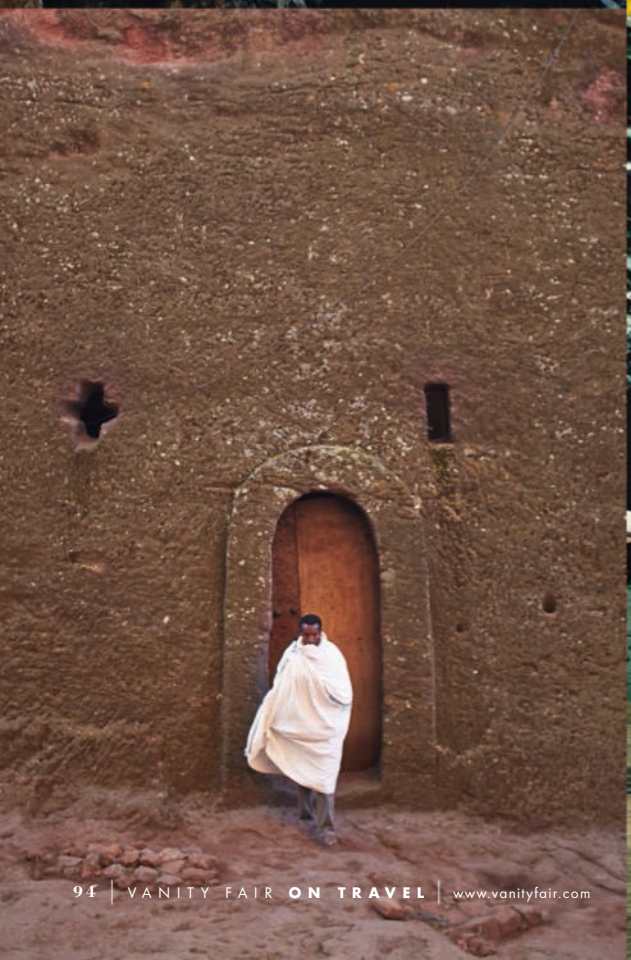
Here the trail led us to a string of churches, most of them carved into the solid volcanic rock of hillsides. At one grotto we met a priest whose name was *Glass-at-the-bottom-of-the-Ocean*—conjuring the humble idea of our invisibility within the immensity of God's universe. He claimed work to carve his church had begun in the time of Noah, after the Flood, but had only been completed during the reign of the Axumite king Ezana, who embraced Coptic Christianity in the 4th century. "While you were still pagans", Bem leaned in to remind me.

These priests and their flocks were very poor, existing on a handful of bread each day, wearing clothes and shoes often made at home. What was incredible to Frédéric and me was how such people could believe their route to grace must be won by abandoning the desire for material gain, embracing asceticism and mortification of the flesh.

At the 12th-century church of Yemrehanna Kristos, we found great piles of pilgrims' skeletons at the rear of the church's huge cave. To die here was a guaranteed path to salvation—the foot of Jacob's ladder ascending to heaven. I asked the priest, Habte Maryam—the "wealth of Mary"—for his blessing. He looked surprised. "Are you Christian?" I shrugged. He produced a large metal cross, which he offered for me to kiss. Outside, blind beggars crawled up the rain-soaked steps to the cave. Back at the car was a group of children. "Give me pen. Give me munny. Give me candy. Give me orange. Give me biscoot."

"This is the Holy Land," Wodajene Asefa, the priest







HEART OF STONE

Clockwise from above: **the vast expanse of Tigray, northern Ethiopia; the Axumite church of Yemrehanna Kristos; a man emerging from a church in Lalibela.** ***Facing page*****: the interior of a rock-hewn Tigray church; in the desert in the Afar district; salt mining in Afar near the Danakil Depression; the interior of a Lalibela church**











PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

A priest, or *abba*, at a Tigray church

at the monolithic church of St George in Lalibela, announced. "You have arrived not in the earthly world, but in heavenly Jerusalem. Anybody who visits here will be redeemed, and so will the 14 generations after you. Lalibela! Lalibela! Lalibela!"

Eleven incredible rock-hewn churches were carved here, probably during the 12th-century reign of the king after whom the site is named. Lalibela wished to provide his Christian subjects with a pilgrimage site to replace Jerusalem after the holy city was captured by Saladin in 1187. It is a medieval religious theme park. Some of the churches have partially collapsed. Others are intact. St George's, shaped like an Ethiopian cross in elevated 3D, is perhaps the most perfect example of monolithic architecture anywhere. All the edifices are very close to each other, linked by paths and rock trenches. At the mouth of one tunnel I was told, "This is hell." I had to feel my way blindly down the rock passage, which was pitch-black. Then I heard a deep, despairing groan. The Ethiopians with me exclaimed, "The Devil!" Then we all heard it again. And when we emerged into the light, nobody had any explanation for it.

Long before dawn, I joined white-robed pilgrims gathered in Biete Medhani Alem—the House of the Saviour of the World—the largest of all Lalibela's churches. Around me, worshippers kissed rock pillars worn smooth and dark by centuries of lips, caresses and tears. The interior thrummed with the murmur of prayer: white robes, prayer sticks, young monks in alcoves reading handwritten scriptures, an older monk chanting the scriptures by the light of a tallow candle, a man shaking his head in ecstasy as the words flowed over us. A peasant woman knelt, kissed the ground and rose to her feet again with her hands in supplication and repeated this over and over again. Here there were old and young, mothers with babies, wealthy and poor. They were a people unbothered by self-doubt or loss of conviction. I sensed we could all learn something here.

Plaintive exclamations rose in a crescendo. I could not understand the service, spoken in the ancient ecclesiastical language of Ge'ez; and yet despite being divided by nearly 2,000 years of culture, still I recognized the progress of the mass.

The birds' liquid song entered with the dawn light, growing in the narrow, arched windows of the stone space. I was overcome with emotion. Being in the presence of such devotion, I longed for the consolation of their belief and the hope of grace. I was up here in the highlands of Ethiopia, so far from the outside world, yet I felt we had arrived in a safe haven, among friendly people who were from the same root as I. Lalibela recharged me and set me back on the path. I was glad I had seen it at last.

In *Chains of Heaven*, Marsden's book which describes a trek along similar paths as ours between Lalibela and the holy city of Axum, the author meets a hermit who has not left his mountaintop for decades. The monk tells Marsden, "If I was allowed another life, I would go to all the places on God's earth. What better way to worship God than to look on all his works?"

I can think of no better encouragement than this to travel to Ethiopia. □

VANITY FAIR *Travels to...*

ETHIOPIA

WAY TO GO

Go with Africa specialist Journeys By Design (journeysbydesign.com), who will tailor-make your trip to Ethiopia via Abaca-Africa, run by Graeme Lemon, who is a Zimbabwean safari expert of many years' experience. A two-week Ethiopian adventure, including three days' walking in the Gheralta Mountains and your own private tented camp in the Danakil Depression, starts from £7,450 per person, including seamless ground arrangements, full-board accommodation and private vehicles, guides and internal flights. International flights extra. The best time to visit is from October to May. Wild Philanthropy Travel (wildphilanthropy.com) pledges to return 20 percent of the costs of an itinerary back into Ethiopian ecosystem conservation through sustainable trade. Ask for Bemnet Gizachew as your guide, because he's a lovely chap and extraordinarily helpful. If you can afford it, charter a helicopter safari with Tropic Air, run by Jamie Roberts (tropicairkenya.com).

NEED TO KNOW

Before you fly to Addis Ababa, go to an Ethiopian restaurant and sample the national cuisine, which will prepare you for what you like, can tolerate or wish to avoid. Ethiopia wins top prize in Africa for its culinary sophistication and diversity but it can be an acquired taste. I absolutely love it.

The staple is *injera*, a pancake or flatbread usually made from the biblical grain *teff*, fermented. On to this is placed a variety of other dishes with varying quantities of *berbere*—chilli. *Tibs* is grilled meat—you might wish to avoid the *kitfo* (raw meat)—and *wat* is a stew. Look out for the excellent honey, and prickly pears when in season. Eat, of course, with your right hand. Ethiopian beer is jolly good and so is fizzy Ambo mineral water. Three quarters of Africa's highlands are in Ethiopia, so wear a hat in the sun and take warm clothes for chilly nights.

READ ON

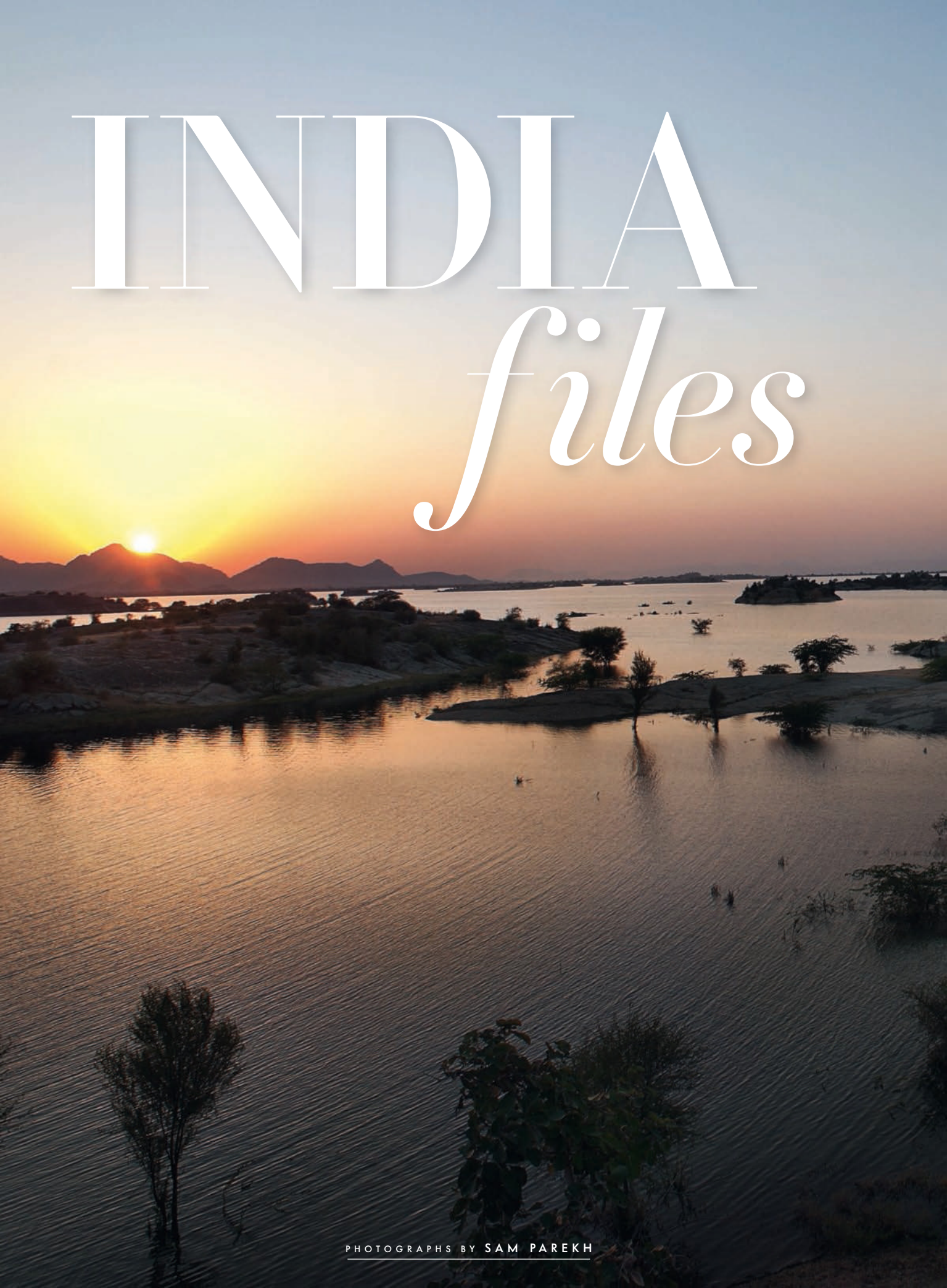
The Chains of Heaven: An Ethiopian Romance by Philip Marsden—a record of the author's trek from Lalibela to Axum.
The Pale Abyssinian: The Life of James Bruce, African Explorer and Adventurer by Miles Bredin, on the 18th-century explorer.
Notes from the Hyena's Belly: An Ethiopian Boyhood by Nega Mezlekia
The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia by Samuel Johnson and *The Mountains of Rasselas* by Thomas Pakenham

PS

Ethiopia is still unspoiled by tourism and most people are friendly, curious and polite; they want to try out their English. If you fall in love with the place, consider supporting the Ethiopian Heritage Fund (ethiopianheritagefund.org).

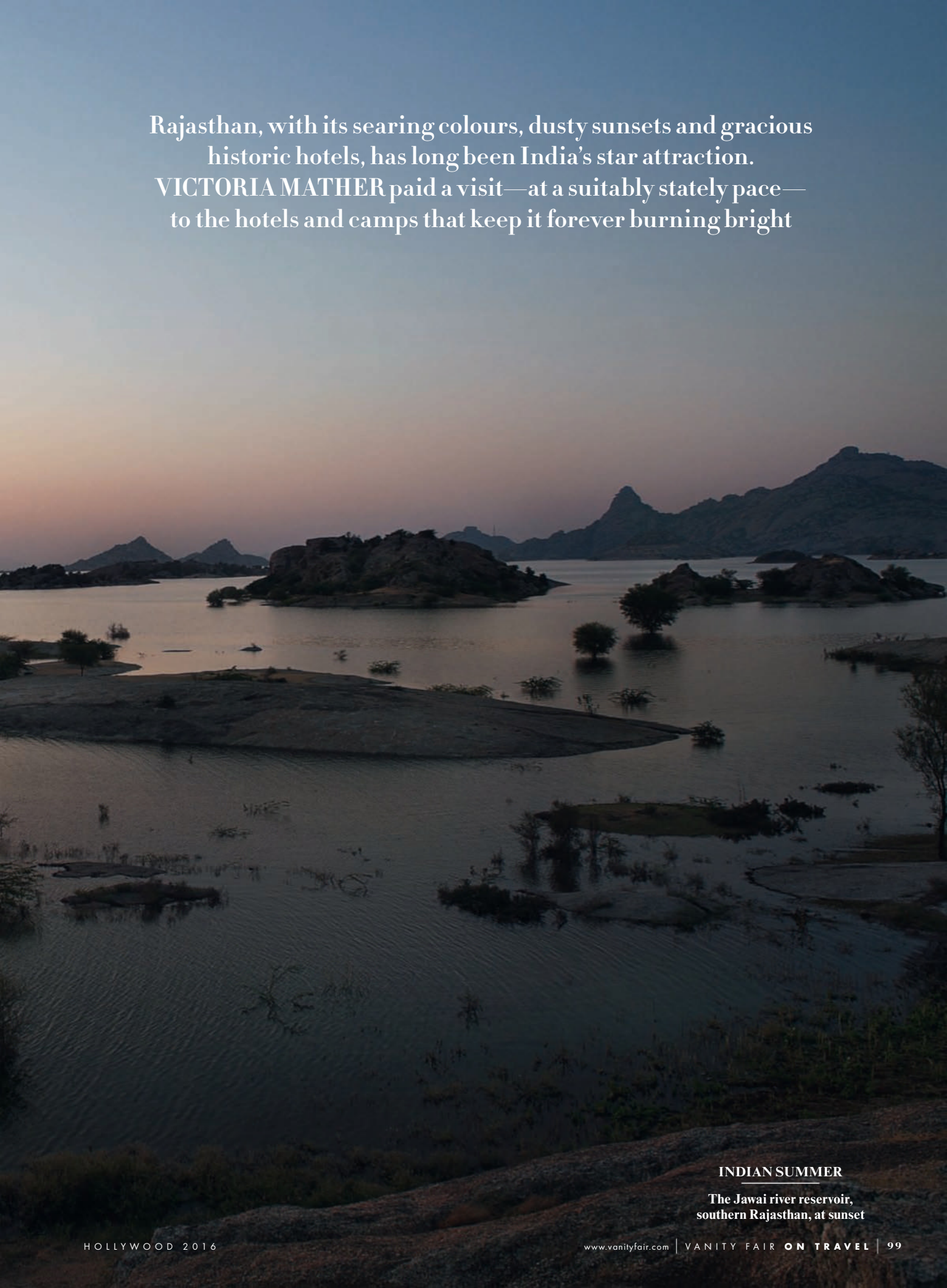
PRICES MAY BE SUBJECT TO FLUCTUATION

INDIA *files*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY **SAM PAREKH**

Rajasthan, with its searing colours, dusty sunsets and gracious historic hotels, has long been India's star attraction. VICTORIA MATHER paid a visit—at a suitably stately pace—to the hotels and camps that keep it forever burning bright



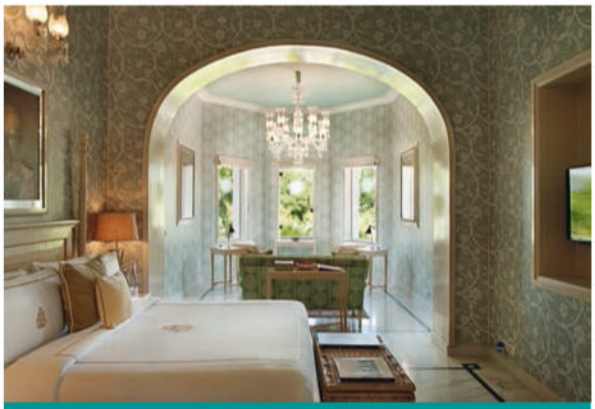
INDIAN SUMMER

The Jawai river reservoir, southern Rajasthan, at sunset

You take the high road, bouncing from Taj Mahal to tigers, Amber Fort to Pink City, Lake Palace to the Golden City of Jaisalmer. I'll take the low road through Rajasthan, staying awhile with Rajput families in their camps, castles, hunting lodges and *palazzetti*, with a dash of the Best Exotic Marigold Hotel.

Slow down, we move too fast. Try to make the experience last. Rajasthan is considered India for beginners, with the hectic sightseeing rush ticking off Jaipur, Udaipur, Jodhpur and Jaisalmer, all with demanding drives in between. Old India hands tut-tut and confide smugly about the joys of Darjeeling (agreed: stay at the enchanting Glenburn Tea Estate), the wonders of Calcutta (the beautiful heartbeat of the Raj, given a bad PR rap by Mother Teresa), and the ruins of Hampi, but secretly yearn for the colour of Rajasthan. That flash of a pink sari in the fields, the spangle of bangles as the women herd the flop-eared goats and water buffaloes home at cowdust hour, and the tumble of village streets with tailors flourishing peacock-embroidered tablecloths and metal workers hammering bright brass pots.

Let us start in Jaipur for the colour rush of Rajmahal. It was the private home of Maharaja Jai Singh and his wife Gayatri Devi, decreed one of the most beautiful women in the world by *Vogue*. They were star players in the cast of international society and everyone came to Rajmahal. Jacqueline Kennedy stayed three weeks. Now, Jai's daughter-in-law, Her Highness Rajmata Padmini Devi, his granddaughter Princess Diya Kumari and her daughter Princess Gauravi Kumari have turned the private palace into a boutique hotel designed by Adil Iqbal Ahmad, the creative director of Good Earth, and managed by Jaisal and Anjali Singh's transformative hotel group Suján, (see page 110). It is divine. Good Earth is dynamic—it's extraordinarily difficult to emerge from their lifestyle shops in Delhi and Mumbai without having bought a shipping container's worth of deliciousness (I bitterly regret not buying the dinner service with elephants charging round the plates)—and Adil has thrown this style into Rajmahal in spades: 37 different designs of wallpaper, chandeliers copied from the City Palace, a mirrored ceiling here, Art Deco there, ravishing fabrics. Imagine an Indian Hôtel Costes. And the service takes telepathic to a new level. Rabi, my butler, shimmered towards me with a steaming porcelain cup. "I noticed you had a sore throat; this is tea my mother used to make," he said. I'm a sucker for this. At breakfast he spotted that I only ate the pineapple on my fruit plate, so an only-pineapple plate was magicked without asking; every step of my way there was fresh lime soda. He packed my bags with acid-free tissue paper; I wanted him to pack himself while he was about it so I could take him home, as did Lady Tang, who inherited him from me. (We may have to have words.) Go shopping and an *aide de camp* accompanies you. Don't miss the betel-nut and rose-leaf ice cream; and how can you resist a hotel where they say solemnly: "There is an Old Etonian gathering here at the weekend so, of course, the Maharaja's Apartment is available for His Highness of Jodhpur"? These are things as they should be.



LIFE IS SUITE

An opulent bedroom at the Suján Rajmahal Palace Hotel

On to Chhatra Sagar, a dear favourite tented camp on a dam built in the 19th century by Thakur Chhatra Singh of Nimaj to harvest the monsoon water for agriculture and host "legendary shooting parties with high tea". All around is now green and pleasant land; wild boar and antelope are back; there are turtles in the lake; egrets, spoonbills and terns have found a watery heaven; and the Thakur's great-grandson, Harshvardhan Singh, nurtures this environment, his guests and the 35 families who are dependent on his endeavour. The two new hilltop suites will shortly have plunge pools and an airy drawing room has been built, overlooking the lake, with a wall of foliage and falling water that provides natural air conditioning. There are bird books, binoculars and a visitors' book brimming with Sainsburys, Palumbos and the Marquess of Zetland. I don't know Jane and Christopher Goring from West Sussex, but they've nailed Chhatra Sagar: "Here you experience the true meaning of luxury: it is time, peace, hot water bottles and tea cosies, the cauldron of hot coals [under the table] to warm your feet at dinner, the charm and discretion of knowledgeable people." I'd add that I love the maids putting rose petals down the loo to show it has been cleaned—beats those terrible sanitized strips that reassure Americans.

I arrived with hundreds of Demoiselle cranes having a stopover on their migration to the Thar Desert. My tent was hung with hand-blocked fabric, the shower and dressing room huge and I had to race the squirrels for the biscuits to go with my cup of tea. This is grounded stuff: tour the farm with Harsh or his cousins, Nandi and Raj, and you see an organic farming model. I went to the village and perceived the changing India. The only Muslim in the village has a house peaceably opposite the Hindu temple; the gnarled silversmith, Omprakash, is still there, working with a primitive blowtorch powered by his own breath. But his granddaughter Vandana is studying economics and wants to join the police force. The artisan crafts will not survive: the potter moulding a beautiful cup on a wheel powered by his feet, the carpenter fashioning wood on a block sunk in a hole in the ground. "Now I have a blacksmith who will mend my chairs," says Harsh. "In 10 years I will have to send them to a factory." It takes two days for Omprakash to make a pair of silver anklets—a machine can make them in five hours. The village school is an inspiration to us all: the staff room noticeboard is inscribed with three mantras: "If wealth is lost, nothing is lost; if health is lost, something is lost; if character is lost, everything is lost". Spine-stiffening Kiplingese. And over the school gate it says that the five steps to success are discipline, foresight, determination, hard work and strong desire.

On to Lakshman Sagar, 40 minutes from Harsh and owned by

PITCH PERFECT

Chhatra Sagar camp, between Jodhpur and Ajmer. *Below left*: a butler at the Suján Rajmahal Palace Hotel, and, *right*, a porch in Chhatra Sagar village















THROUGH THE ARCHED WINDOW

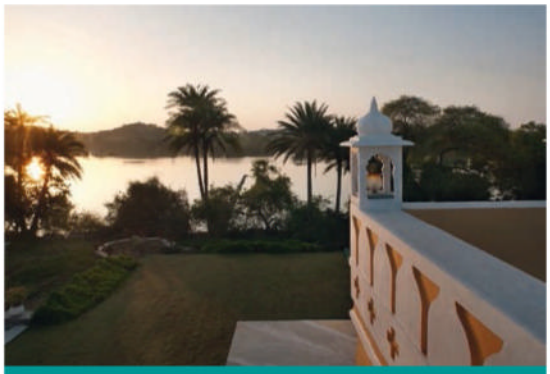
***Facing page*: Chhatra Sagar; Lakshman Sagar. *This page, clockwise from top left*: Maharaj Suryaveer Singh Rathore (*foreground*) and his family at the Rawla Narlai Hotel (*see fact box, post*); local Rabari tribesmen near the Suján Luxury Camp Jawai; sunloungers at Lakshman Sagar; Harshvardhan Singh (*standing*) and his family at Chhatra Sagar; Bujera Fort**





fellow Rajput Manavjeet Raipur, known as Monty, who used to come here for picnics as a child. It was a hunting lodge built by his great-great-grandfather, the Thakur of Raipur, Lakshman Singh Ji, with a lake to attract game for tigers, and for goose and duck shooting and a little pig-sticking. The railway is a lifeline of India (thank you, the British) but Monty's g-g-grandfather was infuriated that it never stopped at Lakshman Sagar's railway station, Haripur. So every day he bought two first-class tickets. He never got on the train, but—point taken—the train now stops.

Lakshman Sagar pops with happy colour: turquoise, mint green, yellow, lilac, silk banners of hot pink. It glows with contemporary rustic chic: lights are made out of old milk cans; each cottage has a Nespresso machine, lavishly stocked fridge and a private pool. I shared mine with four peacocks and my shower with a delightful baby frog (a great concern to Amul, my butler, who was a sort of fairytale character crossed with a Harry Potter special effect and, given any opportunity, knelt at my feet to massage them with mustard oil "to keep your tummy happy"). My tummy was entirely happy, as the Raipur family's food has been renowned through seven generations for its lavishness (the old kitchens are cavernous at Monty's fort in the village) and the vegetables are fresh from the *bagh*, or garden. I breakfasted with the ladies in the fields, picking peanuts off the tree, having followed the smell of wood smoke during a nature walk and found an immaculate table (crisp white cotton, polished tin plates), charpoys bright with turquoise cushions, and a goat called Dolly. The women sat on the earth making maize balls, dogs lolled in the first sun and in the distance you could hear that unique sound of India: the woo-woo of the train slowing for cows on the line.





HOTEL DU LAC

Dev Shree, *above*, and, *below*, the Deogarh family

Another sign of changing India, incidentally, is that all properties now have Wi-Fi. Harsh gives you a dongle for your tent; Amul, quasi-spiritual advice with your early-morning tea:

Me: "Amul, my Wi-Fi isn't working."

Amul: "I will open the curtains, madam, and then it will work and you can play with it again."

No answer to that one, is there? Best go to the village, where the glorious stalls even make cauliflowers, the most boring of veg, look like still lifes. There's a kerfuffle when a cow steals a bunch of bananas and, up the street towards the old fort, the gunmaker is putting Purdey's to shame. Monty wants eventually to make all seven acres of his fort ("There were 10—my ancestors were founders of Jodhpur") into a hotel. I hope it will still have the horse tethered in the courtyard and Bullet, his energetic Jack Russell.

On to Dev Shree in Deogarh. Dev Shree means divine blessing, and indeed it is. Dreamy. A stately *haveli* with wondrous Rajput architecture that looks as if it had been there forever but that has in fact just been built by Shatrunjai Singh Deogarh, son of the late Rawat Sahib of Deogarh, and his wife Bhavna Kumari, daughter of Thakur Sahib Pushpendra Singh of Ghanerao. So they know how to do grand, yet spin it with the alchemy of thoughtfulness; grace, no fuss, and an invigorating dash of Fawlty Towers.

I went off to a country picnic tea with Shatrunjai's mother, the Rani Bhuratna Prabha Kumari (who inspires one to curtsey—Bhavna swoops to kiss her mother-in-law's hem—but is thought of by most as Mummy), and we sat on a rock by a lake, drinking tea and watching the sun set as the cows came home. When we returned to Dev Shree from this biblical scene, all hell had broken loose. A monkey had been swinging on the power line, electrocuting itself, knocking out the Wi-Fi, hot water and air-con and exploding several lights. Very reassuring, this monkey business: I'd begun to think Rajasthan had got too sanitized. We ate dinner by candlelight on the roof, discussing the thorny problem of the villagers' wishing to make the monkey into a god. Early next morning there was the sound of music: surely the monkey's funeral. But no, the monkey had stirred his stumps, done a Lazarus and been carried off by his troop. Electricity back on; Shatrunjai's heart attack averted. We walked through the village, down the artisans' lane with the potters, past tantalizing glimpses of interior courtyards, up the main street with the textiles, sequins, silver and the beauty parlour with the slogan "God made man, I make Gentleman". When you are with Shatrunjai, all make a *namaste* in obeisance. It was chat-chat-chat. We met the old rogue who claims he's the oldest man in Deogarh (99), is looking for another wife, and puts his vivacity down to self-confidence, dancing and a nice cuppa cannabis tea before bedtime.

For lunch, I went with Shatrunjai, Bhavna (who has exquisite taste and is planning a shop at Dev Shree that will be another divine blessing) and the Rani to picnic with the farmer Bahpoo, who believes in mutton-to-plate. The delicious bread was cooked in ash over cow dung, there were green chilli and green tomatoes, the sweet meat was roasted, the *baati* for pudding was so sticky and heavy that it used to be a sealant for windows in time of war. It was what a farmer would offer his guests and family, and it was scrummy. Most touchingly, he covered the plastic chairs around the table with white ball dresses and gold sashes. Searcys, eat your heart out. And all about are the goats with silky long ears, whistled to order by herdsmen who make the sound pinching a leaf between their teeth.

On to Bujera Fort, outside Udaipur. It's ironic that Dev Shree, owned by an Indian, is a touch Fawlty Towers, while Bujera, owned by an Englishman, could be the Best Exotic Marigold Hotel. Richard Hanlon, a designer with houses in Oxfordshire and the South of France, read Deborah Moggach's book *These Foolish Things*, which inspired the film. He'd been to Calcutta, where his father had a company, in 1974. "We stayed at The Oberoi Grand, had the worst food poisoning, and I just loved it. Next we travelled the Golden Triangle and Goa, where Mummy had a cockroach the size of a cat on her pillow. I just kept on coming back. Trish [McPherson, his friend, also a designer and his partner in Bujera] came 15 years ago." He bought a two-and-a-half-acre field with one wonky telegraph pole and has built a fort that is an English country house in India: vintage handprinted Jean Monro fabrics, Bennison ("Ma had it in her cottage in the Lake District"), family dinner services, a vegetable garden with umbrellas of bougainvillea based on David Hicks's design, a Lutyens cottage with stained glass. The bottoms of the beds are beaten silver; the pianos silver, too ("Ebay, darling"); and the suites have two excellent bathrooms ("the saviour of many a marriage, and marble is cheaper than plywood here"). The swimming pool glitters in the central courtyard. Richard has triumphed over dengue fever, whirlwinds that nearly whisked Trish away, monkeys ("The damage four monkeys can do to a garden in 20 minutes is unbelievable"), the pool fracturing, and bureaucratic hell. He has good friends. Lord Bamford's Indian JCB team helped out; the Maharana of Udaipur gave support and strong G&Ts. Bujera is now the complete fantasy. Gorgeous drawing rooms with log fires, books and more books, a spa to come. This is a place to rest awhile, with buzzy Udaipur alluring in the distance.

Jawai Leopard Camp, beyond Ranakpur, with its marvellous Jain temples, is another Jaisal and Anjali Singh masterpiece, in some of the most spectacular countryside I have seen anywhere in the world: rocks billions of years old, worn by heat and cold, wind and rain, now leopard caves and pathways. Leopards are sacred here, meandering through local temples; the land is rich and fertile with wheat, mustard, sesame and castor, yielding seven crops a year, the lake flooding with precious water. Punctuating the wild grandeur is the flash of the rich red turbans of the tribesmen with their flocks and their camels. You're in the middle of nowhere—except. . . did I just hear, far away, that woo-woo again?

Jawai's tents, based on the contemporary African model, are edgy black and white, with stunning leopard photographs taken by Anjali. There is an exquisite desk on the deck, and a leather chest is a cold box filled with anything you wish. The main lodge is open-plan; there are white linen sofas by a slate-black pool, an open kitchen and food both Indian and Italian (it's a new gastro-marriage, and one that's made in heaven). The Singhs stay back-of-house (immaculate, like the perfect stitching on the back of a good tapestry) with their four-year-old twins, who sat politely on my lap while I read *How the Leopard Got His Spots*. There are Monopoly and Scrabble, in chic black leather boxes, in the drawing room; it all says Stay. Chill. And Have India's Best Foot Massage (by Ramesh: an hour per foot).

The slow road through Rajasthan is joyous because of these new small properties, their awareness of crisp comfort (no more musty-dusty), their care and kindness for the individual traveller, their Rajput families, their connection to the land. This time, it's personal. □

VANITY FAIR | *Travels to...*

INDIA

WAY TO GO

India specialists Greaves Travel (greavesindia.com) know all these properties and their owners, and the personal knowledge is invaluable. The Greaves service is comprehensive: advice on which bedroom to have, the forwarding of dietary requirements and other mad contemporary quirks, meet and greet at the airport and a safe, kind driver with an air-conditioned, comfortable car laden with bottled water. There are also Greaves representatives along the way for path-smoothing.

NEED TO KNOW

DO take light, loose cotton clothing, shawls for evening, flat shoes and an empty fold-up bag for the shopping. If your pashminas are past it, doyenne Jenny Housego has a shop at Rajmahal.
DON'T panic about food. Everything at these properties is home-cooked and it's some of the best food in Rajasthan.
DO trust Indian wines—the Sula sauvignon blanc and pink sparkling fizz are very good. There's no better country for soft drinks: nimbu panni (sweet or salt) is refreshing fresh lime.
DON'T fusspot about taking adaptor plugs. A new joy in these modern heritage properties is a bank of sockets that fit all. If not, they have adaptors.
DO note that Lakshman Sagar's cottages are on rough, rocky terrain—not for the physically challenged.
DON'T worry about laundry. It will be done and no Sujan property charges for this service. An incentive to pack less and shop more.

STAYING ON

If you yearn to see tigers, then Ranthambhore is a three-hour-plus drive from Jaipur. The park, the ancient fort, the lakes, the little *mahals* are heartbreakingly beautiful. The tiger population has stabilized and there are constant surprises, like a python swallowing a sambur, with a peacock next day for pud. Stay at Sher Bagh, Jaisal Singh's first rustic camp, now Relais & Châteaux, retaining a deceptive simple-luxury charm but with swimming pools, a spa, seductive air-conditioned library and wildly smart safari vehicles. It is blissfully near Dastkar, the women's co-operative where a tailor can run you up a kaftan in time for dinner. Dastkar is now celebrating 25 years and, as a result, 300 women have bank accounts, skills have been learnt and 600 families supported. Bujera Fort and Jawai Leopard Camp are in hitting distance of Jodhpur (stay at Umaid Bhawan Palace or Raas Jodhpur) and also Jaisalmer, where the Singhs' Serai tented camp is a wonder. Perfectly between Udaipur and Jodhpur is Rawla Narlai, a lodge built in the 17th century by the Maharaja of Jodhpur. Charming, decorative heaven, yummy food, blissful gardens.

PS

If you do feel frail, only eat bananas and yoghurt.





The Game Changers of 2016

INTRODUCING THIS YEAR'S MOST EXCITING, MOST RELEVANT HOSPITALITY MOGULS—THE VISIONARIES WHO ARE PUTTING THE HOT INTO HOTELIER.
BY VICTORIA MATHER

The Conquistador

PABLO CARRINGTON

Castles in Spain that become hotels are usually *paradores*—the admirable state-owned operations that are nonetheless stern in style. In terms of smart, only the Marbella Club and The Ritz in Madrid (about to be blessed with a €90million facelift by Mandarin Oriental) formerly sprang readily to the cosmopolitan mind. Pablo Carrington has changed all that with his Marugal hotels. A former banker, he's brought the boutique dynamic to Spain, overturning and updating all preconceived ideas in the capital, the mainland and the Balearics. Cap Rocat in Majorca is a glorious converted fort at the entrance to the Bay of Palma. The rooms are converted out of former storage rooms for ammo and the gun carriages are now tables (though not a shot was ever fired in anger there). The Sea Club, the beach restaurant tucked in the rocks above the water, makes Cinquante Cinq in St Tropez seem like McDonald's. In Menorca, where there was nowhere cool to stay, Torralbenc is dreamy whites; Carrington's Hotel Viura in Rioja is an architectural sensation in an area where Frank Gehry pioneered a masterpiece with the Hotel Marqués de Riscal Elciego. Viura looks like an enticing pile of presents. Every day four retired farmers pitch up with produce, perhaps 10 kilos of blackberries picked from the hedgerows. "Luxury is intangible," says Carrington. "It has nothing to do with the thickness of the carpet or the size of the television but about a sense of place and a sense of being cherished. And also being left alone." Choose the tasting menu, and a little list reminding you what you're eating will be put on your side plate, so there's no waiter's chatter of "Sir is now having mushrooms picked by virgins at dawn." At the Hotel & Spa Urso in Madrid there's a charming homeliness. Choose Miguel's hake cooked in the oven, then cross the street to the market and meet Miguel, the fishmonger, himself. Local is everything now. Pablo Carrington is opening a new trendy, fun hotel in Madrid's shopping district in May. And next year, he's invading France, with hotels in Chambord, on the Loire, and Fontainebleau.

Photographed by Juan Aldabaldetrecu at Cap Rocat, Palma, Mallorca on November 19, 2015





The GLAMOUR QUEEN

LIZ BIDEN

Once a waitress, then a disco diva, Liz Biden knew nothing about hotel-ing. "But", she says, "I knew what I liked." She is now South Africa's most respected independent hotelier, with properties in the bush, (Royal Malewane), Hermanus (Birkenhead House), Franschhoek (La Residence) and soon, Cape Town. Who better than Biden to create the port city's hottest property? Opening in late 2016, The Silo is six floors of perfect hotel with 360-degree views of Jochen Zeitz's Museum of Contemporary Art Africa. She's changed the perception of South African hotels with her touch of theatre. It's personal. The Royal Malewane was the family bush home. Liz's husband Phil Biden (a total sweetheart) manages all the finances. La Res in Franschhoek is everything you think you might loathe in leopardette, but it works. Her hotel apartments above the One&Only in Cape Town are beyond joy. Clock this lady. She's cool.

Photographed by Adriaan Louw at La Residence in Franschhoek, South Africa on November 26, 2015





— The —
PRINCELY MODERNIZERS

JAISAL & ANJALI SINGH

No one since Biki Oberoi and his Vilas properties has upped the luxury game in India more dramatically than Jaisal and Anjali Singh. Their Suján brand is about divine design and spectacular service, and, while charging like an elephant, leaving each guest with a feeling that they have been treated generously. Laundry is included at Suján, and your private bar will be stocked with whatever your heart desires. Their properties are Sher Bagh in Ranthambhore, where Jaisal grew up as Mowgli while his father was making documentaries about the tigers; The Serai in Jaisalmer, in the desert, where there was absolutely nowhere to stay; the Jawai Leopard Camp, game-changing for an outrageously beautiful part of Rajasthan previously ignored (with added leopards); and the glorious explosion in a wallpaper factory that is the Rajmahal Palace in Jaipur. Jaisal, once the polo-playing playboy, is now a vice president of Relais & Châteaux, to which all these properties belong. Anjali is a graphic designer, using her Instagram following to attract bookings, and with a driving modern dynamic: they are tuned in to women travelling together (Indiophilia comes upon many 50-something yoga/pashmina addicts) and high-end gay and lesbian guests. Their staff have been on courses on how to serve these guests appropriately—another progressive first for India. Anjali is on India's Craft Council; she got all the furniture at Jawai made at a precision tooling factory. "We do everything ourselves; we are still in that arty mode," she says. Plans are afoot for Amritsar and Varanasi. Above all, fun-excellence is Jaisal's and Anjali's passion, and that of the next generation—their twins, Suján and Amrit, have been brought up in the camps.

Photographed by Sam Parekh at Jawai Leopard Camp in Rajasthan, India on October 10, 2015





The UTOPIAN

PAUL JONES

This is the story: everyone absolutely love-love-loves Paul Jones. Because he is the most lovable person in hoteldom. Very understated, super-quiet, but if you should mutter something like "OMG, I think my blood pressure is *beyond*," he'll hear you (longest ears in the business) and when you return to your room a discreet blood-pressure monitor is right there. Jones was Sol Kerzner's right-hand man throughout the One&Only transition; he was travelling in the helicopter behind the heli in which Sol's son, Butch, died. Utterly loyal, it was several years before he started his own hotel brand, Lux*, which has game-changed Mauritius, an island one had thought would sink under the weight of staid luxury hotels. Jones introduced fun: a red telephone box from which you could phone anywhere in the world for free, ice-cream carts when you're watching movies at the pop-up cinema on the beach, Masterchef classes for children. Paul, his wife Safinaz and their son Cyrus live in Paris and Mauritius—such a stylish combination. Jones has made Lux* where you want to be because of lots of things you didn't know you wanted—including Lux* resorts on unexplored Réunion island, the Maldives and in China.

Photographed by Pieter Vosloo at LUX Belle Mare in Mauritius on December 2, 2015*



— The —
FIVE-STAR ECO-WARRIOR

SONU SHIVDASANI

Eco-consciousness and posh resort hotels did not go together until Sonu Shivdasani, Indian contemporary of David Cameron at Eton and Oxford, became the Robinson Crusoe of the Maldives. In 1995 he and his wife Eva, a Swedish model-turned-designer whom he met on his sister's yacht in Monte Carlo, built a house on the island of Kunfunadhoo, which became Soneva Fushi, paradise idyll for the likes of Richard Curtis and Emma Freud. "No Shoes, No News" was the mantra for the guests: wealthy global citizens who lived urban, hectic air-conditioned lives and wanted to feel the sand between their toes. Shivdasani talked up intelligent luxury, which he defined as connecting with nature, sustainability and good health. He rightly pinpointed that the rich used to be landed rural for whom formal-grand was a treat; now they are city dwellers for whom informal chillaxing is nirvana. He's also tapped into eco-guilt: a small guest levy has produced $6million for his SLOWLIFE (Sustainable Local Organic Wellness Learning Inspired Fun Experiences) Foundation, which has provided 500,000 trees in northern Thailand and cooking stoves in Myanmar and Darfur. That offsets the air miles, then. After the Sonevas came his Six Senses spa brand and the Evason Resorts, now sold—so Fushi, Soneva Kiri and the upcoming Soneva Jani, bristling with solar power and Mr or Ms Friday butlers, are Shivdasani's core properties. He's reinvented camping for the spoilt.

Photographed by Richard Young at Soneva Fushi in the Maldives on November 24, 2015



The TAIPAN

BRIAN WILLIAMS

The House Collective is gold-chip company Swire's innovative boutique brand, which, spearheaded by British managing director Brian Williams, has changed hotel keeping in the Far East. Previously dominated by Asian legends like Mandarin Oriental, the boutique concept had little profile. What Williams has done is make the Opposite House in Beijing (opened in 2008), the Upper House in Hong Kong (2010) and the divine new Temple House in Chengdu (2015) the go-to places for the arty, fashion and film crowd of young, international Chinese whose other playgrounds are New York, London and Paris. They buzz. "They are eclectic properties, with contemporary design, serenity and personalized service," says Williams. "Whenever I pop in, I see people with style. Very foodie people, which I like, as I love cooking and eating." He's a dab hand at roast pork with turmeric potatoes. Williams joined the Trusthouse Forte training scheme straight from school—"I was a year behind Nick Jones"—worked at The Ritz, and was then 17 years with Mandarin Oriental before going to Swire's. "Working for Swire's is a dream," he says. "The sense of culture from 200 years of being owned by the same family. Excellence, creativity and high moral principles." The House umbrella also shades funky East Hong Kong, East Beijing and, just opened, East Miami, where Williams has had the genius to chum up, foodwise, with the guys from La Huella, the fabulous beach restaurant in San José Ignacio, Uruguay.

Photographed by Virgile S. Bertrand at The Upper House in Hong Kong on December 7, 2015





The BAR FLIES

RUPERT AND JO CLEVELY

Gastro-pubs have been life-changers over the last 20 years, and it was Rupert and Jo Clevely who gave us the light-bulb moment when they opened The Chelsea Ram in 1995. At last, a pub that didn't smell, had real food, not just crisps, and proper wine, not Château Gutrot. The Clevelys had seen "warm and cosy pubs with locally sourced food" when they were in Sydney, and Jo wanted to bring the fun design vibe to London. "Nobody had addressed the issue of family-friendly pubs, and Jo wanted to create somewhere lovely and friendly where you could have a cup of tea and take the dog," explains Rupert. And so Geronimo Inns came to pass: havens of relaxation, with log fires and dog biscuits on the bar. Clever Clevelys. If you get the dogs, their owners will follow: genius at the Prince Albert, opposite Battersea Park. Prince Harry goes there after rugby. Rupert, formerly international marketing director of Veuve Clicquot, foresaw that cocktails and craft beers were going to be the signatures of young, fun professionals, and Jo brought the design cred. The Oyster Shed on the Thames was decorated as a boat house—the antithesis of hard-edged glass 'n'chrome wine-bar chic. They sold the Geronimo chain for £60million and opened the funky Cyclist Refreshment Room on Brighton station, with their daughters Coco, India and Montana working in the new company: Greenwell and Tipple. And, most exciting, they've recently opened their first Hippo Inn, The Signal, at Forest Hill in southeast London—a gastro-pub with bedrooms for under £100 a night. Bring it on.

Photographed by Kate Martin at The Signal in Forest Hill, London on December 17, 2015



UNDER THE RADAR

Forget the big boys. These niche airlines are seriously upping their game. By VICTORIA MATHER



There are more than 100,000 flights a day worldwide, on over 50,000 routes—hurtling a significant proportion of the global population through the air, in varying degrees of discomfort. Varying being the operative word, as the most surprising, even unheard-of, airlines are making huge leaps and bounds toward ameliorating the travel experience in business class, which filters down to economy. Such as:

JET AIRWAYS

A star of India. Your flat bed in a private, walled space is made for you with a crisp cotton duvet; meals are at any time you feel like them. The seats are in a herringbone formation, so you can get out and go to the loo without falling over somebody's legs.

QATAR AIRWAYS

The Middle Eastern airlines are luxury divas, but Qatar never had flat business-class beds, nor quite the va-va-vroom. With its new planes, it does. The Qatar lounge at LHR is the best: a light, airy, designer zone with top-chef-standard healthy food and pink Taittinger virtually coming out of fountains. There's butler service on the plane. There'll be a stopover, in Doha; but it'll be immaculately handled.

LA COMPAGNIE

A new business-class-only service from London to New York. It's Luton-Newark, which is a bit depressing; however, with flights starting from £1,100 for business, flat beds, French food (expect lobster) and just 74 on a Boeing 757-200, it is worth supporting. It has a terrific amount of space, and where Eos, Silverjet and MaxJet all failed on business-class-only runs to NYC, La Compagnie is powering on—and good for Midlands travellers. We don't *all* live in London.

KENYA AIRWAYS

You would not call Kenya Airways luxury-drenched, but it is completely honest, comfortable, and with new planes and nice service. Seats (flat) are in pairs, so best with a loved one; price-wise, it is compelling. What makes it are the kind stewards. A real sense of Kenyan hospitality.



GULF AIR

A little diamond. With a nanny on board. Can you imagine? A *nanny*. Forget the butler (also present): the nanny is a comfort zone at 33,000 ft. Again, flat beds, and delicious food any time. Nothing not to love except the stopover—expertly managed. Do you care, if it's £1,000 cheaper than usual?

VIETNAM AIRLINES

The first Dreamliner service between Europe and Southeast Asia. Flat beds, clean air, super-quiet, and non-stop to Ho Chi Minh and Hanoi. (And if you're in Vietnam, you should know that there's a new seaplane service (*below*), run by Hai Au Aviation, between Hanoi and Halong Bay—the perfect arrival.)

SRI LANKAN AIRLINES

Now a Ceylon sapphire. Sri Lankan Airlines was always a shower—one felt condemned to walk on board—but the new business class is just spit-spot. Flat beds, privacy, and an extraordinarily well-chosen catalogue of entertainment: terrific films, including all Oscar winners.

TURKISH AIRLINES

A real surprise. The smart set can talk of little else: lovely service, flat beds (not private: they're in pairs), too much food, of good quality (lavish hors d'oeuvres, soup, and on and on—take it or leave it) and nice loos. What more do you want? □


A seaplane over Halong Bay, Vietnam

POPPERFOTO/GETTY IMAGES (BOAC AIRLINER AND CREW, 1960); DAVID POLLACK/K.J. HISTORICAL/CORBIS (BOAC POSTER); DAVID POLLACK/CORBIS (PAN AM PARIS AND ENGLAND POSTERS); HAI AU AVIATION (SEAPLANE)



SPECTACLED BEAR. *Tremarctos ornatus*. FACING EXTINCTION.

The extinction of Ecuador's rarest species is just too much to bear.

In a remote and unique habitat, engulfed in a near permanent blanket of fog, rare and magical mammals like the spectacled bear and the mountain tapir make their homes. Flourishing alongside them are forests of micro orchids, some of the world's tiniest plant species, which can only survive in the conditions particular to these locations.

Defending these extraordinary forests, and the plants and animals that rely on them, is a shared vision for international charity World Land Trust and its Ecuadorian partner, the charity Fundación EcoMinga. Since 2007 the two organisations have been working together to buy parcels of land, bit by bit, acre by acre, to create nature reserves to secure the future of known species and those yet to be discovered.

Recent reports show that a cluster of properties in the Andean cloud forest have come on to the market which is exciting news. The properties are close to existing reserves and a priority for protection, but time is short: World Land Trust urgently needs £500,000 to save these areas and the species they shelter.

Donations will make a real difference to the world's remaining cloud forests, preserving them as a permanent safe habitat for all the species – great and small – that depend on them for survival. The future of these fragile ecosystems is in our hands, and we can act together to save them today.

For more information please call 01986 874422 or visit *www.worldlandtrust.org*, for instant donations please text LAND12 to 70070 to donate up to £10.

"The money that is given to the World Land Trust, in my estimation, has more effect on the wild world than almost anything I can think of."
— *Sir David Attenborough*, Patron, World Land Trust

WORLD LAND TRUST

SECRET SUCCESSES

Cookie-cutter is out. What's in? Small and perfectly formed—preferably packing a unique experience in an individual property. This is beyond boutique. By VICTORIA MATHER

CAPE VIEW CLIFTON, SOUTH AFRICA

Divine. This is absolutely the way one wants to stay now. The 30-year-old owner and designer, Jess Mortimer, has created a vertiginous guest house on Kloof Rd, the city's Belgravia, with glorious views over the Atlantic, the beaches and the Twelve Apostles range. The rooms and suites (for just 20 guests) are dreams of air and light, just as one's own bedroom would be if life, and clutter, didn't keep spoiling the picture. Huge decks; and a central living space with an honesty bar, sofas, books, a sleek open-plan kitchen and a swimming pool. Breakfast is gargantuan; lunch and dinner can be pre-ordered, or transfers arranged to Cape Town's cool restaurants. Take a moonlight hike up the Lion's Head. Cape View would be perfect for friends or family travelling together. Take the whole thing—it's brilliantly priced. *capeviewclifton.co.za*

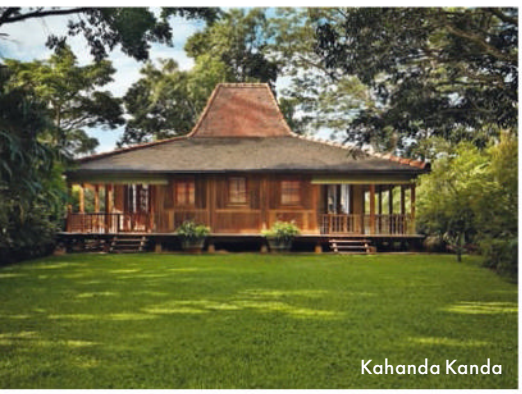


Cape View Clifton

The Lion's Head, Cape Town

KAHANDA KANDA, SRI LANKA

Englishman George Cooper originally built KK as his own home, amid the jungle and tea estates. It's evolved from private villa into baby five-star; but still, eat where you like



Kahanda Kanda

when you like—under the stars in the garden, perhaps? The fruit, veg and herbs are grown on the estate; everything else is local. Lots of health, with a dash of Thai—and chef will give you a cookery class. Just nine perfectly appointed suites, perfect peace (Adrian Zecha, father of Aman, would approve), a gorgeous pool, visits to lovely Galle to assuage culture guilt. George is pure Somerset Maugham—the Englishman abroad. *ampersandtravel.com*

HACIENDA ZULETA, ECUADOR

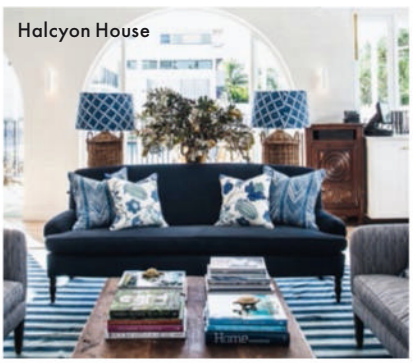
Home of the Plaza family, Zuleta, a working farm at 2,800m in the Andes, dates from 1691. At night, the charming staff put hot-water bottles in hand-embroidered linen covers into the beds and light the fires in each of the 14 rooms. It's bird-watching heaven. Hummingbirds hum; condors glide. Food is from the garden, the river and the dairy. In our world of scary minimalism, it's a delight to be with loved family antiques and travel by horse and carriage. *theultimatetravelcompany.co.uk*



Hacienda Zuleta

HALCYON HOUSE, AUSTRALIA

Byron Bay, New South Wales, is Oz's Hamptons/St Tropez, and sisters Elisha and Siobhan Bickle have transformed a scuzzy surf motel at its Cabarita Beach into the 21-room Halcyon House, echoing

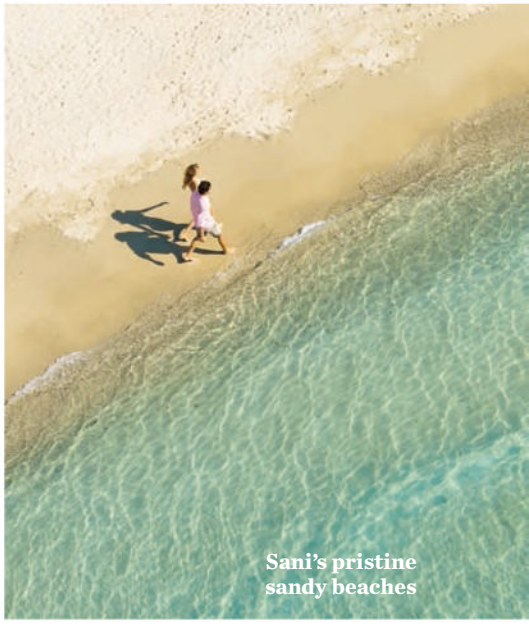


Halcyon House

the chic beach vibe to perfection with Mediterranean stripes, vintage bicycles, an ice-cream cart by the pool (and on arrival—much smarter than a Day-Glo "welcome drink") and cool art. It is nostalgic-modern, with a nod to JK Place Capri. No two rooms are the same. King of the heap is chef Ben Devlin, who worked at Noma and now brings his paperbark-grilled cod and sharing plates to Paper Daisy, Byron Bay's restaurant to be seen in. *mrandmrssmith.com*

JEREMY JOWELL/MAJORITY WORLD/UIG VIA GETTY IMAGES (LIONS HEAD/TABLE MOUNTAIN); JIRI LIZLER (KAHANDA KANDA); KARA ROSENLAND (HALCYON HOUSE)


Porto Sani Village


Sani's pristine sandy beaches

THINK BLUE SKY

Five-star luxury, sublime service and turquoise sea are much closer than you think, at the connoisseurs' favourite: Sani Resort, in northern Greece

There's no need to fly long-haul to find a luxe holiday haven that's sun-drenched and stunningly pretty, with service that's second to none. Those in the know have long been fans of Sani, the family-owned resort set in a private eco-reserve in Halkidiki, Greece, a mere three-hour flight from the UK. But if you're one of those who already cherish fond memories of this beautiful hideaway, now's the time to come back, as Sani re-opens with beautifully designed new suites.

At Sani, you'll be sure to find your ideal holiday vibe. Choose from the stylish Sani Beach Club, family-friendly Sani Beach Hotel, refined Porto Sani Village or the luxurious Sani Asterias Suites, each of which has been refitted to the highest standards. Sani Beach Club now boasts seven new luxurious two-bedroom family suites with private pool, and there are seven more with private garden; Sani Asterias Suites has added five new spacious three-bedroom super-luxe suites to their number. The locations span a picture-postcard stretch of Aegean coast, linked via a stroll or a short ride in one of the fleet of golf buggies (a big hit with children).

This idyllic destination has long been legendary among families. Nothing is too much trouble for the dedicated staff. Bespoke vegetable purées? No problem. Bottle washing and sterilizing? It's taken care of. The shallow, balmy sea here is perfect for kids to enjoy, and better still, there's a Babewatch service, so exhausted parents can truly relax.

There's a plethora of restaurant choices to suit every palate, both within the hotels and along the Sani Marina, where you'll find everything from cosy taverna fare to Japanese and Thai cuisine and dim sum.

Sports are comprehensively catered for, from tennis and football academy to the top-of-the-range yoga and fitness centres; or, for those who prefer a more horizontal approach to body care, there are four famed uber-luxe Anne Semonin Spas, with treatment suites for couples, private *hammam* and extensive pampering menus. Now *that*'s a holiday. □

Reader offer: for bookings received up to February 15 2016, receive up to 20% off, depending on room type and stay period, plus an extra 10% off for the new suites; online bookings have complimentary return local airport transfers.
www.sani-resort.com


Ammos beach bar


A family suite at Sani Asterias Suites



HOTEL COUTURE

With fashion designers checking in to hospitality, the truly dedicated follower can strut a seamless lifestyle, says VICTORIA MATHER

Kenzo is designing a private island resort in Cambodia; Giorgio Armani has hotels in Dubai and Milan; LVMH has created the Cheval Blanc sanctuaries in Courchevel, the Maldives and St Barth's; Bulgari's hotels are in Milan, London, Bali and, upcoming, Shanghai. Baccarat, the 250-year-old crystal maker, is branching out, too: it's just opened a hotel in New York and is intending to introduce its glittering "elegant lifestyle" to Rabat, Dubai and Doha.

The key word is lifestyle. If you choose to stay in a hotel or resort that is fashion-branded, it's either because you feel secure with the excellence the brand implies or you aspire to have some of its gloss rub off on you. Louis Vuitton makes divine handbags, *ergo* the Cheval Blanc experience will be equally splendid. Mr Armani's clothes are the definition of understated elegance, therefore his hotels will be models of good taste. Bulgari makes pretty cool jewellery, so its Dom Pérignon lounge and raw bar in Milan is surely the place to take a beautiful girl. The brands are cashmere comfort blankets of assured expectation.

These giants are geniuses at giving you things you never dreamt you wanted. Mr Armani scorns butlers in favour of "lifestyle managers", which is a lot to live up to. At Kenzo's Arovada private island on Koh Krabey you will have a "lifestyle transformation" in the Ayurah Wellness Centre through stem-cell injections, meditation with monks and music therapy for emotional balance. It's all very wow, like the Mongolian yurt cigar lounge at Cheval Blanc Courchevel, the wooden chalet Bernard Arnault, CEO of LVMH, turned into the world's largest luxury-goods brand's first venture into haute-couture hospitality.

Prepare to valet-park your ego, because you're buying into someone else's. At the Armani Dubai, the Fountain suites have "the personal design touch of Mr Armani", and the restaurants reflect his "innovative approach." The spa has his own naturally scented bois, jasmine and jade oils; the nightclub is Armani Privé. The delicatessen is Mr Armani's favourite from Milan. Of course the decoration is expensive neutrals, the overwhelming effect of which is brown, unrelieved by pictures, as Mr Armani doesn't care for them. I wanted to run down the corridor (brown) screaming "WHAT ABOUT ME?". I do not check into a hotel to have a personality transplant.

I was equally daunted, despite the armour plating of a mink coat, by Cheval Blanc Courchevel. Was I good enough to be there? Yet introduce an element of playfulness, as at Cheval Blanc Randheli in the Maldives, where you're given a pair of monogrammed espadrilles, and you step on to the customized seaplane with a song in your heart. Cheval Blanc style has now segued seamlessly into St Barth's with its third property, the classic Isle de France, because LVMH recognized that, like a good wine (Cheval Blanc is the name of its 150-year-old winery in St-Emilion), it should be treated with the utmost respect. Isle de France is still white, crisp and beautiful, with touches of palest pink, like vintage rosé champagne. The same staff and, most important of all, the same awesome frites.

The Baccarat is an unexpected surprise. I thought it might be like staying in a chandelier; instead; it is reminiscent of a Parisian *hotel particulier*, but opposite MoMA on West 53rd. The red bar is terrific, inspired by the great American long bars and the stables at Versailles—never mind, it works—and the whole is glassy-classy.

Arovada Private Island will open in June, with "everything chosen personally" by Kenzo Takada, a family friend of Anchalika Kijkanakorn, whose Akaryn Hotel Group is developing the property in a blizzard of buzzwords: wellness, slow food, organic, sustainable. . . All in 40 villas in virgin jungle; no tree was harmed. It's scarily on-trend lifestyle. Will it be as fleeting as fashion? □

ILLUSTRATION BY CAMERON LAW

Fine Drinking.



(Pictured Cocktail: Sunraysia Cosmopolitan, mix it from your hotel minibar.)

Sunraysia®
First class in fruit juice™

Sunraysia Cranberry is currently enjoying minibar residency at the following fine hotels:
Shangri-La Hotel at the Shard London, The Langham Hong Kong, The Ritz London,
Park Hyatt New York, The Savoy A Fairmont Managed Hotel London,
China World Summit Wing Beijing, Sofitel London St James…

BOUCHERON

PARIS



QUATRE

FIRST JEWELLER OF THE PLACE VENDÔME*

*In 1893, Frédéric Boucheron is the first of the great contemporary jewellers to open a Boutique on the Place Vendôme